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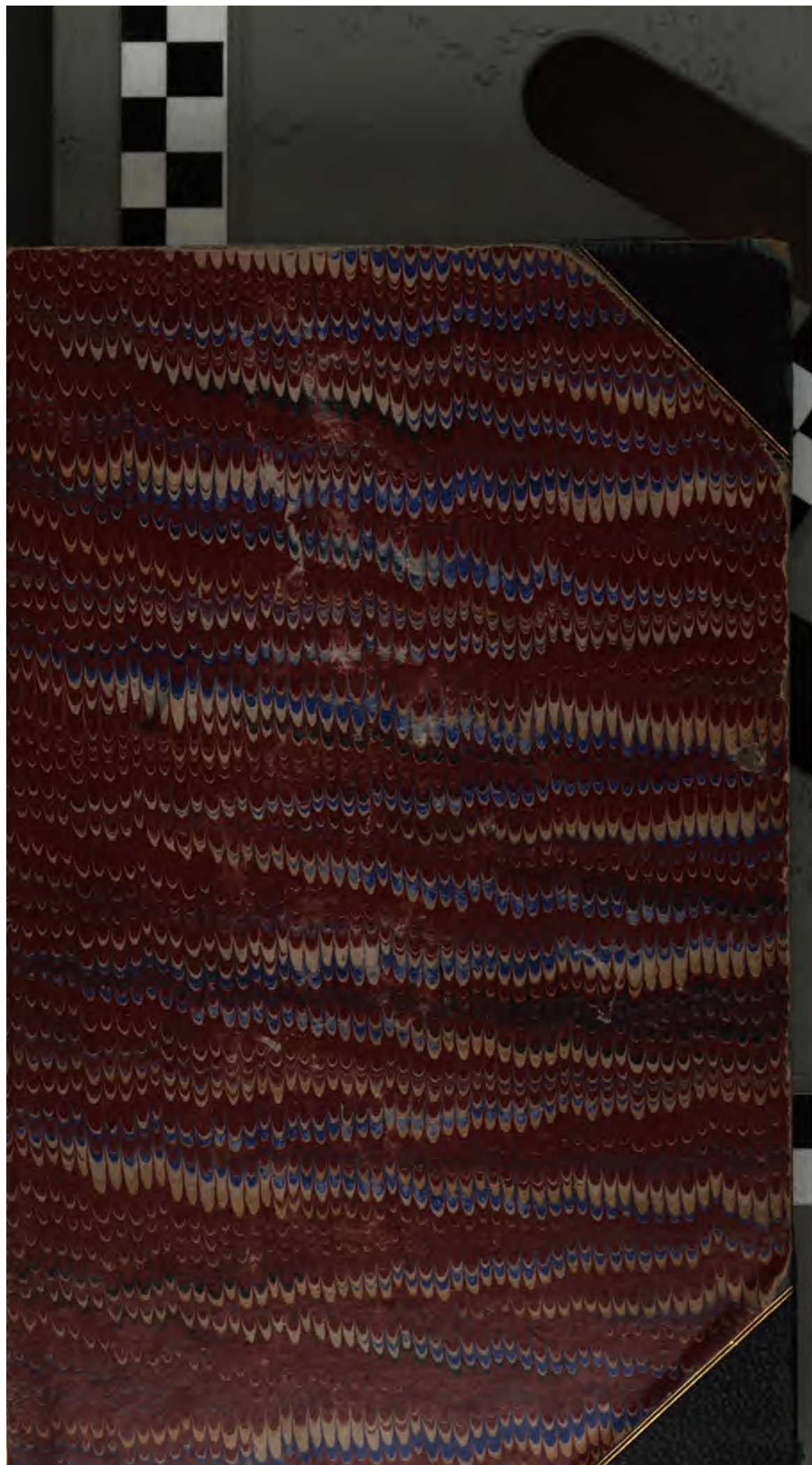
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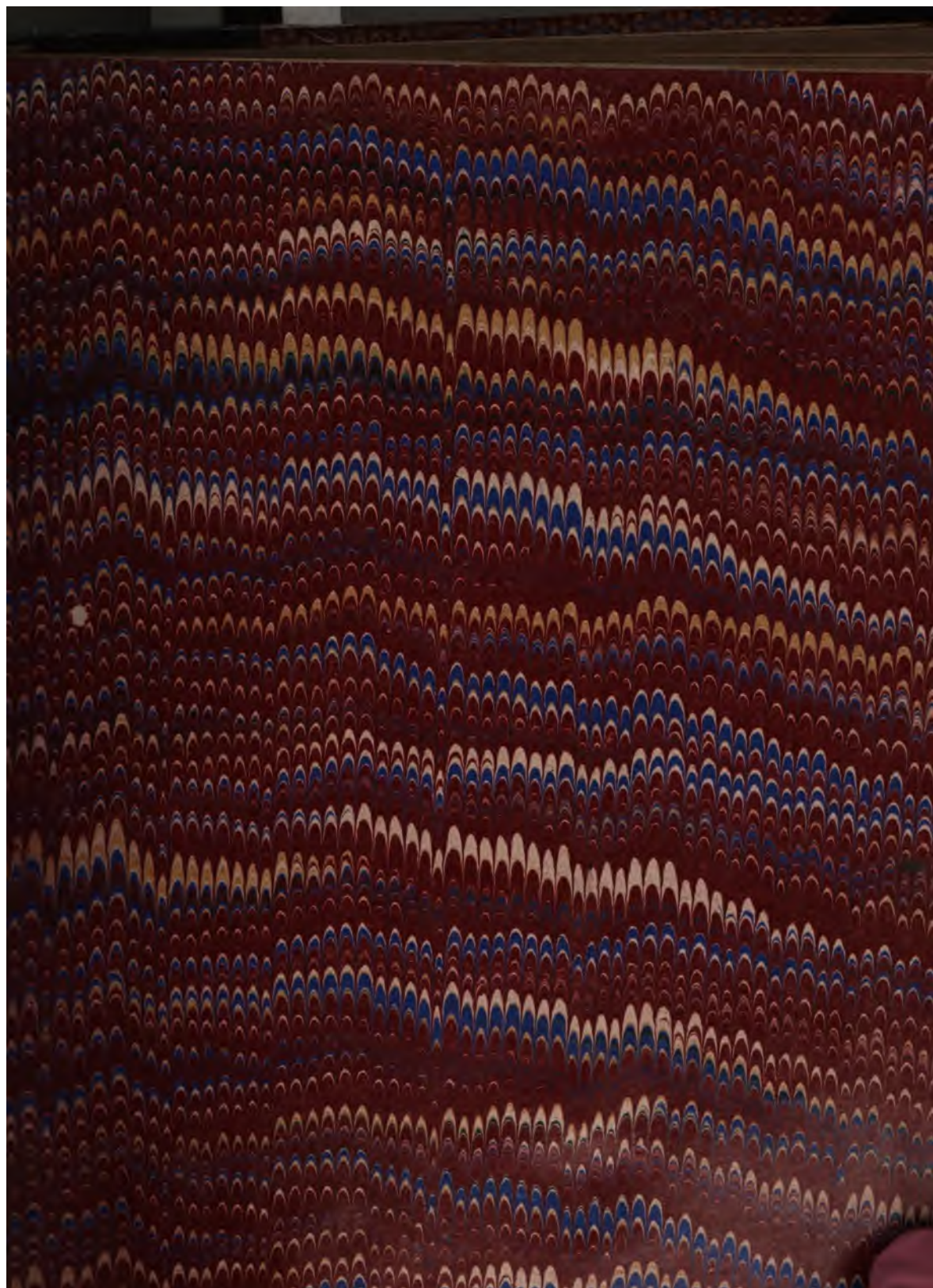
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OCCASIONAL ISSUES  
OF  
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VERY RARE BOOKS.

EDITED, WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS,  
BY THE  
REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART, LL.D. (EDINB.), F.S.A.  
ST. GEORGE'S, BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE.

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*IN SEVENTEEN VOLUMES.*

VOL. XII.

- (a) HENRY WILDERE: "WILDERE LA AVIA, or The True Picture of a  
Moral Man," 1654, and PETER COLEMAN: "Penselope's  
Complaint," 1656.  
(b) ROBERT TOTTEN: "Alia: The Mourning Minde of a melancholy Lover,"  
1657.

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## INTRODUCTION.

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IT would seem as though SHAKESPEARE'S own impersonality — in so far as biographic fact is concerned — had a mysterious power of thinning away other personalities from whom light on him might have been looked for, *e.g.*, SIR ROBERT CHESTER'S *Love's Martyr or Rosalin's Complaint* (1601), with its "Diverse Poeticall Effaies," gives us those dulcet pieces of music and subtle pathos, Shakespeare's "Let the bird of lowdest laie" and "Threnos," so arguing intimacy and something beyond, with Chester. But all the links of friendship and circumstance have been calcined; and the extant *data* concerning SIR ROBERT CHESTER and SIR JOHN SALISBURIE yield scarcely a point of departure toward a solution of the mystery folded up in the poems involved, *i.e.*, except Shakespeare's common feeling with Chester toward ESSEX and ELIZABETH.\* Similarly, with the present noticeable volume of *Willobie's Avis*. There are things as shall appear immediately — in this poem and related poems — that are declarative of kindred intimacy and something beyond, as between

\* As I write this, there reaches me from Mr. F. J. Furnivall, M.A., Director and Founder of the "New Shakspeare Society," a paper by him in opposition to my interpretation of the "Phoenix and Turtle" of Chester and of Shakespeare. Mr. Furnivall shews that he really does not know the A B C of what he is writing about. I shall have very little difficulty in putting aside this extremely small production, and in shewing that neither Mr. Furnivall, nor his *fidus Achates*, Mr. P. A. Daniel, is the Solomon or genius each (apparently) imagines himself. I am in hopeful pursuit of the Italian poems of Celiano — alleged by Chester to have been his prototypes at least — and so soon as I am fortunate to recover them, it is my intention to issue a separate tractate, restating and further illustrating and confirming my demonstration that the "Phoenix" was Elizabeth, and the "Turtle" Essex. Meantime Mr. Furnivall leaves the proof absolutely untouched, and tattles of merest accidents.



Shakespeare and either "Willobie," or HADRIAN DORRELL, who writes the long "Epistles" and after-'Apologic.' But again, when you try to get near either or both, you have the same mysterious and baffling impersonalization of them, until you do not know well what to decide. As those things, which I have designated, are really the preserving salt of the book, it seems expedient to adduce them in the outset.

(a) In the commendatory verses headed "In praise of Willobie his Auifa, Hexameton to the Author," there is found this stanza:

" Though Collatine haue dearly bought  
To high renowne, a lasting life,  
And found, that most in twine haue sought,  
To haue a Faire, and Constant wife,  
Yet Tarquyne pluckt his glistering grape,  
And Shake-speare, paints poore Lucrece rape." (p. 15.)

This is the earliest known 'praise' of Shakespeare, except the doubtful *Action bit* of Spenser.\* The *Rape of Lucrece* was entered in the *Registers of Stationers Hall* on 9th May 1594, as follows:

9 Maii [1594].

Master harrison Entred for his copie vnder th[e h]and of master Cawood  
Senior. Warden, a booke intituled *the Ravysment of LUCRECE*  
vj<sup>d</sup> C†

\* Since the text was printed, I have chanced on the following in Ritson's *Bibliographia Poetica*: "Prefix'd are commendatory versees by Abell Emet and another, who signs *Contraria contrariis*, and mentions Shakespeare's *Rape of Lucrece*, but does not, as hath been hastyly surmise'd, celebrate Shakespeare himself." This "English eagle," and "Brytan bird," alluding to Willobies own poem, and Shakespeare being introduc'd onely by way of foil. The lines are, "Tarquyne pluckt," &c. (p. 396). I am not aware to whom Ritson refers as having 'hastyly surmise'd' that by "This English eagle" and "Brytan bird" Shakespeare was meant. The bibliographer is certainly right in so far as the verses signed "*Contraria contrariis*" are concerned. But in *Willobies Avis* itself, it had struck me that Shakespeare might have been intended by an 'Eagle' metaphor. See p. 24, st. 3, ll. 1-4—possibly only *Avisa* was meant here. In relation to Spenser's *Action*, the thing is worth thinking out. I hope to do so some day in my edition of Spenser.

† Arber's *Transcript*, vol. ii, p. 648.

Then on the following 3rd September, came *Willobie's Avis*, as thus :

11. 3. Septembris [1594].

master windet. Entred for his copie vnder th[e h]andes of master Hartwell  
and the wardens A book entituled Willobye *his avisa* or the  
*true picture of a modest maid and of a chas[t]e and Constant*  
*wife* .....vj<sup>d</sup>\*

It would thus appear that the reference to Shakespeare was worked into this (so-called) 'Hexameton' within at most three or four months of the publication of the *Rape of Lucrece*, and probably or possibly, within a few weeks. This leaves the impression that whoever wrote this 'Hexameton' had a special and personal interest in Shakespeare. I know that 'Mr.' could not have been poetically introduced ; but 'Shake-speare' simply, has a familiar like sound. Eheu ! The signature to the little poem, "Contraria Contrarijs Vigilantius : Dormitanus," affords no guidance to the name of its author. Sir Walter C. Trevelyan asks — "Does it contain the name of the writer in disguise" ? † I think not. It seems only a playful allusion to "Willobies Avis," wherein he speaks of his "sleepie Muse." ‡

(b) In a prose-introduction to 'Cant. xliiii,' we thus read :  
"H. W. being fodenly affected with the contagion of a fantastick fit, at the first sight of A[visa], pyneth a while in secret griefe, at length not able any longer to indure the burninge heate of so feruent a humour, bewrayeth the secrecy of his disease vnto his familiar frend W. S. who not long before had tryed the curtesy of the like passion, and was now newly recouered of the like infection ; yet finding his frend let bloud in the same vaine, he took pleasure for a tyme to see him bleed, & in steed of stopping the issue, he enlargeth the wound, with the sharpe rasor of a willing conceit, perfwading him that he thought it a matter very easy

\* Arber's *Transcript*, p. 659.

† *Notes and Queries*, January 28th, 1860, pp. 59-60.

‡ See p. 17, c. i, st. 2 ; and cf. 'Apologie,' p. 143, ll. 14-15.

to be compassed, & no doubt with payne, diligence & some cost in tyme to be obtayned. Thus this miserable comforter comforting his friend with an impossibilitie, eyther for that he now would secretly laugh at his frends folly, that had giuen occasion not long before vnto others to laugh at his owne, or because he would see whether an other could play his part better then himselfe, & in vewing a far off the course of this louing Comedy, he determined to see whether it would fort to a happier end for this new actor, then it did for the old player," &c. (pp. 90-1.)

There succeed to this, c. xliiii to c. xlviii, which consist of verse-dialogues between H. W. and W. S.

The first\* — so far as I have been able to trace — to find WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE in this "W. S." and "familiar friend" of H. W., was Mr. J. PAYNE COLLIER. In his *Life of Shakespeare* (1858, p. 115), he refers to c. xliiii-v. (and in his introduction to the *Rape of Lucrece* (vol. vi, p. 526), he notes the allusion (*ut supra*) to that poem.) Without being aware of this, the late Sir WALTER C. TREVELYAN, in a communication to *Notes and Queries* (as before), quotes the whole of the passage from an imperfect exemplar of *Willobies Avisa* in his own possession, with a grotesque advance on Mr. Collier. For he writes: "I extract the passage in full, together with two sonnets connected with it, and which, if W. S. may be taken for Shakespeare's initials, may not improbably be his writing." More of this impossible authorship anon.

The next notice of *Willobies Avisa* in relation to Shakespeare that I have come upon, is in Dr. Ingleby's *Shakespeare Allusion-Books*, pt. i, 1592-98, for "The New Shakespeare Society," 1874. Therein he gives (1) Title-page of *Willobies Avisa* (1594); (2) Commendatory verses signed "Contraria Contrarijs"; (3) Cant. xliiii-xlvii; and in his

\* Sir Egerton Brydges' (*Restituta*, &c.) and George Ellis' (*Specimens*) appear simply to have quoted the passages (partially).

admirable "General Introduction" (pp. xxviii-xxx), he thus speaks of the book :

"*Willobie his Avis*, said to be a poem 'in hexameter verse,' because each verse contains six lines, was first published in 1594; and we have reprinted the commendatory poem and four *canti* from that edition. Other editions were in 1596, 1605, 1609, and 1635. From the Epistles found in these several editions we learn all we know of the presumptive author of this remarkable poem. A word on some of these first. To the edition of 1594 are prefixed an 'Epistle Dedicatory' as well as an 'Epistle to the Reader.' Both are from Hadrian Dorrell, the reputed editor of the book and friend of its author. The latter he dates 'from my chamber in Oxford, this first of October.' To the edition of 1605 Dorrell adds an 'apologie, shewing the true meaning of *Willobie his Avis*,' which professes to answer some who misconstrued the poem, especially P. C. [Peter Colse], and ends with these remarkable words :

"'If any notwithstanding will continue the error of their vnsatisfied minds they must for ever rest in the[ir] rightlesse erring, till the author (now of late gone to God) returne from Heaven to satisfie them farther touching his meaning. And so farewell. Oxford this 30 of June 1596.'

"A poem called *The Victory of English Chastity* printed next to the *Apologie* is signed 'Thomas Willoby Frater Henrici Willoby nuper defuncti' [n.d].\* From these premises we should naturally conclude that there were two brothers, Henry and Thomas Willoby (Willobie, or Willoughby, the orthography being phonetic), both of whom were poets, and wrote on one and the same subject. The *Apologie* also records that Henry Willobie left 'many other pretty things—of his devising,' and a poem called *Susanna*, which must have been suggested by the story of *Susanna and the Elders*, and therefore we are asked to believe that both brothers wrote poems (*Avisa*, *Susanna*, and *The Victory of English Chastity*) on one subject—chastity, maidenly, or matronly; which, to say the least, is surprising. We also learn from the same premises that Henry Willobie died at Oxford between Oct. 1, 1594, and June 30, 1596, and that his brother survived him. One might almost guess already that Hadrian Dorrell is hoaxing us; that he was the Henry Willobie of the *Avisa* and *Susanna*, and after June, 1596, the Thomas Willobie of the *Victoriz*. We shall soon find fresh suggestions of doubt.

"In the editions of 1605 and 1635 are found the *Apology* and the *Epistle to the Reader*. In the former Dorrell says the author 'fained an Individuum: \* \* to this fained Individuum, he gave this fained name *Avisa*;' and in the latter he writes

"'I found this very name AVISA, written in great letters, a pretty distance a sunder, and under every letter, a word beginning with the same letter, in this forme,

"\* Having been unable to see a copy of this edition, we are here trusting to the account of it in the *British Bibliographer*, vol. iii, p. 241. The edition of 1596 is only 'presumed' in that work, nor has Mr. Hazlitt 'met with' it."



A . V . I . S . A .  
Amans Vxor Inuiolata Semper Amanda.'

But Dorrell presently goes on to say,

"Yet of the other side, when I doe more deeply consider of it and more narrowly weigh every particular part, I am driven to thinke that there is something of truth hidden under this shadow. The reasons that move me are these. First in the same paper where I found the name of AVISA written in great letters, as I said before, I found this also written with the author's owne hand, viz., "Yet I would not have Avis a to be thought a publike fiction, nor a truthlesse invention, for it may be, that I have at least heard of one in the west of England, in whom the substance of all this hath been verified, and in many things the verie words specified which hath endured these and many more, and many greater assaults, yet, as heere, she stands unspotted, and unconquered." Who the lady was has never been determined, nor yet where she abode. We must not rush to the conclusion that her name was Susan, from the mention of *Avi-Susan* in the commendatory poem: for that has no more reference, of necessity, to the real lady's name than *Lucret-Avis* (phonetic for *Lucret-Avis*), the Susan being the Susanna of the Apocrypha, and the Lucret being the Lucretia of Roman History; the former celebrated by H. W. (Henry Willobie), the latter by W. S. (William Shakspeare). Avis a, like the lady 'in the west of England,' abode

At Western side of Albion's isle  
Where Austine pitcht his monkish tent,

which suggests Glastonbury; and her homestead is described in the single stanza which constitutes Canto XLVI. If one might make a guess at the lady's real name, from the hint given in that stanza, *St. George* is at once suggested, and one is reminded of *Rich. III. v. 3*,

Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,  
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!  
Upon them! Victory sits upon our helms.

"But there are two statements in Dorrell's *Apology* which are hard to reconcile. He writes:

"This poetical fiction was penned by the Author at least for thirtie and five yeeres since (as it will be proved), and lay in wast papers in his study, as many other prettie things did of his devising; and so might have continued still (as his Susanna yet doth) had not I, contrarie to his knowledge, with paine collected it and publisht it.'

"We know from the *British Bibliographer*, vol. iii, pp. 242, 258, that this passage is in the *Apology* (dated 1596) added to the edition of 1605. Now, 35 from 1596 leaves 1561, so that, according to Dorrell's statement, Henry Willobie had written his *Avisa* by June, 1561. The poem showing no sign of immaturity, we must conclude that he was nearly of age at that date; which will throw his birth back to about 1540. Taking that year as a basis of computation, he must have been from 53 to 56 at the time of his death. At least he was then a man of fifty, an elderly man, of whose achievements Dorrell might have written

with praise, but of whom he could not have written as of a promising student and a young soldier: yet Dorrell describes him, in his epistle of Oct. 1594, as 'a scholar of very good hope,' and what is even more absurd, as a 'young man, who, desirous of seeing the fashion of other countries, had not long sithence departed voluntarily in her Majesty's service,' whereas he was in June, 1596, *nuper defunctus*, and had 'not long sithence' departed at the bidding of the King of kings. Sir Egerton Brydges considered that this 'anachronism [might] be ascribed to inadvertency.' For ourselves, we see in it the *pes clauda* which so persistently dogs the hoaxer; and we are led to the conclusion, already mentioned, that *Willobie his Avis* is of the same class as *The Legacy of an Eltonian*, Edited by Robert Noland, sole executor (Macmillan, 1846), where the executor's name is a pseudonym, and the editor was sole author of the poems, which are there attributed to 'a young friend, Mr. E—n.' Here, *nostro judicio*, we have the key to the Willobie-Dorrell mystery. Otherwise, we should be driven to the conclusion that this poem, which is redolent of late Elizabethan associations, belongs (by a miraculous anachronism) to the reign of Henry VIII., and that therefore the interlocutor whose initials are W. S. could not be William Shakspeare, seeing he was not born till the third year after the poem was written.

"On the other hand, the name of Willobie is found in a marginal note in William Clarke's *Polimanteia*, 1595, where he is referred to as one of those of Oxford who 'are able to sing sweetly when it please thee.' Clarke makes 'England to her three daughters, the Universities, say,

Sweet Ma-	"I know, <i>Cambridge</i> , howsoever now old, thou hast some
ster Campion.	young, bid them be chaste, yet suffer them to be witty; let them
Britton.	be soundly learned, yet suffer them to be gentlemanlike qualified;
Percie.	<i>Oxford</i> thou hast many, and they are able to sing sweetly when
Willobie.	it please thee. And thou youngest of all three, either in Hex-
Fraunce.	ameter English, thou art curious (but that thou learnedst of my
Lodge.	daughter <i>Cambridge</i> ) or in any other kinde thou art so wisely
Master Daus	merrie, as myselfe (though olde) am often delighted with thy
of L.	musick, tune thy sweet strings, & sing what please thee." [sign.
I. Drayton.	Q3. back.]
Learned M.	
Plat.	

But this does not clear up the difficulty, as Clarke may have only known Willobie's name from the book.

"The commendatory poem (called an *Hexameton*) contains the earliest printed mention of Shakspeare that has yet been discovered. Its date is at least as early as the first edition of *Willobie his Avis*, viz. 1594; i.e. one year earlier than that of Clarke's *Polimanteia*, in a marginal note to which the name of Shakspeare also occurs. The second verse of this *Hexameton*, in which Shakspeare is named as the author of *Lucrece*, was quoted by Mr. J. P. Collier in his Introduction to that poem (Ed. of Shakespeare, 1858, vol. vi. p. 526). He here also refers to the *Canti* of the *Avisa*, which we have reprinted at large, in his *Life of Shakespeare* (Ibid. vol. i. p. 115). The dialogue between H. W. and W. S. was first reprinted in Ellis' *Specimens*, vol. ii. p. 378, and subsequently at greater length by Sir Walter C. Trevelyan, in *Notes and Queries*, 2nd S. ix. 59-60, under date Jan. 28, 1860.

"The *Hexameton* is signed *Contraria Contrariis : Vigilantius : Dormitanus*, under which fanciful signature some have supposed to lurk the real name of the writer : but all that it appears to mean is that, if we designate contraries by contraries, the author is *Wide-awake Sleepy-head* : which might possibly contain a pun on his name."

Almost contemporaneously, Dr. Ingleby issued the first edition of his *Centurie of Praise*. It contained the same quotations from *Willobies Avis*, but not the critical remarks of the "General Introduction" to his *Shakspeare Allusion-Books*. In the new edition of the *Centurie of Praise* (1879) as re-edited by Miss L. Toulmin Smith, the *Avisa* quotations are reproduced ; and the following is the enlarged annotation :

"Henry Willobie's W. S. is referred to Shakespeare on two distinct grounds : (1) Because W. S. appears in this 'imaginary conversation' as a standard authority on Love ; and assuredly Shakespeare was *the* amatory poet of the day, and, to judge by his Sonnets, 'had tried the curtesy of the like passion,' and had come unscathed out of the ordeal. [Compare also his counsel to the wooer in the poem No. xix, beginning, 'Where as thine eye hath chose the dame,' of the *Passionate Pilgrim*, to which Willobie's verses bear a strong and curious resemblance in metre, subject, and treatment, L. T. S.]\* (2) Because it is said that this W. S. 'in viewing the course of this loving Comedy determined to see whether it would sort to a happier end *for this new actor, then it did for the old player*,' with other theatrical imagery specially applicable to a player and dramatist. Assuredly, no other contemporary poet of the same initials, whether lyricist or dramatist (and five or six might be named), had any claim to this distinction." (p. 11.)

I make these remarks on Dr. Ingleby's and Miss Smith's criticisms :

1. The 1596 edition is spoken of doubtfully, as if, possibly,

\* Every one who had read *Willobies Avis* recognised this. Dr. B. Nicholson specially called my attention to it, as, I suppose, he had Miss Smith's.

there never had been such. But its publication is verified by the date of the *Apologie* (1596), and by the notice of Peter Colse's *Penelope's Complaint*, which, entered in the *Stationers' Register* 13 February 1596, was duly published in 1596. So that

2. It is a mistake to set down the *Apologie* as belonging to the edition of 1605. It doubtless did appear in it as well, but the 1635 edition, in its reprint of the whole, dates it 1596, so shewing that either it was so dated in the 1605 edition, or fetched directly from that of 1596.

3. The imagined improbability of "two brothers" writing on one and the same subject, viz., Chastity, is gratuitous, seeing that Thomas Willoby's is a kind of vindication of Henry Willobie's *Avisa*, and so was necessarily on "one and the same subject," and not at all "surprising."

4. We prove, onward, the actual existence of a Henry and Thomas Willobie or Willoughby. So that the reality of the "two brothers" must be conceded. But

5. We shew that no Hadrian Dorrell is found, either in the abundant Dorrell pedigrees, or in the Oxford *Registers*, or Wood's *Athenæ*, or *Fasti*, or his *MSS.*

6. The margin-note in William Clarke's *Polimanteid* (1595) is manifestly taken from the title-page of *Avisa*, and is testimony to knowledge of the book, but not necessarily of the man. I put it positively, not hypothetically.

7. While in the "General Introduction" to the *Shakspeare Allusion-Books*, Dr. Ingleby assigns *Willobies Avisa* to Hadrian Dorrell, in his *Centurie* (both editions) he assigns them to Willobie. In the former, Willobie is a myth, in the latter, an actual personality. As will be found in the sequel, Hadrian Dorrell was the myth.

8. For after-reference, it seems expedient to place before the student-reader the poem, "When as thine eye hath chose the Dame," and I avail myself of Mr. CHARLES EDMONDS' inestimable *literatim* text of the *Passionate Pilgrim* of 1599 (1870):



“ When as thine eye hath chose the Dame,  
 And stakke the deare that thou shouldest strike,  
 Let reason rule things worthy blame,  
 As well as fancy (partyall might) [wight ?]  
 Take counsell of some wifer head,  
 Neither too young, nor yet vnwed.

And when thou comst thy tale to tell,  
 Smooth not thy toung with filed talke,  
 Least she some subtill practise smell,  
 A Cripple soone can finde a halt,  
 But plainly say thou loust her well,  
 And set her person forth to sale.

What though her frowning browes be bent  
 Her cloudy lookes will calme yer night,  
 And then too late she will repent,  
 That thus dissembled her delight.  
 And twice desire yer it be day,  
 That which with scorn she put away,

What though she striue to try her strength,  
 And ban and braule, and say the nay :  
 Her feeble force will yeeld at length,  
 When craft hath taught her thus to say :  
 Had women beene so strong as men  
 In faith you had not had it then.

And to her will frame all thy waies,  
 Spare not to spend, and chiefly there,  
 Where thy defart may merit praise  
 By ringing in thy Ladies eare,  
 The strongest castle, tower and towne,  
 The golden bullet beats it downe.

Serue alwaies with assured trust,  
 And in thy sute be humble true,  
 Vnlesse thy Lady proue vniust,  
 Praise neuer thou to chuse a new :  
 When time shall serue, be thou not slacke,  
 To proffer though she put thee back.

The wiles and guiles that women worke,  
 Dissembled with an outward shew :  
 The tricks and toyes that in them lurke,  
 The Cock that treads the shall not know,  
 Haue you not heard it said full oft,  
 A womans nay doth stand for naught.

Thinke Women still to striue with men,  
 To sinne and neuer for to faint,  
 There is no heauen (by holy then)  
 When time with age shall them attaint,  
 Were kisses all the ioyes in bed,  
 One Woman would another wed.

But soft enough, too much I feare,  
 Least that my mistresse heare my song,  
 She will not stick to round me on th'are,  
 To teach my tounge to be so long,  
 Yet will she blush, here be it said,  
 To heare her secrets so bewraid.

9. Dr. Ingleby calls the interchanging verses between "H. W." and "W. S." "an imaginary conversation" (*a la* Landor I assume); but they seem to carry more in them than 'imagination'—as shall appear.\*

There doubtless have been other notices of *Willobies Avis* with reference to the "W. S." passages; but I do not know of any. These, however, may suffice, albeit it had been satisfactory to have had the opinion of such Shakespeareans as DYCE, SINGER, STAUNTON, Dr. W. ALDIS WRIGHT, and their compeers.

For myself, I feel disposed to think that the initials "W. S." really represent Shakespeare, for these reasons:

1. The early and familiar allusion to Shakespeare in the commendatory 'Hexameton' so self-evidently by one who was of a group of friends known to, and by, him.
2. The singular combination of theatrical terms or words in the prose-introduction to the cantos, as though tacitly to suggest, to all in the secret, that 'W. S.' was a 'Player,' as we know Shakespeare then was (well-known as such, indeed, from 1592, as witness Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit*, and Chettle's *Kindhart's Dreame*), e.g., 'he [W. S.] would see whether

\* *En passant*—In the *Centurie of Praise*—both editions—the quotations are chronologically inexact. Chettle (*his*)—*A mournefull Dittie* (1603?), Harvey (1598), and Carew (1595-1600), ought to have followed, not preceded, the *Avisa* quotations.

another could *play* his part better than himselfe and . . . . . whether it would sort to a happier end for this *new actor*, than it did for the *old player*.' 'Old' is here = former or prior, in apposition not opposition, to 'new,' not = old in years, or ancient.

3. The pleasant girds at W. S.'s love-experiences, he [W. S.] having "giuen occasion not long before vnto others to laugh at his owne [love] folly" chronologically congruent with Shakespeare's sonnets, and congruent with friendship.
4. The correspondence between the 'counsel' given by W. S. in these (so-called) sonnets, and Shakespeare's own sonnets. Though I cannot for a moment think of assigning the cantos put into the mouth of W. S., to Shakespeare as their author—as Sir Walter C. Trevelyan does—I am disposed to regard them as versifying actual *badinage* and 'counsel' given by Shakespeare to their author—dimmed and impoverished, doubtless, by the immeasurably inferior reporter, yet true to the fact of interchanged experience. Thus looked at, these verse-dialogues between W. S. and H. W. seem to me the one definite ray of light shot across the love-experiences made immortal in the sonnets, by a contemporary. I for one have always held Shakespeare's sonnets to be as largely auto-biographic as are Sidney's of *Stella*; and these *bits* in *Willobies Avisa* point to just such love-troubles as the sonnets superbly celebrate in their ever-varying, ever-alternating height and depth, glory and shame, shine and shadow, gravity and levity.
5. Shakespeare was certainly *the* love-poet of the period, through his *Venus and Adonis*.
6. In the prose-introduction to canto xliiii we read, "he [W. S.] took pleasure for a tyme to see him bleed, and in steed of stopping the issue, he inlargeth the wound, with the sharpe rasor of a willing conceit, per-

swading him that he thought it a matter very easy to be compassed, and no doubt with payne, diligence and some cost in tyme to be obtayned." This seems to me an extremely noticeable passage. When I turn to the poem No. xix of the *Passionate Pilgrim* (as given *supra*), I find in these words a singularly close description or abstract of it. Hence I am inclined to conjecture that Shakespeare may have sent his friend H. W., or Dorrell, this identical poem, while in *Avisa* itself we have recollections of actual conversations between Shakespeare and his love-lorn friend. Besides, in these special words "there are incidents not mentioned in the poetic text of *Avisa*, and they give one the idea that other particulars of a fact are here incidentally touched on." The latter quotation is from Dr. B. Nicholson to myself.\*

I commend the student-reader to re-read critically the Sonnets of Shakespeare with *Willobies Avisa*, from canto xliiii to canto xlviii, open before him. (See more, onward.)

In his 'note' (already referred to and quoted from) Sir Walter C. Trevelyan puts another question by way of solving another Shakespearean problem, as follows: "May we not also conjecture the 'Mr. W. H.,' to whom the first edition (1609) of Shakespeare's Sonnets was dedicated, may have been his friend this Henry Willobie? whose sonnets, written some years probably before Shakespeare's, must have been known to him, and may have 'begotten'—that is, suggested—a similar work to our immortal bard." This 'conjecture' as to "Mr. W. H." (initials, as was common, reversed) having been the 'W. H.' of the sonnet-dedication of 1609, is swept aside by the hard matter-of-fact, that Henry Willobie or Willoughby, was certainly dead by

\* The *Passionate Pilgrim* I have shewn in my Introduction to the Poems of Richard Barnfield (Roxburghe Club) to have been an unauthorized medley, in great measure non-Shakespearean; but the verse-dialogue of *Willobies Avisa* seems to verify the Shakespearean authorship of poem No. xix.

1596 at latest, as we shall see onward. But apart from this it is grotesque to pronounce the Sonnets of Shakespeare a "similar work" to *Willobies Avis*, and inspired or 'suggested' by it!

These points, in my judgment, warrant re-calling of the attention of Shakespeareans to *Willobies Avis*; and I trust will stimulate some of them to researches elucidatory of the names and things that I have now to submit. Alas! alas! They are but a meagre result of prolonged and well-seconded inquiries. I propose to try to answer these four questions:

1. WAS HENRY WILLOBIE OR WILLOUGHBY A REAL PERSON OR A MYTH?
2. WAS HE THE AUTHOR OF 'WILLOBIES AVISA'?
3. WAS HADRIAN DORRELL A REAL PERSON OR A MYTH?
4. WAS HE THE AUTHOR OF 'WILLOBIES AVISA'?

1. WAS HENRY WILLOBIE OR WILLOUGHBY A REAL PERSON OR A MYTH? The answer to this is, that there was a 'real' Henry Willobie or Willoughby. That is to say, in the pedigree of the Willoughbys, a Henry Willoughby appears as the second son of Henry Willoughby—eldest, William—by Jane, daughter of Dauntsey of Lavington, in the county of Wilts—who was son of Christopher Willoughby, illegitimate son of Sir William Willoughby, brother of Sir Robert Willoughby, Lord Brooke.\*

That this was *the* Henry Willobie (or Willoughby) of *Avisa* is incidentally confirmed by the fact that a younger brother (third son) is, in the same pedigree, named 'Thomas,' while this 'Thomas Willoughby' is found adding an entire new poem to the 1596 edition of *Avisa*, signed "Thomas Willoby Frater Henrici Willoby." Another proof that Henry Willobie was a 'real person' is, that in the list of matriculations in St. John's College, Oxford, is this entry:

"1591 Hen. Willobie Wilt. Arm. fil." [= Wiltshire, Armigeri filius].

On this the president of St. John's (Dr. Bellamy) notes—

\* Hoare's *Modern Wilts.*, vol. i, pt. i, pp. 38-39.

"He was an 'independent member,'" which, being interpreted, signifies that he was 'not on the foundation,' *i.e.*, he was a commoner. In accord with this, my friend Colonel Chester of London, has sent me, from the University Register-Books, an identical entry, with the important addition, that Henry Willobie, on matriculation, was aged 16 (in 1591).<sup>\*</sup> So that he must have been born in 1574 or 1575, and in his eighteenth or nineteenth year in 1594, when *Avisa* was entered and published, and in his seventeenth or eighteenth year when it was written. All this, as well as his youthful age, agrees with Hadrian Dorrell's wording in introducing *Avisa*—"It is not long fithence (gentle Reader) that my very good frend and chamber fellow M. Henry Willobie, a yong man, and a scholler of very good hope, being desirous to see the fashions of other countries for a time, departed voluntarily to her Maiesties seruice" (p. 5). I add, that in addition to what I have quoted of his brother's signature to his own poem, there is appended, 'nuper defuncti.' This intimates, that in 1596 he was 'lately deceased.' Such is the little all of outward fact that I have gained concerning Henry Willoughby. Not a *scintilla* of light remains on the alleged 'service' abroad of Elizabeth; nor is any expedition or embassy historically known between 1594 and 1596 with which he might have been associated. He was thus, at most, in his twenty-second year when he died. These (slight) memorials of Henry Willobie seem to render the alternative of our question, 'or a myth,' superfluous. But I have put it, because it gives me a basis for our second question, viz.,

2. WAS HE THE AUTHOR OF 'WILLOBIES AVISA'? The merest tyro is aware that in Elizabethan-Jacobean literature, it was no uncommon thing for authors, especially poets, to transfer the names of patrons and friends to their productions. Thus Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia* was called

<sup>\*</sup> See additional Notes and Illustrations to this Introduction, No. 21.

by, or for him, "The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia," after his illustrious sister. So Nicholas Breton entitled his inestimable *Passion*, "The Countesse of Pembroke's Passion." Similarly, Abraham Fraunce dubs his *Ivy Church* and *Emanuel*, by the same 'fair lady's' name. It were easy to multiply examples. The countess of Pembroke was a 'real person,' but that did not make her author of the books that bear her name. And so it is not matter-of-course that because the present volume bears the name of *Willobies Avis* that he was its author. It is always difficult to prove a negative; but on grounds that shall appear immediately, I have come to the conclusion that the alleged authorship was a 'myth,' and that the actual author, whoever he were, simply appropriated the name of Henry Willobie. This leads to our third question, viz.,

3. WAS HADRIAN DORRELL A REAL PERSON OR A MYTH? The family of Dorrell, in its many ramifications, has unusually full and detailed pedigrees. But in none does a Hadrian Dorrell occur. COLONEL CHESTER (as before) has ample collections on the name, and in *Harleian MS.*, 1106, and others, there are elaborate genealogies; but neither in any of them does a Hadrian Dorrell find a place. Nor in the University of Oxford's Registers generally, or in St. John's College specifically, is the name found. Except in connection with *Willobies Avis* he is un-noticed by Anthony a-Wood, either in his *Athenæ* or *Fasti*, or by Dr. Bliss. The Wood MSS. in the Bodleian—contemporary and subsequent, and supplementary to his two great works—have nowhere the slightest trace of a Hadrian (or Adrian) Dorrell. I confess that this utter absence of notices of Hadrian Dorrell, makes me doubt whether it were not a pseudonym or mask. The conclusion which seems inevitable is, that 'Hadrian Dorrell' was the appropriation of an existent surname with a fancy christian name, by some one who did not care to be known, save esoterically.

Of course a long-hidden letter, or hitherto over-looked reference, may, at any moment, prove the personality and actuality of a Hadrian Dorrell; but with present lights I hold him for a myth.

It is to be observed at this point, that an unknown PETER COLSE published, in 1596, a poem entitled *Penelope's Complaint: or, A Mirrour for Wanton Minions*. I shall take occasion to say more of this imitation of *Willobies Avis* in the sequel. Here I simply note that, in his epistle-dedicatory to the Lady Edith Horsey, Colse, with *Avisa* before him, designates its author as 'vnknowne'—"seeing an *vnknowne Author*, hath of late published a pamphlet called *Avisa*," &c. Evidently neither Henry Willobie nor Hadrian Dorrell were known to Peter Colse at any rate. Hadrian Dorrell replied to this in the 1596 edition of *Avisa*, but, as we shall discover, misleadingly and falsely.

4. WAS HADRIAN DORRELL THE AUTHOR OF 'WILLOBIES AVISA'? I think he must have been, though—as above—his 'real' name was not Hadrian Dorrell. These are my grounds:

(a) While in the original edition (of 1594) Dorrell describes Henry Willobie as a 'yong man,' and tells us that he had found on his 'departure' on 'her Maesties seruice,' *i.e.*, in 1594, in his 'studie' the 'booke' which he named 'Willobies Avis,' in an "Apologie shewing the true meaning of Willobie his Avis," prefixed to a new edition (1596) of the poem, he thus obviously writes: "This poetically fiction was penned by the Author at least for thirtie and fve yeeres since, (as it will be proued) and lay in wast papers in his study, as many other prettie things did, of his deuising; and so might haue continued still (as his *Susanna* yet doth) had not I, contrarie to his knowledge, with paine collected it; and (in confideration of the good end, to which it was directed) published it." (pp. 142-3.) This is in absolute contradiction with the first statement. For 'thirtie and fve



yeeres since' takes us back (reckoning from 1595) to 1561, or a good thirteen years before the Henry Willobie of St. John's College, Oxford, was born; and there is no other Henry Willobie or Willoughby of the period.

(b) That the original date is the true one, *i.e.*, 1594, or shortly before, not 1561, is in agreement with the reference to Shakespeare's 'Rape of Lucrece' in the 'Hexameton' of 'Contraria Contrarijs,' though *cæteris paribus* we might have accredited the poem as written long before and the commendatory verses to have been furnished on publication. *As it is*, the ante-dating of the poem looks like the slip of a man who was trying to carry out a feigned story — as Dr. Ingleby has noted.

(c) The preliminary matter of both the 1594 and 1596 editions of the poem has the favorite words of the poem itself. I have recorded some of these in my *Notes and Illustrations*. Besides, the whole style and tone of the preliminary matter bear the impress of one mind with the poet of *Avisa*. I can scarcely hope to communicate my own sense of this; but I commend it to the reader.

(d) His evident anxiety to explain the intent of the poem is an anxiety over-keen for any but the author. This anxiety is deepened in the 'Apologie' of 1596, when he it re-called Henry Willobie was dead, as Dorrell intimates at the close, thus — "If any notwithstanding will continue the error of their vnfatisfied minds, they must for euer rest in the rightleffe erring, till the Authour (now of late gone to God) returne from Heauen to satisfie them farder touching his meaning" (p. 149).

(e) If the Henry Willobie under whose name *Avisa* was published were an Englishman and not a mere mask-name, how could he have called himself 'Italo-Hispalensis'? Anglo-Hispalensis or Italo-Anglicanus — pointing to the country whither he was 'departed' on 'her Maiestie's service,' he might have been, but Italo-Hispalensis never. (See p. 90).

(f) It is noticeable also that as the loving friend he professes, he spends very few words on Henry Willobie, either in 1594, or in 1596, when he had just died. Contrasted with his copiousness on other things, this points to the same conclusion.

(g) The elaborate 'Apologie' so soon as an attack was made by Peter Colse on *Willobies Avis* in order to make it good that 'Avis' was only a 'fained' and non-existent woman, is extremely suspicious. There was no inkling of this before, and so far as Willobie was concerned, no call for it, seeing that he was then dead.

(h) Similarly, the addition in the 1596 edition of *Avis* of a new poem by Thomas Willoby, brother of Henry Willobie, in the light of these considerations, is felt to have been a supra-ingenuous method of supporting the Henry Willobie authorship. One can understand how the brother of Henry would not be unwilling to help his friend Hadrian Dorrell at a pinch in extricating himself from trouble through the attacks on *Avis*. The new piece is inferior in thought and composition (cf. p. 150, st. 3, and p. 153, st. 4); so that indubitably it was written by Thomas Willoby, not by Hadrian Dorrell in his name.

(i) Finally—The mask seems inadvertently to be let slip aside in the original 'Epistle' (1594), when he refers to the expectation that he [Dorrell] had been expected by some to write a poem in their praise of the very nature of *Avis*.

My answer, therefore, to my third question is, that whoever Hadrian Dorrell was, he simply used the 'real' name of his 'chamber fellow and friend' Henry Willobie to conceal his own authorship of *Avis*; and similarly persuaded his dead friend's brother to semi-ratify the honour paid that brother in inscribing the poem with his name. I grant that there are difficulties and possible objections to my verdict; but *ad interim* I venture to pronounce it and leave it for critical examination by fellow-students of Shakespeare and our great Elizabethan-Jacobean literature.

Another thing demands statement and elucidation. As previously noticed, in the 'Apologie' of 1596, Hadrian Dorrell, in replying to the attacks in Colse's *Penelopes Complaint*, is full and fervid in his repudiation of any one 'real woman' having been meant by 'Avisa.' If the Reader turn to the original Epistle of 1594, he will find that he there wrote doubtfully and hesitatingly, *e.g.*, "whether it be altogether fayned, or in some part true, or altogether true; and yet in most part Poetically shadowed, you must giue me leaue to speake by coniecture and not by knowledge. My coniecture is doubtfull, and therefore I make you the Iudges" (p. 5). Again: "It seemes in this last example the author names himselfe, and so describeth his own loue: I know not, and I will not bee curious" (p. 7). Once more: "when I do more deeply consider of it, and more narrowly weigh euery particular part, I am driuen to thinke that there is some thing of trueth hidden under this shadow," &c., &c. (pp. 7-8).<sup>\*</sup> On the other hand, he is passionate and positive in the 'Apologie' of 1596 that 'Avisa' was merely chastity personified and no 'real' woman, *e.g.*, "But most I maruaile that one P. C. (who seemeth to bee a scholler) hath beene carried away with this streame of misconceiued folly: For I dare pawne my life, that there is no particular woman in the world, that was either partie or priuie to any one sentence or word in that booke" (p. 142). So throughout. It may be said that supposing it on other evidence established that Henry Willobie was the actual author of *Avisa*, then the explanation of this positiveness in 1596 lies in the assurance of Henry Willobie between 1594 and 1596 that he merely intended Chastity personified. But in such case Dorrell would certainly have said so. Whereas, in his authorly eagerness to be delivered from the attacks on *Avisa*,

<sup>\*</sup> Cf. also his supposititious finding of "an English Susanna" in the original Epistle-dedicatory (p. 4), with the express announcement in the 'Apologie' that Henry Willobie had left behind him another poem on 'Susannah' (p. 143). Quaint old ROBERT AYLET took up this for verse-subject (1622).

he commits the chronological blunder of still making Henry Willobie the author, though ante-dating the poem thirteen years before his birth.

That the whole materials for the study of the various problems suggested by *Willobies Avis* might be before my constituents and readers in our leading public libraries, I have reproduced in the present volume these aids over and above *Willobies Avis* itself of 1594.

1. The *Apologie* of Hadrian Dorrell 1596 (pp. 141-149.)

2. The *Victorie of English Chastitie vnder the fained name of Avis*. (pp. 151-157.)

These are drawn from the 1635 reprint of the 1596 edition — no exemplar of the latter being known.

3. *Penelopes Complaint: or, A Mirrour for Wanton Minions*, &c. 1596. (pp. 159-183.)

This exists in a single exemplar now in the noble library of Alfred H. Huth, Esq., who, as worthy son of worthy sire, at once placed it at my service for reproduction. Sooth to say, Colse is a sorry poet, and *Penelopes Complaint* is thin and weak; yet as containing the attacks on *Willobies Avis*, and as hitherto in the hazards of a solitary copy, I judged it right to give it as an appendix. By examining these several additions, the question of the reality or fiction of *Avis*'s personality will be determinable by the student-reader for himself. Whoever S. D. were — and that he was not SAMUEL DANIEL, as has been over-hastily assumed by certain bibliographers who may be here nameless, I am morally certain — he joined with Peter Colse in thinking that she was a real woman, as witness his commendatory verses prefixed to *Penelopes Complaint*.

S. D.'s verses are only so-so, yet as there are satiric touches in the little poem that seem to indicate knowledge of a 'real' *Avis* and an actual love-story, it may be pardonably made to 'speak English' here:

*"To his most dear friend P. C. S. D.*

Why seeks she titles, boasts she riches, why—Avisa?  
Is she with thy Penelope to vie?  
The one renowned, revered, true to her own : Avisa  
An unknown woman from a place unknown.  
The one spouse of a prince of glorious name : Avisa  
Child of an innkeeper, wife of the same.  
The one is chaste, her husband being away : Avisa  
Chaste when he is at home, by night and day.  
The one through twice ten years strong to endure : Avisa  
Through scarce as many days could be kept pure.  
The one to a hundred lords refused her hand : Avisa  
The price and prayers of seven could scarce withstand.  
The one would spin until her task was done : Avisa  
Ne'er tired the spinning-wheel with what she spun.  
The one to the Greeks and Romans praise : Avisa  
Has but one man her name and fame to raise.  
Long live Penelope and flourish fair : Avisa  
May never with Penelope compare.

Colse himself wrote in the same strain in his Epistle-dedicatory to Lady Edith Horsey, condemning the 'unknown author' in that 'ouerflipping so many praiseworthy matrons' he 'hath registred the meanest' (p. 161.) Possibly the word 'meanest' as well as S. D.'s scorn, is to be explained not by knowledge of any actual love-story of 'Avisa,' but by passing allusions in the poem from which the natural inference is that 'Avisa' must have been of lowly circumstances; in short an inn-keeper's wife. Surely that again points to a 'real' woman (not an impersonation) living

*"At Western side of Albion's isle,  
Where Austine pitcht his monkish tent."*

Thus, on the whole, it can scarcely be doubted that *Avisa* had a flesh-and-blood original, and that Hadrian Dorrell never would have been so vehement in protest and repudiation unless conscious of something behind the poem, of actual fact. Shall I wrong Mrs. Dorrell's memory (or whoever was the wife of the person assuming the name of Dorrell) by imagining that perchance she was touched of jealousy and demanded shrewishly — explanations? The

*realism* of a *bit* like this in *Avisa*, is declarative of its being a description of a known spot and of known facts :

“Not farre from thence there lyes a vale  
 A rosie vale in pleasant plaine ;  
 The Nimphes frequent this happie dale,  
 Olde Helicon reuiues againe ;  
     Here Muses sing, here Satyres play,  
     Here mirth refounds both night and day.  
 At East of this a Castle stands,  
 By auncient shepheards built of olde,  
 And lately was in shepheards hands,  
 Though now by brothers bought and folde,  
     At west side springs a Chrifall well ;  
     There doth this chafte *Avisa* dwell.  
 And there she dwels in publique eye,  
 Shut vp from none that list to see ;  
 She answeres all that list to try,  
 Both high and low of each degree :  
     But few that come, but feele her dart,  
     And try her well ere they depart.” (p. 21)

Again :

“Seest yonder howfe, where hangs the badge  
 Of Englands Saint, when captaines cry  
 Victorious land, to conquering rage,  
 Loe, there my hopelesse help doth ly :  
     And there that frendly foe doth dwell,  
     That makes my heart thus rage and swell.” (p. 95.)

The third stanza of the first quotation is interpreted by this to be = an inn having St. George, and perhaps the Dragon, for sign. Apparently it was in some sea-side town or village. I have not attempted to follow up Hazlewood's suggestion that the scene was in Kent, because, with Henry Willobie, while a 'real' person nevertheless a 'fained name' in the poem, and Hadrian Dorrell a probable pseudonym, it were idle to argue from the residences of either the Willoughbys or the Dorrells. In *Notes and Illustrations*, 'farder' and other words are noted as Northern.\*

\* See note No. 15 in Postscript to this Introduction. I make this reference because the second line in the first stanza of above first quotation, "A *rosie* vale in pleasant plaine," is a peculiar expression, and the word 'rosie' may here also fold in it some secret allusion to one of the Horsey family. I simply throw this out. The perception of it would explain Colse's wrath.

Bibliographically, *Willobies Avis* has passed through these editions :

1. 1594 is reproduced from the exemplar in the British Museum, and of which only another perfect copy is known, viz., at Britwell.
2. 1596—containing for the first time the 'Apologie' and Thomas Willoby's new canto—no exemplar now known.
3. A third edition between 1596 and 1605—no exemplar now known.
4. 1605. The title-page is as follows: "Willobie his Avis, or, the true Picture of a modest Maide, and of a chast and constant Wife. Whereunto is added an Apologie, shewing the true meaning of Willobie his Avis: with the Victorie of English Chastitie, neuer before published, by Hadrian Dorrell. The fourth time corrected and augmented. Imprinted at London by John Windet. 1605." (4to.) (Hazlitt's *Handbook*, s.n.). A unique exemplar is at Britwell.
5. "The fourth time corrected and augmented. Imprinted at London by John Windet. 1609." Probably only 'remainder' of 1605 edition, with a new title-page, and not a 'fifth' or new edition—no exemplar known.
6. "Willoby his Avis, or the True Picture of a Modest Maide, and of a chaste and constant Wife. Whereunto is added an Apologie, shewing the true meaning of Willoby his Avis; With the victory of English Chastitie. The fifth time corrected and augmented. London. Printed by William Stansby. 1635." (12mo.) A unique exemplar is in the British Museum.

No. 4 (1605) professes that the *Apologie* and *Victorie* were 'never before published,' but this was a mere copying of the 1596 title-page, as is evidenced by the date of the *Apologie* in the 1635 edition, viz., 1596. The alleged 'corrections'

are extremely trivial and not always improvements, being nearly wholly orthographical. The alleged 'augmentations' are simply the *Apologie* and *Victorie*. With reference to No. 5 (1609) a copy of it occurs in the famous Sale-Catalogue of Benjamin Furley in 1714-15,\* as follows :

"104. Hadr-Dorell's true Picture of a modest Maide, and of a chast and constant Wife : item, the Commonwealth of England ; the Merchants Avizo ; the Irish Hubub ; Youthes Witte, Golden Legend of new St. John ; the Lieutenant of the Tower, his Speech and Repentance at the Time of his Death ; Newes from Heaven ; Vox Militis," &c., Lond. 1609 (p. 294).

By the price-marked copy of this curious volume in the British Museum (11901 a), we learn that the buyer of this miscellaneous collection secured it and another lot for 4*l.* 12*s.*, his name being 'D<sup>n</sup> Berlicius.' The word 'Item' (not Idem) signifies that the other books put along with the *True Picture* (secondary title of *Avisa*) were by other authors, as, indeed, is known otherwise. But the book called *The Merchants Avizo* we should like to get sight of, from its echo of *Avisa*. I have sought fruitlessly to trace the 'lot' in Holland ; and I have nowhere come upon *The Merchants Avizo*. (Query = intimation of goods, *aviso* Italian for 'advice' or 'invoice' ?)

The sympathetic and observant reader will not be unrewarded for reading *Willobies Avisa*. As a whole, it is inartistic and poorly wrought ; yet now and again there is a pleasant smoothness, with a brook-like ripple of music, and jets of vivacity and touches of real human feeling. The pleading of those who 'woo' *Avisa* to falsify her married vow is often vivacious and in keeping with the character. There is a vein of simple tenderness in the opening (cant. i, p. 17) ; and substantively, elegant simplicity and quiet tenderness and sweetness, are the characteristics

\* *Bibliotheca Furliana sive Catalogus Librorum Honoratiss. & Doctiss. Viri Benjamin Furly, inter quos excellunt Bibliorum Editiones, Mystici, libri proprii cujuscumque Sectæ Christianæ, & Manuscripti membranei. Auctio fiet die 22 Octobris 1714 in Aedibus Defuncti in Platea vulgò dicta Haringvliet. Roterodami, apud Fritsch et Bohm. M.DCC.XIV.*



of the poem. I have found myself, also, lingering over an occasional happy epithet and well-worded axiomatic phrase. But the main interest, as the main *motif*, of this reproduction, is the H. W. and W. S. verse-dialogues, which, I think, have not yet yielded up all their meaning to Shakespeareans or students of the sonnets of Shakespeare.

I append to this Introduction certain things promised in the Notes and Illustrations. As on former occasions I owe much to my ever-ready, as richly-furnished, friend Dr. BRINSLEY NICHOLSON of London, for his suggestions and jottings in reading the proof-sheets. As usual I have aimed at a reproduction in integrity of my texts, though I may have slightly inserted or deleted commas and other punctuation. Those used to the literature of the period will find little difficulty in reading, spite of the surplusage of commas and irregular punctuation, and arbitrary dissyllables. I must add, that *Willobies Avis* has never before been thus reproduced *in extenso*. Dr. Ingleby's and Mr. Furnivall's statements are misleading; for only the H. W. and W. S. passage is given in the 'New Shakspeare Society's Allusion Book,' where the wording would lead one to suppose that the complete poem had been reproduced.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

*St. George's, Blackburn,  
February 4th, 1880.*

#### POSTSCRIPT.

The following additional Notes may here be given :

1. Page 21, l. 1, '*sinke*' = jakes. So in Shakespeare, *frequenter*. See Schmidt, *s.v.* It is to be noted, that at present a 'sink' is not = a channel or drain-gutter, and that Timon's steward retired to a 'sink' in same sense as now.
2. „ 30, st. 5, 'I *will* remember'—query a misprint for 'well'?
3. „ 74, Canto xxxiii, Heading, *Dydimus Harco* = a Latin-German.
4. „ 83, l. 5, '*Dum habui*'—this has the initials of D. H. and agrees with the opening line of st. 1, 'Whilst erst,' &c.
5. „ 92, st. 1, l. 2, '*That doth bereave* my quyet rest'—a then not unfrequent mode of speech. We now say, 'bereave [me of].'

6. Page 98, st. 1, l. 4, '*uncouth*'—the occurrence of this word here enables me to avail myself of the discovery of the words 'uncouth, unkiste,' assigned to Chaucer in *Alcilia*. Since *Alcilia* was issued, Dr. B. Nicholson has found it in *Troilus and Cressida*, i, l. 809, though another reading of 'unknowe' for 'uncouth' has been adopted. I have myself found that Kirke quotes the words in his Dedication of the *Shepherd's Calendar* to Harvey.
7. „ 99, st. 4, l. 4, '*Yet none, or none*'—query misprint for 'Yet one, or none'?
8. „ 100, margin-note—a misprint, 'wan-neffe' for 'wanton-neffe.'
9. „ 101, canto li, st. 1, l. 5, '*onely sight*'= sight alone—a contemporary phraseology, as in Shakespeare, and memorably in the inscription-dedication of the sonnets.
10. „ 103, st. 4, l. 4, 'That' refers not to 'mee' but to 'you.'
11. „ 106, l. 2, '*entered plaints*'—qu., entered complaints? a technical-legal term.
12. „ 114, margin—it is difficult to see how this should be called a 'quatrain,' when it is a 'sexiame,' like the preceding.
13. „ 122, canto lxvi, l. 8, misprint 'ted' for 'ned.'
14. „ 127, end of st. 2, 'Vini,' &c.—some error here—some form of the verb 'vincere.'
15. „ 156, st. 5, l. 2, '*Troyun rafe*'—the allusion is to the fiction that the English descended from Brutus. *Ib.*, st. 4, l. 1, 'Roger' = Roger: but what surname? I do not find a Roger Horsey. That Thomas Willoughby meant, however, to introduce the Horseys (so lauded by Colse) is pretty certain, from p. 152, st. 2, l. 2, 'A Noble prince in Rosie born.' This is an anagram (in a fashion) of orsei = Horsey, 'h' in an anagram being allowed to be elided if necessary and 'i' and 'y' being interchanged. Perhaps he dared not make it too plain by naming the ironically dubbed 'Noble prince' Ralphe, and so selected 'Roger' as commencing with the same initial and as conveying a hint of clownishness or ill manners. But all this goes to show that the 1596 edition of *Avisa* in these additions was aimed at in Colse's book.
16. „ 162, *An Encomium*, &c., l. 2, '*of spring*' = offspring.
17. „ 171, *She bewailer*, &c., l. 8, '*hips and hawes*'—an odd phrase.
18. „ 177, *Telemachus*, &c., st. 5, l. 2, '*trencher knights*' = men who prefer to sit and indulge themselves at board (as they are frequently represented here and elsewhere) rather than perform acts like those of Ulysses, worthy of remembrance.
19. „ 179, *Her reply*, &c., st. 2, '*the devils lims*'—a very early example of the phrase.
20. „ 182, *She hearing*, &c., st. 1, l. 4, '*nothing leffe*'—here, and in other places of this poem, the phrase signifies that he thinks of the reverse.

21. Introduction, p. xix. In the Matriculation-Register of Oxford, under date of 5 November 1591, is Henry Willabie, Arm. 11, Wilts, 16, St. John's Coll. He signed his name in the Subscription Book, Willughby. 'Armiger' was — esquire. The distinctions in the Matriculation-Register refer directly to the scale of fees. Henry Willoughby paid the fees of an Armiger's (an Esquire's) son, which were higher than those of a 'gentleman's' son. Armiger, generosus, &c., constantly occur.

## ON THE NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

22. Page 192, on c. xxxviii, p. 81, l. 9, '*releat*' — did he derive it from *lentus*, *lente*, or from *relinquo*?
23. „ 193, on c. xlii, p. 88, l. 14, '*melte*' — rather it is the melting of *t* and *d* into one, sometimes of two *d*'s, as in Shakespeare, &c.
24. „ 194, on c. xlvii, p. 96 — perhaps after all the original punctuation is defensible = Again you must, and [must] still, &c.
25. „ 194, on c. xlviii, p. 97, l. 8, '*vernant*' — In Brathwaite's First Sonet or Madrigall at end of his *Golden Fleece*, st. 1, we have 'Those *vernant* comforts which each day ith week,' &c. (1611).
26. „ 196, on c. lxxi, p. 131, L. 2, '*brede*' = breeds — I ought *not* to have corrected 'brede' into 'breedes.' As 'breede' it is an excellent example of a not uncommon ellipsis of '[doth] breede.'

*Willobies Avisa* of 1594 is a very carelessly printed book; and that of 1635 — from whence the 'Apologie' and Thomas Willoby's new poem of 1596 are taken — is still more careless. In the latter lines and words are omitted, and any various readings are simply blunders throughout. Consequently I have not deemed it necessary to record departures from 1594 in 1635 edition. A. B. G.

WILLOBIE  
HIS  
AVISA  
OR

The true Picture of a mo-  
dest Maid, and of a chaste and  
constant wife.

*In Hexamiter verse. The like argu-  
ment whereof, was never here to  
fore published.*

Read the preface to the Reader before  
you enter farther.

A vertuous woman is the crowne of her husband, but  
she that maketh him ashamed, is as corruption in  
his bones. Prouerb. 12. 4.

Imprinted at London by  
*John Windet*

1594.







To all the constant Ladies & Gentlewomen of England that feare God.



Ardon me (sweete Ladies,) if at this present, I deprivue you of a iust Apology in defence of your constant Chastities, deserued of many of you, and long sithence promised by my selfe, to some of you : and pardon mee the sooner, for that I haue long expected that the same should haue beene perfourmed by some of your selues, which I know are well able, if you were but so wellwilling to write in your owne praise, as many men in these dayes (whose tongues are tipt with poyson) are too ready and ouer willing, to speake and write to your disgrace. This occasion had bene most fit, (publishing now the praise of a constant wife) if I had bene but almost ready. But the future time may agayne reueale as fit a meanes heereafter for the perfourmance of the same: if so it seeme good to him that moderateth all. Concerning this booke which I haue presumed to dedicate to the safe protection of your accustomed courtesies; if yee aske me for the persons: I am altogether ignorant of them, and haue set them downe, onely as I finde them named or disciphred in my author. For the trueth of  
\* 2 this

*The Epistle dedicatory.*

this action, if you enquire. I will more fully deliuer my opinion hereafter. Touching the substance of the matter it selfe, I thinke verily that the nature, woordes, gestures, promises, and very quintessence, as it were, is there liuely described, of such lewd chapmen as vse to entise silly maides, and assayle the Chastity of honest women. And no doubt but some of you, that haue beene tried in the like case, (if ever you were tryed,) shall in some one part or other acknowledge it to bee true. If mine Author haue found a Brytaine Lucretia, or an English Sufanna, enuy not at her prayse (good Ladies) but rather endeuor to deferue the like. There may be as much done for any of you, as he hath done for his AVISA. Whatfoeuer is in me, I haue vowed it wholly, to the exalting of the glory of your sweete sex, as time, occasion and ability shall permit. In the meane time I rest yours in all dutyfull affection, and commend you all to his protection, vnder whose mercy we enioy all.

*Your most affectionate  
Hadrian Dorrell.*







*To the gentle & courteous Reader.*



*T*is not long sithence (gentle Reader) that my very good frend and chamber fellow M. Henry Willobie, a yong man, and a scholler of very good hope, being desirous to see the fashions of other countries for a time, departed voluntarily to her Maiesties service. Who at his departure, chose me amongst the rest of his frendes, unto whom he reposed so much trust, that he deliuered me the key of his study, and the vse of all his bookes till his rcturne. Amongest which (perusing them at leysure) I found many prety & witty conceites, as I suppose of his owne dooing. One among the rest I fancied so much, that I haue ventered so farre upon his frendship, as to publish without his consent. As I thinke it not necessary, to be ouer curious in an other mans labour, so yet something I must say for the better vnderstanding of the whole matter. And therefore, first for the thing it selfe, whether it be altogether fayned, or in some part true, or altogether true; and yet in most part Poetically shadowed, you must giue me leaue to speake by coniecture, and not by knowlodge. My coniecture is doubtfull, and therfore I make you the Iudges. Concerning the name of AVISA, I thinke it to be a fained name, like vnto Ouids Corinna; and there are two causes that make mee thus to thinke. First, for that I neuer heard of any of that name that I remember; and next for that

\* 3

in a



## The Epistle

*in a voide paper rolled vp in this booke, I found this very name AVISA, written in great letters a pretie distance a sunder, & vnder euery letter a word beginning with the same letter, in this forme.*

A V I S A.  
Amans. vxor. inuiolata. semper. amanda.

*This is in effect. A louing wife, that neuer violated her faith, is alwaies to be beloued. Which makes me coniecture that he minding for his recreation to set out the Idea of a constant wife, (rather describing what good wiues should doe then registering what any hath done) deuised a womans name, that might fitly expresse this womans nature whom he could aime at: desirous in this (as I coniecture) to imitate a far off, ether Plato in his Common wealthe, or More in his Vtopia. This my surmise of his meaning, is confirmed also by the sight of other odd papers that I found, wherein he had, as I take it, out of Cornelius Agrippa, drawen the seuerall dispositions of the Italian, the Spanyard, the French man, the German, and the Englishman, and how they are affected in loue. The Italian dissembling his loue, assaileth the woman beloued, with certaine prepared wantonesse: hee praiseth her in written verses, and extolleth her to the Heauens.*

*The Spanyard is vnpatient in burning loue, very mad with troubled lasciuiousnesse, hee runneth furiously, and with pittypfull complaintes, bewailing his feruent desire, doth call vpon his Lady, and worshipping her, but hauing obtained his purpose maketh her common to all men.*

*The Frenchman endeuoreth to serue, he seeketh to pleasure his woman with songes and disports &c.*

*The Germane & Englishman being nigher of nature, are inflamed by little and little, but being enamored, they instantly require with arte, and entice with giftes &c. Which seuerall*

To the Reader.

*rall qualities are generally expressed by this Author in the two first trials or assaults made by the noble man, and the lustie Caualicros, Captaines, or Cutters &c. Signifying by this generalitie that our noble men, gentlemen, captaines, and lusty youthes haue of late learned the fashions of all these countries, how to sollicit their cause, & court their Ladies, & louers, & this continueth from the second Canto, to the ende of the two and twentieth.*

*After this he comes to describe these natures againe in particular examples more plainely, and beginneth first with the French man under the shadow of these Letters. D. B. from the three and twentieth Canto vnto the end of the three and thirtieth. Secondly the Englishman or Germane, under these Letters, D. H. from the 34. Canto vnto the ende of the forty three. Lastly the Spanyard and Italian, who more furiously inuadeth his loue, & more pathetically indureth then all the rest, from the forty foure Canto to the ende of the booke. It seemes that in this last example the author names himselfe, and so describeth his owne loue: I know not, and I will not bee curious.*

*All these are so rightly described according to their nature, that it may seeme the Author rather meant to shew what suites might be made, and how they may be aunswared, then that there hath bene any such thing indeede.*

*These thinges of the one side leade me to thincke it altogether a fained matter, both for the names and the substance, and a plaine morrall plot, secretly to insinuate, how honest maides & women in such temptations should stand upon their guard, considering the glory & praise that commendes a spotlesse life, and the blacke ignominy, & foule contempt that waiteth vpon a wicked and dissolute behauiour.*

*Yet of the other side, when I do more deeply consider of it,*

\* 4

and

## The Epistle

*& more narrowly weigh euery particular part, I am driuen to thinke that there is some thing of trueth hidden vnder this shadow. The reasons that moue me are these, First in the same paper where I found the name of AVISA written in greate letters, as I said before, I found this also written with the Authors owne hand, videlicet, Yet I would not haue Auisa to be thought a politike fiction, nor a truethlesse inuention, for it may be, that I haue at least heard of one in the west of England, in whome the substaunce of all this hath bene verified, and in many thinges the very wordes specified: which hath indured these and many more, and many greater assaultes, yet, as I heare, she standes vnspotted, and vnconquered.*

*Againe, if we marke the exact descriptions of her birth, her countrie, the place of her abode; and such other circumstances, but especially the matter and manner of their talkes and conferences, me thinkes it a matter almost impossible that any man could inuent all this without some ground or foundation to build on.*

*This inforceth me to coniecture, that though the matter be handled poetically, yet there is some thing under these fained names and shoues that hath bene done truly. Now iudge you, for I can giue no sentence in that I know not. If there bee any such constant wife, (as I doubt not but there may bee) I wish that there were more would spring from her ashes, and that all were such. VWhether my Author knew, or heard of any such I cannot tell, but of mine owne knowledge, I dare to sweare, that I know one. A. D. that either hath, or would, if occasion were so offered, indure these, and many greater temptations with a constant mind, and settled heart. And therefore here I must worthily reprehend the enuious rage, both of Heathen Poets, and of some Christian and English writers, which*  
*so*

To the Reader.

*So farre debase the credite and strength of the whole sexe, that they feare not with lying tounge wickedly to publish, that there are none at all that can continue constant, if they bee tried. Hereof sprang these false accusing speeches of the old Poets. Ludunt formosæ, casta est, quam nemo rogauit.*

*Faire wenches loue to play.*

*And they are onely chaste, whome no man doth assay.*

*And againe*

*Rara auis in terris, nigroq; simillima cygno,  
Fœmina casta volat.*

*A rare-seene bird that neuer flies, on earth ne yet in aire,  
Like blackish Swan, a woman chaste; if she be yong and faire.*

*This false opinion bred those foule-mouthed speeches of Frier Mantuan, that vpbraides all women with fleeting vnconstancy. This made Ariosto and others to inuent, and publish so many lewd and vntrue tales of womens vnfaithfulness. And this is the cause, that in this booke ye shall so often find it obiected against AVISA by all her futors, that no woman of what degree so euer can be constant if she be much requested, but that the best will yeeld. But the best is, this common and course conceit is receiued but onely among common, lewd, & carelesse men, who being wicked themselves, giue sentence of all others, according to the loose and lawlesse humors wherewithall they feelee their owne straying and wandring affections to be infected. For they forsooth, because in diuers and sundrie places, (as they often wickedly boast) they may for an Angell and a great deale lesse, haue hired nagges to ride at their pleasure, such as make a sinnefull gaine of a filthy carrosse; because in other countries, where stews and brothelhouses are wincked at, they see oftentimes, the fairest and not the meanest flocke to the fellowship of such filthy freedome, Thinke presently, that it is but a mony matter, or a little intreatie, to ouer-*

*A*

*throw*

## The Epistle

*throw the chastity of any woman whatsoever. But if all women were in deede such as the woman figured vnder the name of AVISA either is, or at least is supposed to bee, they should quickly restore againe their auncient credite and glory which a few wicked wantons haue thus generally obscured. In the twentieth and seven Canto, I find how D. B. perswadeth with A. that it is little sinne or no fault to loue a friend besides her husband. VVhereupon, inquiring more of the matter I haue heard some of the occupation verifie for a trueth: That among the best sort, they are accompted very honest women in some cities now, that loue but one friend besides their husband, and that it is thought amongst them a thing almost lawfull. If this be true, (as I hardly thincke it to bee true, because wicked men feare not to report any vntrueths) but if it be true, I feare least the ripenesse of our sin cry to the Lord for vengeance against vs, that tremble not at the remembrance of Gods iudgements, that haue bound a heauy curse & woe vpon the backe and conscience of them, That speake good of euill, and euill of good. That is, such as are growne to that point, that they are no longer ashamed of their sinne, nor care for any honesty, but are become wilfully desperate in the performance of all kind of impiety.*

*But I leaue this to the godly preachers to dilate more amply. And to returne to my purpose, although I must confesse that of all sortes of people, there haue bene & will be still some loosely and lewdly giuen, yet this can bee no excuse to lauish tongues, to condemne all generally. For, I dare to venter my hand, and my head vpon this point, that, let the foure moral vertues be in order set downe.*

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Prudence} \\ \text{Fortitude} \\ \text{Temperance} \\ \text{Iustice} \end{array} \right\}$	<i>and let the</i>
--	--------------------

*holy scriptures be searched from the beginning to the end, &  
let*

To the Reader.

*let all the ancient histories both ecclesiasticall and prophane be thorowly examined, and there will bee found women inough, that in the performance of all these vertues, haue matched, if not ouermatched men of euery age, which I dare my selfe, to verifie in their behalves vpon the venter and losing of my credite, if I had time and leasure. Among infinite numbers to giue you a taste of one or two: for wisedome, and Iustice, what say you to Placilla, wife to the Emperour Theodosius? She was wont euery day in her owne person, to visite the sicke, the poore, and the maymed: And if at any time shee saw the Emperour declining from Iustice to any hard course, shee would bid him Remember himselfe, from whence he came, & what he was, in what state hee had bene, and in what state he was now; which if he would do, he should neuer wax proud nor cruell, but rather humble, mercyfull and iust.*

Theodoret.  
eccles. hist. lib.  
5. cap. 17.

*For temperance, how say you to the wife of one Pelagius, of Laodicea, which being yong her selfe, and married to a yong and lusty man, was yet notwithstanding contented willingly, to forbear carnall pleasure, during her whole life. I bring not this womans example, for any liking I haue to her fact, being lawfully married, but rather, against the curious carpers at womens strength, to proue that some women haue done that, which few men can doe.*

Theodor. eccl.  
hist. li. 4. c. 10.

*For Fortitude and temperance both, I finde, that in Antioche, there was a noble woman with her two daughters, rather than they would be defloured, cast themselves all willingly into a great riuer, and so drowned themselves.*

Eusebius libr.  
8. cap. 24.

*And also, that in Rome there was a Senatours wife, who when she heard, that there were messengers sent from Maxentius the tirant, to bring her vnto him, perforce, to be rauished of him; and seing that her husband was not of ability*

Cap. 27. Loke  
for Blandina  
in Eusebius, a  
rare example  
of constancy  
& fortitude.

A 2

## The Epistle

*and power to defend her, she used this policy. Shee requested that they wold giue her leave to put on som better apparel & to attire her selfe more decently: which being graunted, and she gotten into a chamber by her selfe, she tooke a sword and perced her selfe to the hart, rather than she would be counted the Emperours whore.*

*By this may be scene what might be said in this argument, but leauing this to some other time, or to some other better able; I returne to my author.*

*For the persons & matter, you haue heard my coniecture, now for the manner of the composition, disposition, inuention, and order of the verse, I must leaue euery mans sence to himselfe, for that which pleaseth me, may not fancy others. But to speake my iudgement, the inuention, the argument, and the disposition, is not common, nor (that I know) euer handled of any man before in this order. For the composition and order of the verse: Although hee flye not alofte with the winges of Astrophell, nor dare to compare with the Arcadian shepheard, or any way match with the dainetie Fayry Queene; yet shall you find his wordes and phrases, neither Tryuiall nor absurd, but all the whole worke, for the verse, pleasant, without hardnesse, smooth without any roughnesse, sweete without tediousnesse, easie to be vnderstood, without harriish absurdity: yeelding a gracious harmony euery where, to the delight of the Reader.*

*I haue christened it by the name of Willoby his Auifa: because I suppose it was his doing, being written with his owne hand. How he will like my bouldnes, both in the publishing, and naming of it, I know not. For the encouraging and helping of maides and wiues to holde an honest and constant course against all vn honest and lewd temptations, I haue doone that I haue doone. I haue not added nor detracted any thing  
from*

To the Reader.

*from the worke it selfe, but haue let it passe without altering any thing: Onely in the end I haue added to fill vp some voyd paper certaine fragmentes and ditties, as a resolution of a chaste and constant wife, to the tune of Fortune, and the praise of a contented mind, which I found wrapped altogether with this, and therefore knew not whether it did any way belong vnto this or not.*

*Thus leauing to trouble your patience with farder delaies, I commit you to the good gouernment of Gods spirit. From my chamber in Oxford this first of October.*

Hadrian Dorrell.







*Abell Emet* in commendation of  
Willobies Auifa.

*TO Willoby, you worthy Dames yeeld worthy prayse,  
Whose siluer pype so sweetly sounds your strange delays,  
Whose lofty style, with golden winges remountes your fame,  
The glory of your Princely sex, the spotles name:  
O happy wench, who so she be if any be,  
That thus deserud thus to be praisd by Willobie.  
Shall I belecue, I must belecue, such one there is,  
Well hast thou said, long maist thou say, such on[e] there is:  
If one there be, I can belecue there are no more,  
This wicked age, this finfull tyme breeds no such store:  
Such siluer myntes, such golden mines who could refuse?  
Such offers made and not receu'd, I greatly muse.  
Such deepe deceit in frendly shewes, such tempting fittes,  
To still withstand, doth passe the reach of womens wittes:  
You Country maides, Pean nimphe*s* reioyse and sing,  
To see from you a chaste, a new Diana spring:  
At whose report you must not fret, you may not frowne,  
But rather striue by due desert for like renowne,  
Her constant faith in hot assaye hath wonne the game,  
Whose praise shall liue, when she is dead with lasting fame.  
If my conceit from strangers mouth may credit get,  
A brauer Theame, more sweetly pend, was neuer yet.*

Abell Emet.

*In praise of Willobie his Auifa, Hex-  
ameton to the Author.*

**I**N Lauine Land though Liue boſt,  
There hath beene ſeene a Conſtant dame:  
Though Rome lament that ſhe hath loſt  
The Gareland of her rareſt fame,  
Yet now we ſee, that here is found,  
As great a Faith in Engliſh ground.

Though Collatine haue deerely bought,  
To high renowne, a laſting life,  
And found, that moſt in vaine haue ſought,  
To haue a Faire, and Conſtant wife,  
Yet Tarquyne pluckt his gliſtering grape,  
And Shakeſpeare, paints poore Lucrece rape.

Though Sufan ſhine in faithfull praiſe,  
As twinckling ſtarres in Chriſtall ſkie,  
Penelop's fame though Greekes do raiſe,  
Of faithfull wiues to make vp three,  
To thinke the Truth, and ſay no leſſe,  
Our Auifa ſhall make a meſſe.

This number knits ſo ſure a knot,  
Time doubtles, that ſhe ſhall adde no more,  
Vnconſtant Nature hath begot,  
Of Fleeting Feemes, ſuch fickle ſtore,  
Two thouſand yeares, haue ſcarcely ſeene,  
Such as the worſt of theſe haue beene.

*Then*

*Willobie*

The birde that doth refemble right,  
The Turtles faith in constant loue,  
The faith that firft her promise plight ;  
No change, nor chance could once remoue :  
    This haue I tri'd ; This dare I trust,  
    And fing the truth, I will, I muft.

Afflicted *Susans* spotleffe thought,  
Intif'd by luft to finfull crime,  
To lafting fame her name hath brought,  
Whose praife incounters endleffe time :  
    I fing of one whose beauties warre,  
    For trials paffe *Sufanna's* farre.

The wandring Greekes renowned mate,  
That ftill withftoode fuch hote affayes,  
Of raging luft whose doubtfull state,  
Sought strong refuge, from ftrange delayes,  
    For fierce affaults and tryals rare,  
    With this my Nymph may not compare.

Hote tryals try where Golde be pure,  
The Diamond daunts the sharpeft edge,  
Light chaffe, fierce flames may not indure,  
All quickly leape the lowly hedge,  
    The obieft of my Mufe hath paff  
    Both force and flame, yet ftands fhe faft.

Though Egle-eyde this bird appeare,  
Not blusht at beames of Phœbus raies :  
Though Faulkcon wing'd to pearce the aire,  
Whose high-pla'ft hart no feare difmaies :  
    Yet fprang fhe not from Egles neft,  
    But Turtle- bred, loues Turtle beft.

At

At wester side of Albions Ile,  
 Where Austine pitcht his Monkish tent,  
 Where Sheapheards sing, where Muses smile,  
 The graces met with one consent,  
     To frame each one in sundry parte,  
     Some cunning worke to shew their arte.

Firft *Venus* fram'd a luring eye,  
 A sweete aspect, and comly grace ;  
 There did the Rose and Lillie lie,  
 That brauely deckt a smiling face,  
     Here Cupids mother bent her wil,  
     In this to shew her vtmost skill.

Then *Pallas* gaue a reaching head,  
 With deepe conceites, and pasing wit,  
 A fetled mind, not fancie-led,  
 Abhorring Cupids frantique fit,  
     With modest lookes, and blushing cheekes,  
     A filed tongue which none mislikes.

*Diana* deckt the remnant partes,  
 With fewture braue, that nothing lacke,  
 A quiuer full of pearcing Darts,  
 She gaue her hanging at her backe ;  
     And in her hand a Golden shaft,  
     To conquer Cupids creeping craft.

This done they come to take the view,  
 Of nouell worke, of perelesse frame ;  
 Amongst them three, contention grew,  
 But yet *Diana* gaue the name,  
     *Auisa* shall she called be,  
     The chiefe attendant still on me.

B 2

When

*Willobie*

When *Iuno* view'd her luring grace,  
Olde *Iuno* blusht to see a new,  
She fear'd leaft *Ioue* would like this face,  
And so perhaps might play vntrew,  
    They all admir'd so sweete a sight,  
    They all enuide so rare a wight.

Beautie with-  
out riches, is  
as a faire pict-  
ure without  
life.

When *Iuno* came to give her wealth,  
(Which wanting beautie, wants her life)  
She cryde, this face needes not my pelffe,  
Great riches sow the feedes of strife :  
    I doubt not, some Olympian power  
    Will fill her lap, with Golden shower.

Iealousie  
breedes enuy ;  
Both together  
breed frenzie  
yet neither of  
them both  
can preuaile  
against wan-  
dring fancie.

This iealous *Iuno* faintly said,  
As halfe misdeeming wanton *Ioue*,  
But chaste *Diana* tooke the maide,  
Such new-bred qualmes quite to remoue :  
    O iealous enuie, filthie beast,  
    For enuie *Iuno* gaue her leaft.

A strange  
bayte.

In lew of *Iun'os* Golden parte  
*Diana* gaue her double grace ;  
A chaste desire, a constant heart,  
Disdaine of loue in fawning face,  
    A face, and eye, that should intice  
    A fmile, that should deceive the wife.

A sober tongue that should allure,  
And draw great numbers to the felde ;  
A flintie hart, that should indure  
All fierce assaults, and neuer yeelde,  
    And seeming oft as though she would ;  
    Yet fardest off when that she should.

Can

Can filthy sinke yeelde holfome aire,  
Or vertue from a vice proceede?  
Can enuious hart, or iealous feare  
Repell the things that are decreed?  
By enuie though she lost her thrift,  
She got by grace a better gift.

Not farre from thence there lyes a vale,  
A rosie vale in pleafant plaine;  
The Nymphes frequent this happie dale,  
Olde Helicon reuiues againe;  
Here Muses fing, here Satyres play,  
Here mirth refounds both night and day.

At East of this, a Castle stands,  
By auncient shepheards built of olde,  
And lately was in shepheards hands,  
Though now by brothers bought and folde,  
At west side springs a Christall well;  
There doth this chaft *Auisa* dwell.

And there she dwels in publique eye,  
Shut vp from none that list to see;  
She answeres all that list to try,  
Both high and low of each degree:  
But few that come, but feele her dart,  
And try her well ere they depart.

They try'd her hard in hope to gaine,  
Her milde behaiour breeds their hope,  
Their hope assures them to obtaine,  
Till hauing runne their witleffe scope;  
They find their vice by vertue crost,  
Their foolish words, and labour lost.

This

---

*Willobie*

This strange effect, that all should craue,  
Yet none obtaine their wrong desire,  
A secret gift, that nature gaue,  
To feele the frost, amidst the fire :  
    Blame not this Dians Nimphe too much,  
    Sith God by nature made her thus.

Let all the graces now be glad,  
That fram'd a grace that past them all,  
Let *Iuno* be no longer sad ;  
Her wanton Ioue hath had a fall ;  
    Ten yeares haue tryde this constant dame,  
    And yet she holds a spotles fame.

Along this plaine there lyes a downe,  
Where sheepeards feed their frisking flocke ;  
Her Sire the Maior of the towne,  
A louely shout of auncient stocke,  
    Full twentie yeares she liued a maide,  
    And neuer was by man betrayde.

At length by *Iuno's* great request,  
*Diana* loth, yet gaue her leaue,  
Of flowring yeares, to spend the rest  
In wed-locke band ; but yet receiue,  
    Quod she, this gift ; Thou virgin pure,  
    *Chast wife in wed-locke shalt indure.*

A good gift.

O happie man that shall enioy  
A blefsing of so rare a price ;  
That frees the hart from such annoy ;  
As often doth torment the wife,  
    *A louing wife vnto her death,*  
    *With full assurance of her faith.*

When

When flying fame began to tell,  
How beauties wonder was returnd,  
From countrie hils, in towne to dwell,  
With special gifts and grace adorn'd,  
    Of futors store there might you see ;  
    And some were men, of high degree.

But wisdom wild her chuse her mate,  
If that she lou'd a happy life,  
That might be equall to her state,  
To crop the sprigges of future strife ;  
    Where rich in grace, wher found in health,  
    Most men do wed, but for the wealth.

Though iealous *Iuno* had denyde  
This happy wench, great store of pelffe :  
Yet is she now in wedlocke tyde,  
To one that loues her as himselfe,  
    So thus they liue, and thus they loue ;  
    And God doth bleffe them from aboue.

This rare seene bird, this Phoenix sage  
Yeelds matter to my drowlie pen,  
The mirror of this sinneful age,  
That giues vs beafts in shapes of men,  
    Such beafts as still continue sinne,  
    Where age doth leaue, there youths begin.

Our English foile, to Sodoms sinke  
Excessiue sinne transformd of late,  
Of foule deceite the lothsome linke,  
Hath worne all faith cleane out of date,  
    The greatest sinnes mongst greatest fort,  
    Are counted now but for a sport.

Old



*Willobie*

2. Chro. 15. 16.

Old Asues grandame is restor'd ;  
Her grouie Caues are new refinde :  
The monster Idoll is ador'd  
By lustie dames of Macha's kinde :  
    They may not let this worship fall,  
    Although they leefe their honours all.

Numer. 25. 6.

Our Moab Cozbies cast no feare,  
To let in view of euery eye,  
Their gainelesse games they holde so deere,  
They follow must, although they dye.  
    For why ? the sword that Phineas wore,  
    Is broken now, and cuts no more.

My tender Muse, that neuer try'd  
Her ioynted wings till present time,  
At first the perelesse bird espyed,  
That mounts aloft, deuoide of crime :  
    Though high she fore, yet will I tric,  
    Where I her passage can discry.

Her high conceites, her constant minde ;  
Her sober talke, her stout denies ;  
Her chaste aduise, here shall you find ;  
Her fierce assaults, her milde replies,  
    Her daily fight with great and small,  
    Yet constant vertue conquers all.

The first that faies to plucke the Rose,  
That scarce appear'd without the bud,  
With Gorgeous shewes of Golden glofe,  
To sow the seeds that were not good :  
    Suppose it were some noble man  
    That tride her thus, and thus began.

The

The first triall of AVISA, before  
she was married, by a Noble man : vnder  
*which is represented a warning to all young maids*  
of euery degree, that they beware of the allu-  
ring intifements of great  
men.

CANT. II.



Ow is the time,  
if thou be wise,  
Thou happie maide,  
if thou canst see,  
Thy happiest time,  
take good aduise,  
Good fortune laughs,  
be rulde by me :  
Be rulde by me,  
and her's my faith,

NOB.

No Golde shall want thee till thy death.

Thou knowest my power, thou seeft my might,  
Thou knowest I can maintaine thee well,  
And helpe thy friends vnto their right ;  
Thou shalt with me for euer dwell,  
My secret friend thou shalt remaine,  
And all shall turne to thy great gaine.

Thou seeft thy parents meane estate,  
That barres the hope of better chance ;  
And if thou proue not wise too late,  
Thou maist thy selfe, and thine aduance :  
Repulse not fondly this good hap,  
That now lies offred in thy lap.

C

Aboun-

*Willobie*

Abandon feare that bars consent,  
Repel the shame that feares a blot,  
Let wisdome way what faith is ment,  
That all may praise thy happie lot ;  
    Thinke not I seeke thy liues disgrace ;  
    For thou shalt haue a Ladies place.

Thou art the first my fancie chose,  
I know my friends will like it well :  
This friendly fault to none disclose,  
And what thou thinkst, blush not to tell,  
    Thou seeest my loue, thou know'st my mind,  
    Now let me feele, what grace I find.

CANT. III.

AVISA.

**Y**Our Honours place, your riper yeares,  
    Might better frame some grauer talks :  
Midst sunnie rayes, this cloud appears ;  
Sweet Roses grow on prickly stalkes :  
    If I conceiue, what you request,  
    You aime at that I most detest.

My tender age that wants aduice,  
And craues the aide of fager guides,  
Should rather learne for to be wife,  
To stay my steps from slipperie slides ;  
    Then thus to fucke, then thus to taft  
    The poys'ned sap, that kils at last.

I wonder what your wisdome ment,  
Thus to assault a silly maide :  
Some simple wench, might chance consent,  
By false resembling shewes betraide :  
    I haue by grace a natiue shield,  
    • To lewd assaults that cannot yeeld.

I

I am too bafe to be your wife,  
You choofe me for your fecret friend ;  
That is to lead a filthy life,  
Whereon attends a fearefull end :  
    Though I be poore, I tell you plaine,  
    To be your whore, I flat difdaine.

Your high eftate, your filuer shrines,  
Repleate with wind and filthy ftinke ;  
Your glittering gifts, your golden mynes,  
May force fome fooles perhaps to shrinke :  
    But I haue learnd that sweeteft bayt,  
    Oft throwds the hooke of moft defayt.

What great good hap, what happie time,  
Your proffer brings, let yeelding maids  
Of former age, which thought to clime  
To higheft tops of earthly aids,  
    Come backe a while, and let them tell,  
    Where wicked liues haue ended well.

*Shores* wife, a Princes fecret friend,  
*Faire Rosomond*, a Kings delight :  
Yet both haue found a gaffly end,  
And fortunes friends, felt fortunes fpight :  
    What greater ioyes, could fancie frame,  
    Yet now we fee, their lafting shame.

If princely pallace haue no power,  
To fhade the shame of fecret finne,  
If blacke reproch fuch names deuoure,  
What gaine, or glory can they winne,  
    That tracing trafts of shameleffe trade,  
    A hate of God, and man are made ?

C 2

This

*Willobie*

This onely vertue must aduaunce  
My meane estate to ioyfull blisse :  
For she that swaies dame vertues launce,  
Of happie state can neuer misse,  
But they that hope to gaine by vice,  
Shall surely proue too late vnwife.

The roote of woe is fond desire,  
That neuer feeles her selfe content :  
But wanton wing'd will needes aspire,  
To finde the thing, she may lament,  
A courtly state, a Ladies place,  
My former life will quite deface.

Such strange conceites may hap preuaile,  
With such as loue such strong defayts,  
But I am taught such qualmes to quaille,  
And flee such sweete alluring bayts,  
The witleffe Flie playes with the flame,  
Till she be scorched with the same.

You long to know what grace you find,  
In me, perchance, more then you would,  
Except you quickly change your mind,  
I find in you, lesse then I should,  
Moue this no more, vse no reply,  
I'le keepe mine honour till I die.

CANT. IIII.

NOB.

A Las, good soule, and will yee so ?  
You will be chaste *Diana's* mate ;  
Till time haue woue the web of woe,  
Then to repent wil be too late,  
You shew your selfe so foole-precise,  
That I can hardly thinke you wise.

You

You sprang belike from Noble stocke,  
That stand so much vpon your fame,  
You hope to stay vpon the rocke,  
That will preferue a faultlesse name,  
But while you hunt for needelesse praise,  
You loose the Prime of sweetest daies.

A merry time, when countrie maides  
Shall stand (forfooth) vpon their garde ;  
And dare controll the Courtiers deedes,  
At honours gate that watch and warde ;  
When Milkemaids shal their pleasures flie,  
And on their credits must relie.

Ah filly wench, take not a pride,  
Though thou my raging fancie moue,  
Thy betters far, if they were try'd,  
Would faine accept my proffered loue ;  
'Twas for thy good, if thou hadst wist,  
For I may haue whome ere I list.

But here thy folly may appeare,  
Art thou preciser then a Queene :  
Queene *Ioane* of Naples did not feare,  
To quite mens loue, with loue againe :  
And *Messalina*, t'is no newes,  
Was dayly seene to haunt the stewes.

Cornelius A-  
grippa.

And *Cleopatra*, prince of Nile,  
With more then one was wont to play :  
And yet she keepes her glorious stile,  
And fame that neuer shall decaie,  
What need'ft thou then to feare of shame,  
When Queenes and Nobles vse the same ?

C 3

Needes

*Willobie*

CANT. V.

AVISA.

**N**Eeds must the sheepe strake all awrie,  
Whose sheepheards wander from their way :  
Needes must the sickly patients die,  
Whose Doctor seekes his liues decay :  
Needs must the people well be taught,  
Whose chieftest leaders all are naught.

Such lawlesse guides Gods people found,  
When Moab maides allur'd their fall ;  
They fought no salue to cure this wound,  
Till God commaunds, to hange them all ;  
For wicked life, a shamefull end  
To wretched men, the Lord doth send.

Was earth consumde with wreakful waues ?  
Did Sodom burne and after sinke ?  
What sinne is that, which vengeance craues,  
If wicked lust no sinne we thinke ?  
O blind conceites ! O filthy breath !  
That drawes vs headlong to our death.

If death be due to euery sinne,  
How can I then be too precife ?  
Where pleasures end, if paine beginne,  
What neede haue we, then to be wise ?  
They weaue indeed the web of woe,  
That from the Lord doe yeeld to goe.

I will remember whence I came,  
I hunt not for this worldly praise,  
I long to keepe a blamelesse fame,  
And constant hart gainst hard assaies :  
If this be folly, want of skill,  
I will remaine thus foolish still.

The

The blindfold rage of Heathen Queenes,  
Or rather queanes that know not God,  
Gods heauie iudgements tried ſince,  
And felt the waight of angry rod ;  
God ſaue me from that Sodomes crie,  
Whoſe deadly ſting ſhall neuer die.

CANT. VI.

**F**Orgiue me wench, I did miſtake,  
I little thought that you could preach,  
All worldly ioyes, you muſt forſake :  
For ſo your great Diuines doe teach,  
But yet beware, be not too bold,  
A yongling Saint, a Deuill old.

NOB.

Well wanton well, thou are but yong,  
This is the error of thy youth,  
Thou wilt repent this faith ere long,  
And ſee too late (perhaps) the truth ;  
And they that ſeeme ſo pure at firſt,  
Are often found in prooffe the worſt.

Thy youth and beautie will not laſt,  
For ſickneſs one, the other age  
May captiue take, when both are paſt,  
You may haue leaſure to be ſage,  
The time will come, if theſe retire,  
The worſt will ſcorne that I deſire.

Of chaſt renowne, you ſeeke the praife,  
You build your hope aboute the ayre,  
When wonders laſt not twentie daies,  
What need you ruſticke rumors feare ?  
Eſteeme not words aboute thy wealth,  
Which muſt procure thy credits health.

And



*Willobie*

And yet in truth I cannot see,  
From whence such great discredit growes,  
To liue in fpight of euery eye,  
And swim in filkes, and brauest shewes,  
    To take the choise of daintiest meate,  
And see thy betters stand and waite.

These graue respects breede pleasures bane,  
Thy youthly yeares for ioyes craue,  
And fading credit hath his wane,  
That none to thee doth shine so braue :  
That smokie fame which likes thee best,  
The wisest haue esteemed least.

CANT. VII.

AVISA.

WELL now I see, why Christ commends,  
    To louing mates the Serpents wit,  
That stops his eares, and so defends  
His hart, from luring sounds vnfit,  
    If you your madnes still bewraye,  
I'll stop my eares, or goe my way.

*Vlisses* wife, yet dar'd not stay  
The tising sound of Syrens song :  
What fancie then doth me betray,  
That thinke my felse, so wise and strong ;  
    That dare to heare, what you dare speake,  
And hope for strength, when you be weake ?

My wisdom is the liuing Lord,  
That giues me grace which nature wants,  
That holds my seate from waies abhord,  
And in my hart good motions plants :  
    With him I dare to bide the field,  
Striue while you list, I cannot yeeld.

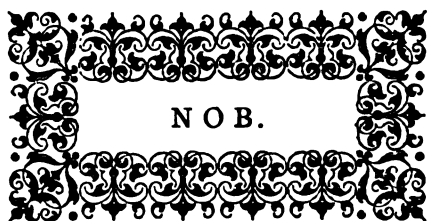
Fond

Fond fauour failes, the time will paffe,  
All earthly pleasures haue their end,  
We see not that, which sometime was,  
Nor that which future times will send :  
    You say the truth, remember this,  
    And then confesse, you stray amisse.

The shorter time, the greater care,  
Are pleasures vaine ? the lesse delight,  
Are daungers nye ? why then beware,  
From base affections take your flight,  
    Thinke God a reckning will require,  
    And striue to quaille this bad desire.

To swim in filkes, and braue aray,  
Is that you thinke which women loue,  
That leads poore maides so oft astray,  
That are not garded from aboue ?  
    But this I know, that know not all,  
    Such wicked pride, will haue a fall.

CANT. VIII.



**A** Las the feare, alas the fall,  
And what's the fall, that you so feare ?  
To tosse good fortunes golden ball,  
And gaine the goale I prize so deare,  
    I doubt least these your needlesse feares,  
    Will bar good hap, from witleffe yeares.

D

Thy

*Willobie*

Thy age experience wants I fee,  
And lacking tryall art afraid,  
Leaft ventring farre to credit me,  
Our secret dealings might be wrayd ;  
    What then doth not my mightie name,  
    Suffice to sheeld thy fact from shame ?

Who dares to stirre, who dares to speake,  
Who dares our dealings to reproue ?  
Though some suspect, yet none will creak,  
Or once controll thy worthy loue ;  
    My might will stand for thy defence,  
    And quite thee clear from great offence.

Who sees our face, knowes not our facts,  
Though we our sport in secret vse,  
Thy cheekes will not bewray thy acts,  
But rather blushing make excuse :  
    If thou wilt yeeld, here is my faith,  
    I'll keepe it secret till thy death.

To seeme as chaste, let that suffice,  
Although indeed thou be not so,  
Thus deale our women that are wise,  
And let thy godly Doctors go,  
    Still faine as though thou godly art,  
    It is inough, who knowes thy hart ?

Let not the idle vulgar voice,  
Of fained credit witch thee so,  
To force thee leaue this happie choise,  
And flying pleasure liue in woe ;  
    If thou refuse, assure thy mind,  
    The like of this shalt neuer find

Let

CANT. IX.



**L** Et that word stand, let that be true,  
I doe refuse and so doe still,  
God shield me from your cursed crew,  
That thus are led by beastly will,  
It grieues my hart, that I doe find  
In Noble bloud so base a mind.

On worldly feare, you thinke I stand,  
Or fame that may my shame refound,  
No fir, I feare his mightie hand,  
That will both you and me confound,  
His feare it is that makes me stay  
My wandering steps from wicked way.

Who dares, say you, our facts vnfold?  
Eu'n he that can mightie Kings tame,  
And he that Princes hath controld,  
He dares prouide a mightie shame,  
What fence haue you for to withstand  
His firie plagues, and heuie hand?

Though *Samson* queld the Lyons rage  
Though *Solomon*, a mightie King,  
Yet when to sinne their harts they gage,  
On both doth God confusion bring,  
How can you then his wrath auoid,  
That you and yours be not destroyed?

D 2

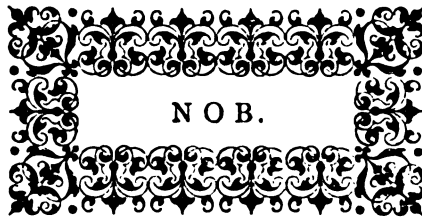
He

*Willobie*

He fees our facts, he viewes our deeds,  
Although we sinne in secret place,  
A guiltie conscience alwaies bleeds :  
My faults will shew vpon my face,  
    My cheekes will blush, when I doe sin ;  
    Let all men know, when I begin.

To feeme as chaste, and not to be,  
To beare a shew, and yet to faine,  
Is this the loue, you beare to me,  
To damne my soule in lasting paine ?  
    If this the best you haue to say,  
    Pray giue me leaue, to goe my way.

CANT. X.



**W**ELL then I see, you haue decreed,  
    And this decree must light on me :  
Vnhappie Lillie loues a weed,  
That giues no sent, that yeelds no glee,  
    Thou art the first I euer tride,  
    Shall I at first thus be denide ?

My haplesse hap, fell much awrie,  
To fix my fancies prime delight,  
In haggard Hauke that mounts so hie,  
That checkes the lure, and Fawknars fight ;  
    But fore you hie, or flie you low,  
    Stoupe needs you must, before you goe.

Your

Your modest speech is not amisse,  
Your maidens blush becomes you well ;  
Now will I see how sweete you kisse,  
And so my purpose farder tell ;  
    Your coye lookes and trickes are vaine,  
    I will no nay, and that is plaine.

Thou must perforce be well content,  
To let me win thee with thy will ;  
Thy chiefeft friends haue giu'n consent,  
And therefore thinke, it is not ill,  
    Abandon all thy fond delay,  
    And marke this well, that I shall say.

My house, my hart, my land my life  
My credit to thy care I giue :  
And if thou list to be a wife,  
In shew of honest fame to liue ;  
    I'll fit thee one, shall beare the cloke,  
    And be a chimnie for the smoake.

But say the word, it shall be don,  
And what thou list, or what thou craue,  
What so be lost, what euer won,  
Shall nothing want, that thou wilt haue,  
    Thou shalt haue all, what wilt thou more,  
    Which neuer woman had before.

Here's fortie Angels to begin ;  
A little pledge of great goodwill,  
To buy thee lace, to buy a pin ;  
I will be carefull of thee still :  
    If youth be quaild, if I be old,  
    I can supply that with my gold.

Silkes

*Willobie*

Silke gownes and veluet shalt thou haue,  
With hoods and cauls, fit for thy head ;  
Of goldsmithes worke a border braue,  
A chaine of golde ten double spread  
And all the rest shall answere this,  
My purse shall see that nothing misse.

Two wayting maides, attendant still,  
Two seruing men, soure geldings preft,  
Go where you list, ride where you will,  
No iealous thought shal me molest ;  
Two hundredth pounds I doe intend,  
To giue thee yearly for to spend.

Of this I will assurance make,  
To some good friend, whom thou wilt chuse  
That this in trust from me shall take,  
While thou dost liue, vnto thy vse ;  
A thousand markes, to thee giue I  
And all my Iewels when I die.

This will I doe, what euer chance,  
I'll shortly send, and fetch thee hence ;  
Thy chiefeft friends I will aduance,  
And leaue them cause of no offence,  
For all this fame, I onely craue  
But thy good will, that let me haue.

A modeft maide is loth to say,  
In open words, she doth consent,  
Till gentle force doe breake the stay,  
Come on, mine owne, and be content,  
Possesse me of my loues desire,  
And let me tast that I require.

Hand

CANT. XI.



**H** And off my Lord, this will not serue,  
Your wisdom wanders much awrie,  
From reasons rule thus farre to swarue,  
I'le neuer yeeld, I'le rather die,  
Except you leaue, and so depart,  
This knife shall sticke within your hart.

Is this the loue, your franticke fit  
Did so pretend in glosing show?  
Are these your waies, is this your wit,  
To tice and force poore maidens so?  
You striue in vaine, by raging lust,  
To gaine consent, or make me trust.

For who can trust your flattering stile,  
Your painted words, your braue pretence,  
When you will striue, by trayned will  
To force consent to lewd offence,  
Then thus to yeeld by chaunted charmes,  
I'le rather die within your armes.

Your golden Angels I repell,  
Your lawlesse lust I here defie  
These Angels are the posts of hell,  
That often lead poore soules awrie,  
Shame on them all, your eyes shall see,  
These Angels haue no power of me.

Your

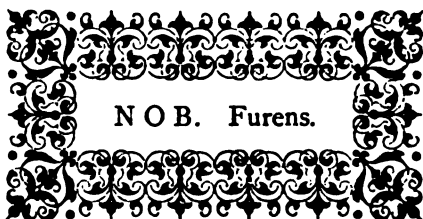


*Willobie*

Your gownes of filke, your golden chaines.  
Your men, your maides, your hundreth pounds,  
Are nothing else but diuelish traines,  
That fill fond eares with tickling founds,  
A bladder full of traiterous wind,  
And fardest off from filthy mind.

Well, sith your meaning now is plaine,  
And lust would giue no longer leaue,  
To faithlesse hart, to lie and saine,  
Which might perchance in time deceiue,  
By Iesus Christ I doe protest,  
I'le neuer graunt that you request.

CANT. XII.



**T**Hou beggers brat, thou dunghill mate,  
Thou clownish spawne, thou country gill,  
My loue is turnd to wreakefull hate,  
Go hang, and keepe thy credit still,  
Gad where thou list, aright or wrong,  
I hope to see the begge, erre long.

Was this great offer well refus'd,  
Or was this proffer all too base?  
Am I fit man to be abus'd,  
With such disgrace, by flattering gase?  
On thee or thine, as I am man,  
I will reuenge this if I can.

Thou

Thou think'st thy selfe a pearelesse peice,  
And peeuishe pride that doth possesse  
Thy hart ; perswades that thou art wise,  
When God doth know ther's nothing lesse,  
Twas not thy beautie that did moue  
This fond affect, but blinded loue.

I hope to see some countrie clowne,  
Possessor of that fleering face,  
When need shall force thy pride come downe,  
I'll laugh to see thy foolish case,  
For thou that think'st thy selfe so braue,  
Wilt take at last some paltrie knaue.

Thou selfewill gig that doth detest  
My faithfull loue, looke to thy fame,  
If thou offend, I doe protest,  
I'll bring thee out to open shame,  
For sith thou fayn'st thy selfe so pure,  
Looke to thy leapes that they be sure.

I was thy friend, but now thy foe,  
Thou hadst my hart, but now my hate,  
Refusing wealth, God send thee woe,  
Repentance now will come too late,  
That tongue that did protest my faith,  
Shall waile thy pride, and wish thy death.

E

Yea

*Willobie*

CANT. XIII.



**Y**Ea so I thought, this is the end  
Of wandring lust, resembling loue,  
Wa'ft loue or lust, that did intend  
Such friendlesse force, as you did moue?  
Though you may vaunt of happier fate,  
I am content with my estate.

I rather chuse a quiet mind,  
A conscience cleare from bloudy sinnes,  
Then short delights, and therein find  
That knawing worme that neuer linnes,  
Your bitter speeches please me more,  
Then all your wealth, and all your store.

I loue to liue deuoid of crime,  
Although I begge, although I pine,  
These fading ioyes for little time,  
Imbrace who list, I here refine,  
How poore I goe, how meane I fare,  
If God be pleas'd, I doe not care.

I rather beare your raging ire,  
Although you sweare reuengment deepe,  
Then yeeld for gaine to lewd desire,  
That you might laugh, when I should weepe,  
Your lust would like but for a space,  
But who could salue my foule disgrace?

Mine

Mine eares haue heard your taunting words,  
Of yeelding fooles by you betraid,  
Amongst your mates at open bords,  
Know'ft such a wife ? know'ft such a maid ?  
Then must you laugh, then must you winke,  
And leaue the rest for them to thinke.

Nay yet welfare the happie life,  
That need not blush at euery view :  
Although I be a poore mans wife,  
Yet then I'le laugh as well as you,  
Then laugh as long, as you thinke best,  
My fact shall frame you no such iest.

If I doe hap to leape aside,  
I must not come to you for aide,  
Alas now that you be denide,  
You thinke to make me fore afraide ;  
Nay watch your worst, I doe not care,  
If I offend, pray doe not spare.

You were my friend, you were but dust,  
The Lord is he, whome I doe loue,  
He hath my hart, in him I trust,  
And he doth gard me from aboue,  
I waie not death, I feare not hell,  
This is enough, and so farewell.

E 2

THE

*Willobie*

THE SECOND TEMP-  
tation of AVISA, after her marri-  
*age, by Ruffians, Roysters, young*  
Gentlemen, and lustie Cap-  
taines, which all shee  
quickly cuts off.

CANT. XIII.



Ome lustie wench,  
I like thy lookes,  
And such a pleasant  
looke I loue,  
Thine eyes are like  
to bayted hookes,  
That force the hungrie  
fish to moue,  
Where nature granteth  
such a face,  
I need not doubt to purchase grace.

I doubt not but thy inward thought,  
Doth yeeld as fast as doth thine eye ;  
A loue in me hath fancie wrought,  
Which worke you cannot well denye ;  
From loue you cannot me refraine,  
I seeke but this, loue me againe.

And

And so thou dost, I know it well,  
I knew it by thy side-cast glance,  
Can hart from outward looke rebell?  
Which yeafter night I spide by chance;  
Thy loue (fweete hart) shall not be lost,  
How deare a price so euer it cost.

Aske what thou wilt, thou know'st my mind,  
Appoint the place, and I will come,  
Appoint the time, and thou shalt find,  
Thou canst not fare so well at home,  
Few words suffice, where harts consent,  
I hope thou know'st, and art content.

Though I a stranger seeme as yet,  
And seldome seene, before this day,  
Assure thy selfe that thou mayst get,  
More knackes by me, then I will say,  
Such store of wealth as I will bring,  
Shall make thee leape, shal make thee sing.

I must be gone, vse no delay,  
At six or seuen the chance may rise,  
Old gamesters know their vantage play,  
And when t'is best to cast the dice,  
Leaue ope your poynt, take vp your man,  
And mine shall quickly enter than.

CANT. XV.



What

*Willobie*

**W**Hat now ? what newes ? new warres in hand ?  
More trumpets blowne of fond conceites ?  
More banners spread of follies band ?  
New Captaines coyning new deceites ?  
Ah woe is me, new campes are pla'ft,  
Whereas I thought all daungers past.

O wretched foule, what face haue I,  
That cannot looke, but some misdeame ?  
What sprite doth lurke within mine eye,  
That kendles thoughts so much vncleane ?  
O lucklesse fewture neuer blest,  
That sow'ft the feedes of such vnrest.

What wandring fits are these that moue  
Your hart, ingrade with euery glance ;  
That iudge a woman straight in loue,  
That welds her eye aside by chance,  
If this your hope, by fancie wrought,  
You hope on that I neuer thought.

If nature giue me such a looke,  
Which seemes at first vnchast or ill,  
Yet shall it proue no bayted hooke,  
To draw your lust to wanton will,  
My face and will doe not agree,  
Which you in time (perhaps) may see.

If smiling cheare and friendly words,  
If pleasant talke such thoughts procure,  
Yet know my hart, no will afords,  
To scratching kites, to cast the lure,  
If milde behauior thus offend,  
I will assaie this fault to mend.

You

You plant your hope vpon the sand,  
That build on womens words, or smiles ;  
For when you thinke your selfe to stand  
In greatest grace, they proue but wyles,  
When fixt you thinke on surest ground,  
Then fardest off they will be found.

CANT. XVI.



**Y**ou speake of loue, you talke of cost.  
Is't filthy loue your worship meanes ?  
Assure your selfe your labor's lost ;  
Bestow your cost among your queanes,  
You left not here, nor here shall find,  
Such mates as match your beaftly mind.

You must again to Coleman hedge,  
For there be some that looke for gaine,  
They will bestow the French mans badge,  
In lew of all your cost and paine,  
But sir, it is against my vse,  
For gaine to make my house a stewes.

What haue you seene, what haue I doon  
That you should iudge my minde so light,  
That I so quickly might be woon,  
Of one that came but yeafter night ?  
Of one I wist not when he came,  
Nor what he is, nor what's his name ?

Though



*Willobie*

Though face doe friendly smile on all  
Yet iudge me not to be so kind,  
To come at euery Faulkners call,  
Or waue aloft with euery wind,  
And you that venter thus to try,  
Shall find how far you shoote awry.

And if your face might be your iudge,  
Your wannie cheekes, your shaggie lockes,  
Would rather moue my mind to grudge,  
To feare the piles, or else the pockes :  
Yf you be mou'd, to make amends,  
Pray keepe your knackes for other frends.

You may be walking when you list,  
Looke ther's the doore, and ther's the way,  
I hope you haue your market mist,  
Your game is lost, for lacke of play,  
The point is close, no chance can fall,  
That enters there, or euer shall.

CANT. XVII.



**G**ods wo : I thinke you doe but iest,  
You cannot thus delude my hope :  
But yet perhaps you thinke it best,  
At first to giue but little scope :  
At first assault you must retire,  
And then be fors't to yeeld desire.

A right Caue-  
leiro.

You

You thinke, that I would iudge you bad,  
 If you should yeeld at first affaie,  
 And you may thinke me worfe then mad,  
 If on[e] repulfe fend me awaie,  
     You thinke you doe your credit wrong,  
     Except you keepe your futors long.

But I that know the wonted guife,  
 Of fuch as liue in fuch a place,  
 Old dame experience makes me wife,  
 To know your meaning by your face,  
     For moft of them, that feeme fo chafte,  
     Denie at first, and take at laft.

This painted fheth, may please fome foole,  
 That cannot fee the ruftie knife :  
 But I haue bin too long at fchooles,  
 To think you of fo pure a life,  
     The time and place will not permit,  
     That you can long, here fpot-leffe fit.

And therefore wench, be not fo ftrange,  
 To grant me that, which others haue,  
 I know that women loue to change,  
 T'is but deceite, to feeme fo graue,  
     I neuer haue that woman tri'd,  
     Of whome as yet I was deni'd.

Your godly zeale doth breed my trust,  
 Your anger makes me hope the more ;  
 For they are often found the worft,  
 That of their confcience make fuch ftore,  
     In vaine to blufh, or looke afide,  
     A flat repulfe, I can not bide.

F

Thou



**T**Hou wicked wretch, what dost not thinke  
There is a God that doth behold  
This sinnefull waies, this Sodoms sinke ?  
O wretched earth that art so bold,  
To iest at God, and at his word,  
Looke for his iust reuenging sword.

1. Cor. 5.

Saint Paul commands vs not to eate,  
With him that leads a wicked life ;  
Or shall be found to lie in waite,  
To seeke to spoyle his neighbours wife,  
Such wicked soules God doth forsake,  
And dings them downe to fierie lake.

Reuela. 12.

A young  
man was stri-  
ken blind for  
looking dish-  
onestly vpon  
a godly wo-  
man.  
The Locren-  
ses vse to put  
out both the  
eyes of the a-  
dulterers.  
The law Iulia  
in Rome put  
adulterers to  
the sword.  
The Arabians  
doe the like.

A brain-sicke youth was stricken blind,  
That sent his greedie eye to view,  
A godly wench, with godlesse mind,  
That paine might spring, whence pleasures grew,  
Remember friend, forget not this,  
And see you looke no more amisse.

O *Iulia* flower of thy time,  
Where is thy law, where is thy word,  
That did condemne the wedlock crime,  
To present death, with bloudy sword ?  
The shining of this percing edge,  
Would daunt the force of filthy rage.

Though

Though shamelesse Callets may be found ;  
That Soyle them felues in common field ;  
And can carire the whoores rebound,  
To straine at first, and after yeeld :

Yet here are none of *Creseds* kind,  
In whome you shall such fleeting find.

The time and place may not condemne,  
The mind to vice that doth not sway,  
But they that vertue doe condemne,  
By time and place, are led astray,  
This place doth hold on at this time,  
That will not yeeld to bloudy crime.

You thinke that others haue posselt  
The place that you so lewdly craue,  
Wherein you plainly haue confest,  
Your selfe to be a iealous knaue,  
The rose vnblusht hath yet no staine,  
Nor euer shall, while I remaine.

CANT. XIX.



**M**E thinkes I heare a sober Fox,  
Stand preaching to the gagling Geese ;  
And shewes them out a painted box,  
And bids them all beware of cheefe,  
Your painted box, and goodly preach,  
I see doth hold a foxly reach.

F 2

Perchance

*Willobie.*

Perchance you be no common card,  
But loue the daintie diamonds place,  
The ten, the knaue, may be your gard,  
Yet onely you, are still the ace,  
Contented close in packe to lie,  
But open dealing you defie.

Well I confesse, I did offend,  
To rush so headlong to the marke ;  
Yet giue me leaue this fault to mend,  
And craue your pardon in the darke,  
Your credits fame I will not spill,  
But come as secret as you will.

Nay her's my hand, my faith I giue,  
My tongue my fact shall not reueale,  
To earthly creature while I liue ;  
Because you loue a secret deale,  
And where I come, I still will say,  
She would not yeeld, but said me nay.

So shall your credit greater grow,  
By my report and passing praise  
And they that scant your name doe know,  
Your fame on hie, and hie shall raise,  
So shall you gaine that you desire,  
By granting that, which I require.

To plant a siege, and yet depart,  
Before the towne be yeelded quite,  
It kills a martiall manly hart,  
That can not brooke such high despite,  
Then say you yea, or say you no,  
I'll scale your wals, before I go.

A

CANT. XX.



A Fine deuice, and well contriu'd,  
Braue Golde vpon a bitter pill ;  
No maruaile well though you haue thriu'd,  
That so can decke, that so can dill ;  
Your quaintish quirkes can want no mate ;  
But here I wis, you come too late.

Its ill to hault before the lame,  
Or watch the bird that cannot sleepe,  
Your new found trickes are out of frame,  
The fox will laugh, when Asses weepe ;  
Sweare what you list, say what you will,  
Before you spake, I knew your skill.

Your secreet dealing will not hold,  
To force me trie, or make me trust  
Your blind deuises are too old,  
Your broken blade hath got the rust,  
You need not lie, but truely say,  
She would not yeeld to wanton play.

Your tongue shall spare to spread my fame,  
I list not buy too deare a sound,  
Your greatest praife would breed but shame,  
Report of me as you haue found,  
Though you be loth to blow retreat,  
This mount's too strong for you to get.

The

*Willobie*

The wisest Captaine now and then,  
When that he fees his foe too strong ;  
Retires betime to saue his men,  
That grow but weake, if seege be long ;  
From this assault you may retire,  
You shall not reach, that you require.

I hate to feede you with delaies,  
As others doe, that meane to yeeld,  
You spend in vaine your strong assaies,  
To win the towne, or gaine the seeld :  
No Captaine did, nor euer shall,  
Set ladder here, to skale the wall.

CANT. XXI.



**H** Ad I knowne this when I began,  
You would haue vsde me as you fay,  
I would haue take you napping than,  
And giue you leaue to say me nay,  
I little thought to find you so :  
I neuer dreamt, you would say no.

Such felse like wench I neuer met,  
Great cause haue I thus hard to craue it,  
If euer man haue had it yet,

I

I sworn haue, that I will haue it.  
If thou didst neuer giue consent,  
I must perforce, be then content.

If thou wilt sweare, that thou hast knowne,  
In carnall act, no other man :  
But onely one, and he thine owne,  
Since man and wife you first began,  
I'll leaue my sute, and sweare it trew,  
Thy like in deed I neuer knew.

CANT. XXII.



I Told you first what you should find,  
Although you thought I did but iest.  
And felse affection made you blind,  
To seeke the thing, I most detest ;  
Besides his host, who takes the paine,  
To reckon first, must count againe.

Your rash swore oth you must repent,  
You must beware of headlong vowes ;  
Excepting him, whome free consent,  
By wedlocke words, hath made my spouse,  
From others yet I am as free,  
As they this night, that boren bee.

Well



*Willobie*



**W**ell giue me then a cup of wine,  
As thou art his, would thou wert mine.



**H** Aue t'ye good lucke, tell them that gaue  
You this aduice, what speede you haue.

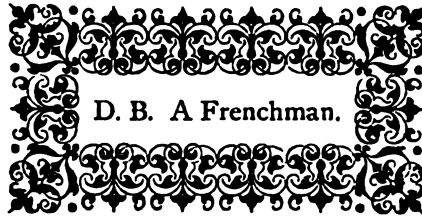
*Farewell.*



**The**

The third trial ; wherein are expreffed the long  
*passionate, and constant affections of the close and*  
 wary futor, which by signes, by sighes, by letters, by pri-  
*uie messengers, by Jewels, Rings, Golde, diuers gifts, and by*  
 a long continued course of courtesie, at length pre-  
 uaiileth with many both maides and wiues, if they be not  
 garded wonderfully with a better spirite  
 then their owne, which all are here  
 finely daunted, and mildly o-  
 uer throwne, by the constant  
 aunsweres, and chaste  
 replies of Auifa.

## CANT. XXIII.



D. B. A Frenchman.



S flaming flakes  
 too closely pent,  
 With smothering smoke,  
 in narrow vault,  
 Each hole doth trie,  
 to get a vent,  
 And force by forces,  
 fierce assault,  
 With ratling rage,  
 doth rumbling raue,  
 Till flame and smoke free passage haue.

G

So

*Willobie*

So I (my deare) haue smothered long,  
Within my hart a sparkling flame,  
Whose rebell rage is grown so strong,  
That hope is past to quell the same,  
    Except the stone, that strake the fire,  
    With water quench this hote desire.

The glauncing speare, that made the wound,  
Which ranckling thus, hath bred my paine,  
Must pearcing slide with fresh rebound,  
And wound, with wound, recure againe.  
    That floating eye that pearst my hart,  
    Must yeeld to salue my curelesse smart.

I striu'd, but striu'd against the streame,  
To daunt the qualmes of fond desire,  
The more their course I did restraine,  
More strong and strong they did retire,  
    Bare need doth force me now to runne,  
    To seeke my helpe, where hurt begunne.

Thy present state wants present aid,  
A quicke redresse my grieve requires,  
Let not the meanes be long delaid,  
That yeelds vs both our harts desires,  
    If you will ease my pensive hart,  
    I'll find a salue to heale your smart.

I am no common gameling mate,  
That list to bowle in euery plaine,  
But (wench) consider both our state,  
The time is now, for both to gaine,  
    From daungerous bands I set you free,  
    If you wil yeeld to comfort mee.

Your

CANT. XXIIII.



**Y**Our fierie flame, your secret smart,  
That inward frets with pining grieve,  
Your hollow sighes, your heuie hart,  
Methinks might quickly find reliefe,  
If once the certaine cause were knowne,  
From whence these hard effects haue growne.

It little boots to shew your fore,  
To her that wants all Phisickes skill,  
But tell it them, that haue in store,  
Such oyles as creeping cankers kill,  
I would be glad, to doe my best,  
If I had skill, to giue you rest.

Take heede, let not your grieve remaine,  
Till helps doe faile, and hope be past,  
For such as first refus'd some paine,  
A double paine haue felt at last,  
A little sparke, not quencht be time,  
To hideous flames will quickly clime.

If godly sorrow for your sin,  
Be chiefeft cause, why you lament,  
If giltie conscience doe begin,  
To draw you truely to repent,  
A ioyfull end must needs redound,  
To happie grieve so feldome found.

G 2

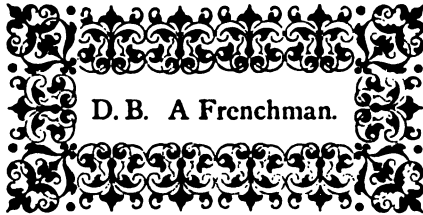
To

*Willobie*

To striue all wicked lusts to quell,  
Which often fort to dolefull end,  
I ioye to heare you meane so well,  
And what you want, the Lord will send :  
But if you yeeld to wanton will,  
God will depart, and leaue you still.

Your pleasant aide with sweete supply,  
My present state, that might amend,  
If honest loue be ment thereby,  
I shall be glad of such a frend,  
But if you loue, as I suspect,  
Your loue and you, I both reiect.

CANT. XXV.



**W**Hat you suspect, I cannot tell,  
What I doe meane, you may percciue,  
My workes shall shew, I wish you well,  
If well ment loue you list recciue,  
I haue beene long in secret mind,  
And would be still your secret frind.

My loue should breed you no disgrace,  
None should perceiue our secret plaie,  
We would obserue both time and place,  
That none our dealings should bewraie,  
Be it my fortune, or my fault,  
Loue makes me venter this assault.

You

You mistresse of my doubtfull chance,  
You Prince of this my foules desire,  
That lulls my fancie in a trance,  
The marke whereto my hopes aspire,  
    You see the sore, whence springs my grieſe,  
    You weld the ſterne of my reliefe.

The graueſt men of former time,  
That liu'd with fame, and happie life,  
Haue thought it none, or pettie crime,  
To loue a friend beſides their wife,  
    Then ſith my wife you can not be,  
    As deareſt friend accompt of me.

You talke of ſinne, and who doth liue,  
Whoſe dayly ſteps ſlide not awrie?  
But too precife, doth deadly grieue,  
The hart that yeelds not yet to die,  
    When age drawes on, and youth is paſt,  
    Then let vs thinke of this at laſt.

The Lord did loue King *David* well,  
Although he had more wiues then one:  
King *Solomon* that did excell,  
For wealth and wit, yet he alone,  
    A thouſand wiues and friends poſſeſt,  
    Yet did he thriue, yet was he bleſt.

CANT. XXVI.



*Willobie*

O Mightie Lord, that guides the Spheare ;  
Defend me by thy mightie will,  
From iust reproch, from shame and feare,  
Of such as seeke my soule to spill,  
Let not their counfell (Lord) preuaile,  
To force my hart to yeeld or quaile.

How frames it with your sober lookes,  
To shroud such bent of lewd conceites,  
What hope hath pla'ft me in your bookes,  
That files me fit, for such deccites ?  
I hope that time hath made you see,  
No caufe that breeds thefe thoughts in mee.

Your feruent loue is filthy luft,  
And therefore leaue to talke of loue,  
Your truth is treason vnder truft,  
A Kite in shape of hurtleffe Doue,  
You offer more then friendship wold,  
To giue vs braffe in steed of gold.

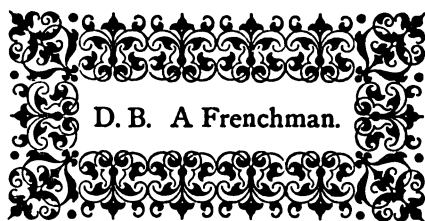
Such secret friends to open foes,  
Do often change with euery wind,  
Such wandring fits, where follie groes,  
Are certaine signes of wauering mind,  
A fawning face, and faithleffe hart,  
In secret loue, breeds open smart.

No finne to breake the wedlocke faith ?  
No finne to swim in Sodomes finke ?  
O finne the seed and sting of death !  
O sinnefull wretch that so doth think !  
Your graueft men with all their schooles,  
That taught you thus, were heathē fooles.

Your

Your lewd examples will not ferue,  
To frame a vertue from a vice,  
When *David* and his Sonne did fwerue,  
From lawfull rule, though both were wife,  
Yet both were plagu'd, as you may fee,  
With mightie plagues of each degree.

CANT. XXVII



From whence proceedes this sodaine change?  
From whence this quainte and coye speech?  
Where did you learne to looke so strange?  
What Doctor taught you thus to preach?  
Into my harte it cannot sinke,  
That you doe speake, as you doe thinke.

Your smiling face, and glauncing eye,  
(That promise grace, and not despite)  
With these your words doe not agree,  
That seeme to shun your chiefe delight,  
But giue me leaue, I thinke it still,  
Your words doe wander from your will,

Of women now the greatest part,  
Whose place and age doe so require,  
Do chuse a friend, whose faithfull hart,  
May quench the flame of secret fire,  
Now if your liking be not pla't,  
I know you will chuse one at last.

Then



*Willobie*

Then chusing one, let me be he,  
If so our hidden fancies frame,  
Because you are the onely she,  
That first inrag'd my fancies flame,  
    If first you graunt me this good will,  
    My hart is yours, and shall be still.

I haue a Farme that fell of late,  
Woorth fortie pounds, at yearely rent,  
That will I giue to mend your state,  
And proue my loue is truely ment,  
    Let not my sute be flat denide,  
    And what you want, shall be supplide.

Our long acquaintance makes me bold ;  
To shew my greife, to ease my mind,  
For new found friends, change not the old,  
The like perhaps you shall not find,  
    Be not too rash, take good aduice ;  
    Your hap is good, if you be wise.

CANT. XXVIII.



**M**Y hap is hard, and ouer bad,  
    To be misdeem'd of euery man ;  
That thinke me quickly to be had,  
That see me pleasant now and than :  
    Yet would I not be much a greiu'd,  
    If you alone were thus deceiu'd.

But

But you alone are not deceiu'd,  
With tising baytes of pleafant view,  
But many others haue belieu'd,  
And tride the fame, as well as you,  
    But they repent their folly pafte,  
    And fo will you, I hope at laft.

You feeme, as though you lately came  
From London, from fome bawdie fell,  
Where you haue met fome wanton dame,  
That knowes the trickes of whoores fo well,  
    Know you fome wiues, vfe more then one?  
    Go backe to them, for here are none.

For here are none, that lift to chufe,  
A nouell chance, where old remaine,  
My choice is pafte, and I refufe,  
While this doth laft, to chufe againe,  
    While one doth liue, I will no more,  
    Although I begge from dore to dore.

Bestow your farmes among your frinds,  
Your fortie pounds can not prouoke,  
The fetled hart, whom vertue binds,  
To trust the traines of hidden hooke,  
    The labor's loft that you indure,  
    To gorged Hauke, to caft the lure.

If luft had led me to the fpoyle,  
And wicked will, to wanton change,  
Your betters that haue had the foyle,  
Had caus'd me long ere this to range,  
    But they haue left, for they did fee,  
    How far they were miftake of mee.

H

Miftake

CANT. XXIX.



D. B. A Frenchman.

**M**istake indeed, if this be true,  
If youth can yeeld to fauours foe ;  
If wisdome spring, where fancie grew ;  
But sure I thinke it is not so :  
Let faithfull meaning purchase trust,  
That likes for loue, and not for lust.

Although you sweare, you will not yeeld,  
Although my death you should intend,  
Yet will I not forsake the field,  
But still remaine your constant frend,  
Say what you list, flie where you will,  
I am your thrall, to saue or spill.

You may command me out of sight,  
As one that shall no fauour find,  
But though my body take his flight,  
Yet shall my hart remaine behind,  
That shall your guilty conscience tell,  
You haue not vs'd his master well.

His masters loue he shall repeate,  
And watch his turne to purchase grace,  
His secret eye shall lie in waite ;  
Where any other gaine the place :  
When we ech others can not see,  
My hart shall make you thinke of mee.

To

To force a fancie, where is none,  
 T'is but in vaine, it will not hold,  
 But where it growes it felfe alone,  
 A little fauour makes it bold,  
     Till fancie frame your free confent,  
     I muſt perforce, be needs content.

Though I depart with heauie cheare,  
 As hauing loſt, or left my hart,  
 With one whose loue, I held too deare,  
 That now can ſmile, when others ſmart,  
     Yet let your priſoner mercy ſee,  
     Leaſt you in time a priſoner bee.

## CANT. XXX.



**I**T makes me ſmile to ſee the bent,  
 Of wandring minds with folly fed,  
 How fine they faine, how faire they paint,  
 To bring a louing ſoole to bed ;  
     They will be dead, except they haue.  
     What ſo (forſooth) their fancie craue.

If you did ſeeke, as you pretend,  
 Not friendleſſe luſt, but friendly loue,  
 Your tongue and ſpeeches would not lend,  
 Such lawleſſe actions, ſo to moue,  
     But you can wake, although you winke,  
     And ſweare the thing, you neuer thinke.

H 2

To

*Willotic*

*Catullus. Tum  
iam nulla viro  
iuranti femi-  
na credat.  
Nulla viri  
speret, sermo-  
nes esse fideles.  
Qui dum ali-  
quid cupiens  
animus praege-  
stit apisci, Nil  
metuunt inra-  
re, nihil pro-  
mittere par-  
cunt.  
Sed simul ac  
cupida mentis  
satiata libido  
est, Dicta nihil  
metuere, nihil  
peritura cu-  
rant.*

Combat be-  
tweene reason  
and appetite.  
No constant  
loue where  
vnconstant  
affections  
rule.  
That loue on-  
ly constant  
that is groun-  
ded on vertue.

To wauering men that speake so faire,  
Let women neuer credit giue,  
Although they weepe, although they sware,  
Such fained shewes, let none belieue ;  
For they that thinke their words be true,  
Shall soone their hastie credit rue.

When ventring lust doth make them dare,  
The simple wenches to betray,  
For present time they take no care,  
What they doe sweare, nor what they say,  
But hauing once obtained the lot,  
Their words and othes are all forgot.

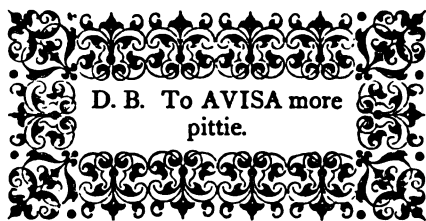
Let rousing Prince from Troyes sacke,  
Whose fauning fram'd Queene *Dido's* fall,  
Teach women wit, that wisdom lacke,  
Mistrust the most, beware of all,  
When selfewill rules, where reason fate,  
Fond women oft repent too late.

The wandring passions of the mind ;  
Where constant vertue bares no sway,  
Such franticke fickle chaunges find,  
That reason knowes nor where to stay,  
How boast you then of constant loue,  
Where lust all vertue doth remoue ?

D. B

D. B Being somewhat grieved  
*with this aunswere, after long*  
 absence and silence, at length  
 writeth, as followeth.

CANT. XXXI.



*Here is a cole that burnes the more,  
 The more ye cast colde water neare,  
 Like humor feedes my secret sore,  
 Not quencht, but fed by cold dispaire,  
 The more I feele, that you disdaine,  
 The faster doth my loue remaine.*

*In Greece they find a burning foile,  
 That fumes in nature like the same,  
 Colde water makes the hotter broyle,  
 The greater frost, the greater flame,  
 So frames it with my loue or lost,  
 That fiercely fries amidst the frost.*

*My hart inflam'd with quenchlesse heate,  
 Doth fretting fume in secret fire,  
 These hellish torments are the meate,  
 That dayly feede this vaine desire:  
 Thus shall I grone in gastly grieve,  
 Till you by mercy send reliefe.*

Canol cole  
 found in ma-  
 ny places of  
 England.  
*Nymphaus locus*  
*Leonici de Va-*  
*ria Hiflor. fol.*  
*28.*

By the Ionian  
 Sea there is a  
 place that  
 burnes conti-  
 nually, and  
 the more wa-  
 ter is cast into  
 it, the more it  
 flames.

You

*Willobie*

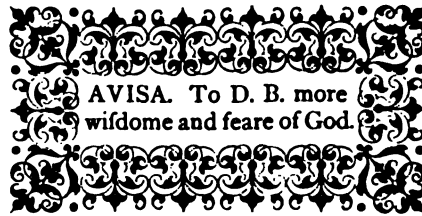
*You first inflam'd my brimstone thought,  
Your faining favour witcht mine eye,  
O lucklesse eye, that thus hast brought,  
Thy masters hart to strey awrye.  
Now blame your selfe, if I offend,  
The hurt you made, you must amend.*

*With these my lines I send a Ring,  
Least you might thinke you were forgot,  
The posie meanes a pretie thing,  
That bids you, Do but dally not,  
Do so sweete hart, and doe not stay,  
For daungers grow from fond delay.*

*Five winters Frosts haue say'd to quell  
These flaming fits of firme desire,  
Five Sommers sunnes cannot expell  
The cold dispaire, that feeds the fire,  
This time I hope, my truth doth trie,  
Now yeeld in time, or else I die.*

Dudum beatus,  
D. B.

CANT. XXXII.



There

**T***He Indian men haue found a plant,  
Whose vertue, mad conceits doth quell,  
This roote (me thinks) you greatly want,  
This raging madnes to repell.  
If rebell fancie worke this spite,  
Request of God a better sprite.*

The roote Ba-  
aras is good  
to deliuer  
them that are  
posseſſed with  
euill sprites.  
Iosephus.

*If you by folly did offend,  
By giuing raines vnto your luſt,  
Let wiſdome now theſe fancies end,  
Sith thus untwin'd is all your truſt,  
If wit to will, will needs reſigne,  
Why ſhould your fault be counted mine?*

*Your Ring and letter that you ſent,  
I both returne from whence they came,  
As one that knowes not what is ment,  
To ſend or write to me the ſame,  
You had your aunſwere long before,  
So that you need to ſend no more.*

*Your choſen poſie ſeemes to ſhow,  
That all my deſds but dallings bee,  
I neuer dallied that I know,  
And that I thinke, you partly ſee,  
I ſhewde you firſt my meaning plaine,  
The ſame is yet, and ſhall remaine.*

*Some ſay that Tyme doth purge the blood,  
And franticke humors brings to frame,  
I maruaile time hath done no good,  
Your long hid griefes and qualmes to tame?  
What ſecret hope doth yet remaine,  
That makes theſe ſutes reuiue againe?*

Time pur-  
geth chole-  
ricke humors,  
and the bloud.

*But*



Indian men have found a plant,  
 life vertue, mad conceits: doth quell,  
 if one thinks, you greatly want,  
 if madnes is repell  
 the fumes which this spee  
 of God a better spee

the more  
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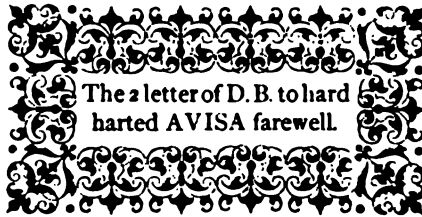
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Willobie

*But die you will, and that in hast,  
Except you find some quicke reliefe,  
I'le warrant you, your life at last,  
While foolish loue is all your grieve,  
As first I said, so say I still,  
I cannot yeeld, nor euer will.*

Alwaies the same,  
*Avisa.*

CANT. XXXIII.



*Difficile est  
diligere, &  
Sapere. Vultus.*



*Find it true, that some haue said,  
It's hard to loue, and to be wise,  
For wit is oft by loue betraid,  
And brought asleepe, by fond deuise,  
Sith faith no fauour can procure,  
My patience must my paine indure.*

*Non si famini-  
um crebo ca-  
put igne resu-  
das, Ingenii  
mutes prima  
metalla sui.*

*When womens wits haue drawne the plot,  
And of their fancie laid the frame,  
Then that they holde, where good or not,  
No force can moue them from the same:  
So you, because you first denide,  
Do thinke it shame, from that to slide.*

As

*As faithfull friendship mou'd my tongue,  
 Your secret loue and fauour, craue;  
 And as I neuer did you wrong,  
 This last request so let me haue;  
     Let no man know what I did moue,  
     Let no man know, that I did loue.*

*That I will say, this is the worst,  
 When this is said, then all is past,  
 Thou proud Auifa, were the first,  
 Thou hard Auifa, art the last,  
     Though thou in sorrow make me dwell  
     Yet loue will make me wish thee well.*

*Write not againe, except you write  
 This onely gentle word, I will,  
 This onely word will bring delite,  
 The rest will breede but sorrow still,  
     God graunt you gaine that you desire,  
     By keeping that, which I require.*

*Yet will I listen now and then,  
 To see the end, my mind will craue,  
 Where you will yeeld to other men,  
 The thing that I could neuer haue.  
     But what to me? where false or true,  
     Where liue or die, for aye Aduie.*

Fortuna ferenda.

D. B.

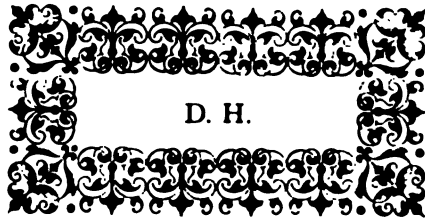
I

I

*Willobie*

DYDIMVS HARCO.  
*ANGLO-GER-*  
MANVS.

CANT. XXXIII.



Haue to fay, yet cannot speake,  
The thing that I would gladly fay,  
My hart is strong, though tong be weake,  
Yet will I speake it, as I may.

And if I speake not as I ought,  
Blame but the error of my thought.

And if I thinke not as I should,  
Blame loue that bad me so to thinke ;  
And if I say not what I would,  
T'is modest shame, that makes me shrinke,  
For sure their loue is very small,  
That can at first expresse it all.

Forgiue my blush, if I doe blush,  
You are the first I euer tride,  
And last whose conscience I will crush,  
If now at first I be denide,  
I must be plaine, then giue me leaue,  
I cannot flatter nor deceiue.

You

You know that Marchaunts ride for gaine,  
As chiefe foundations of their state,  
You see that we refuse no paine,  
To rise betime, and trauell late,  
    But farre from home, this is the spite,  
    We want sometimes our chiefe delite.

I am no Saint, I must confesse,  
But naturde like to other men,  
My meaning you may quickly guesse,  
I loue a woman now and then,  
    And yet it is my common vse,  
    To take aduise, before I chuse.

I oft haue seene the Western part,  
And therein many a pretie elfe,  
But found not any in my hart,  
I like so well, as of your selfe ;  
    And if you like no worfe of mee,  
    We may perhaps in time agree.

CANT. XXXV.



W<sup>H</sup>en first you did request to talke  
    With me alone a little space,  
When first I did consent to walke  
With you alone within this place,  
    From this your sage, and sober cheare,  
    I thought some graue aduise to heare.

I 2

Some

*Willobie*

Some say that womens faces faine  
A modest shew, from wanton hart ;  
But giue me leaue, I see it plaine,  
That men can play a duple part,  
    I could not dreame, that I should find  
    In lustlesse shew, such lustfull mind.

You make as though you would not speake,  
As vnacquainted yet with loue,  
As though your mind you could not breake,  
Nor how these secret matters moue,  
    You blush to speake, Alas the blush,  
    Yet this is all not worth a rush.

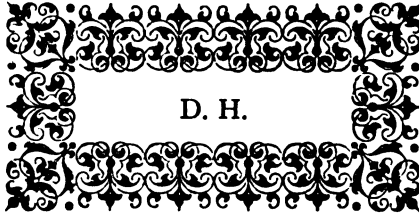
Such flie conceites are out of ioynt,  
So foule within, so faire without,  
Not worth in prooffe a threden poynt :  
But now to put you out of doubt,  
    Your thought is far deceiu'd of mee,  
    As you in time shall plainly see.

If you had knowne my former life,  
With spotlesse fame that I haue held,  
How first a maide, and then a wife,  
These youthly futes I haue repeld,  
    You would (I hope) correct your rate,  
    That iudge me thus a common mate.

Whome you haue seene, I doe not care,  
Nor reck not what you did request,  
I am content this flout to beare,  
In that you say, you like me best,  
    And if you wish that you agree,  
    Correct your wrong conceite of mee.

The

CANT. XXXVI.



**T**He lymed bird, by foulers traine,  
Intrapt by view of pleafant baite,  
Would faine vnwind himfelfe againe ;  
But feeles too late the hid defaite :  
So I haue found the clafping lyme,  
That will fticke fast for longer time.

There is a floud, whose riuers runne,  
Like ftreames of Milke, and feemes at firft,  
Extreamely colde, all heate to fhunne,  
But ftay awhile, and quench your thirft,  
Such vehement heate there will arife,  
As greater heate none may deuife.

Thefe ftrange effects I find inold,  
Within this place, fince my returne,  
My firft affections were but cold,  
But now I feele them fiercely burne,  
The more you make fuch ftrange retire,  
The more you draw my new defire.

You thinke perchance I doe but iefst,  
Or I your fecrets will bewray,  
Or hauing got that I requeft,  
With falfe *Aeneas* fteale away,  
If you fufpect that I will range,  
Let God forfake me when I change.

In Italy  
is a certaine  
water that  
falleth into  
the Riuer A-  
nion, of co-  
lour white,  
and at firft  
feemes to bee  
wonderfull  
colde, but be-  
ing a while in  
it, it heateth  
the body  
more ex-  
treamely.  
*Leonius de va-  
ria Hiftor.*

I

*Willobie*

I will not boast me of my wealth,  
You shall no Gold nor Jewels want,  
You see I am in perfect health,  
And if you list to give your grant,  
A hundred pounds shall be your hire,  
But onely doe that I require.

And here's a Bracelet to begin,  
Worth twentie Angels to be sold,  
Besides the rest, this shall you win,  
And other things not to be told,  
And I will come but now and then,  
To void suspect, none shall know when.

CANT. XXXVII.



Why then your conscience doth declare  
A guilty mind that shunnes the light,  
A spotlesse conscience need not feare,  
The tongues of men, nor yet the sight,  
Your secret slides doe passe my skill,  
And plainly shewe your workes are ill.

In Plato his  
common  
wealth all  
women were  
common, con-  
trary to the  
commande-  
ment of God.  
Exod. 20, 14.  
Leuit. 18, 20.  
39.

Your words commend the lawlesse rite,  
Of *Platoes* lawes that freedom gaue,  
That men and women for delight,  
Might both in common freely haue,  
Yet God doth threaten cruell death,  
To them that breake their wedlocke faith.

The



The Bee beares honie in her mouth,  
 Yet poysoned sting in hinder part,  
 The spring is sweete where pleafure growth,  
 The fall of leafe brings storming smart,  
     Vaine pleafure seemes moft sweete at first,  
 And yet their end is still accurft.

What bofome beares hote burning coles,  
 And yet consumes not with the fame?  
 What feete tread fire with bared soles,  
 And are not synged with the flame?  
     Then stay my friend, make no fuch haft,  
 To buy *Repentaunce* at the laft.

I am not of the Cyprian fort,  
 Nor yet haue learnd the common vse  
 Of Bable dames, in filthy sport,  
 For gaine no commers to refuse,  
     What stormes or troubles euer grow,  
 I lift not feeke my liuing fo.

Your gorgious gifts, your golden hookes,  
 Doe moue but fooles to looke afide,  
 The wife will shunne fuch craftie crookes,  
 That haue fuch false refemblance tride:  
     But men are fure, that they will lift,  
 That are content to take a gift.

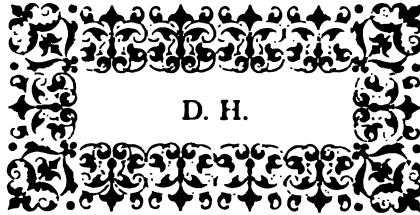
Strange pleafure seemes  
 sweete at the  
 beginning,  
 but their end  
 is as bitter  
 wormewood.  
 Prouer. 5. 3. 4.  
 Prouer. 6. 27.  
*Non tanti  
 emam panile-  
 re.*  
 Filthy hea-  
 then lawes.  
 In Cyprus,  
 their may-  
 dens before  
 the time of  
 their mariage  
 were fet open  
 to euey man  
 to gaine their  
 dowrie. Iufti-  
 ne.  
 The Babilo-  
 nians had a  
 custome, that  
 if any were  
 poore, they  
 should pro-  
 cure their  
 daughters  
 and wiues to  
 get mony  
 with their bo-  
 dies. Herodot.  
*Formosa, pre-  
 tio capium-*

*tur auara. Imitantur hamos Dona. Fæmina profittuit seseque Munera donat. Fæmina  
 se vendit quæ datu dona capit. Vultreus.*

Nay

*Willobie*

CANT. XXXVIII.



N Ay then farewell, if this be so,  
If you be of the purer stampe,  
Gainst wind and tide I can not roe,  
I haue no oyle to feede that lampe,  
Be not too rash, denie not flat,  
For you refuse, you know not what.

But rather take a farther day,  
For farther triall of my faith,  
And rather make some wise delay,  
To see and take some farther breath :  
He may too rashly be denide,  
Whose faithfull hart was neuer tride.

And though I be by Iury cast,  
Yet let me liue a while in hope,  
And though I be condemnde at last,  
Yet let my fancie haue some scope,  
And though the body flie away,  
Yet let me with the shadow play.

Will you receiue, if I doe fend  
A token of my secret loue ?  
And stay vntill you see the end  
Of these effects, that fancie moue ?  
Grant this, and this shall salue my fore,  
Although you neuer grant me more.

And

And thus at first let this suffice,  
 Inquire of me, and take the vewe  
 Of myne estate, with good aduise,  
 And I will do the like by you ;  
     And as you like, so frame your loue,  
     But passe no promise till you proue.

This haue I said to shew my bent,  
 But no way spoken to offend,  
 And though my loue can not relent,  
 Yet passed errors will I mend,  
     Keepe clofe the Tenor of our talke,  
     And say, we did for pleasure walke.

## CANT. XXXIX.



**T**Hen iugling mates do most deceaue,  
 And most delude the dazeled sight,  
 When vp they turne their folded sleeue,  
 With bared armes to woorke their flight,  
     When sharpe-set Foxe begins to preach,  
     Let goslings keepe without his reach.

And will you haue me set a day,  
 To feede your hope with vaine delayes ?  
 Well, I will doo as you do say,  
 And posse you vp with fainting stayes,  
     That day shall breake my plighted faith,  
     That drawes my last and gasping breath.

K

If

*W. B. Rouse*

If you will hope, then hope in this,  
He neuer grant that you require :  
If this you hope, you shall not misse,  
But shall obtaine your hopes desire,  
If other hope you do retaine,  
Your labor's lost, your hope is vaine.

The child that playes with sharpened tooles,  
Doth hart himselfe for want of wit,  
And they may well be counted fooles,  
That wastle neere a dangerous pit :  
Your loose desire doth hope for that,  
Which I must needes deny you flat.

Send mee no tokens of your lust,  
Such giftes I list not to receiue,  
Such guiles shall neuer make me trust,  
Such broad-layde baytes cannot deceiue,  
For they to yeeld do then prepare,  
That grant to take such proffred ware.

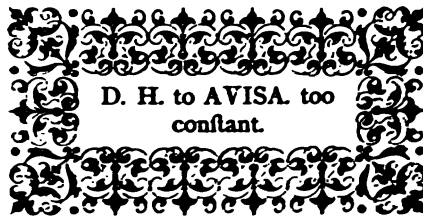
The woman  
that receiueth  
giftes of such  
sutors, selleth  
her selfe & her  
liberty.

If this be it you haue to say,  
You know my mynd which cannot change,  
I must be gon, I cannot stay,  
No fond delight can make me range,  
And for a farewell, this I sweare,  
You get not that I hold so deare.

After

After long absence, D. H. happening to come  
*in on a tyme sodenly to her house, and finding her*  
 all alone amongst her maides that were spinning, sayd  
*nothing, but going home wrate these verses following*  
 which he called his Dum habui. and sent  
 them vnto her.

## CANT. XL.



*Hyl' st erst I had my libertie,  
 To range the woodes where fancy list,  
 The cause of all my miserie,  
 By heedlesse hast my way I mist,  
 Vntill I found within a plaine,  
 A Christall Well, where Nymphes remaine.*

*As weary of this wild-goose race,  
 That led askance, I know not where,  
 I chose at length a shadow place.  
 To take the cold and pleasant ayre,  
 But from the brinke of that same well,  
 I saw my heauen. or els my hell.*

*I saw a byrde from icyning greue.  
 That soaring came with comely grace.  
 The Lillie and Vermillion ferue.  
 In mayden-like and loney face.  
 With seemely armes in full of grace.  
 No clazet. but fager: let with rage:*

Willobie

*And in her hand she held a dart,  
As being of Diana's trayne,  
O that's the cause of all my smart,  
And breeder of this endlesse paine,  
The thing I sought not, there I find,  
And lost the freedome of my mind.*

*While on her eies, my eies did hang,  
From rolling eie there sprang a glance,  
And therewith heard a sodayne clang,  
That strake me in a deadly trance.  
But wak't I sawe blind Cupids craft,  
And in my hart the golden shaft.*

*I sewd for grace, but she deny'd.  
Her haughty lookes she cast awry,  
And when my folly she espy'd,  
She laught to see my misery :  
Away she soares, and from my sight,  
She smiling takes her parting flight.*

*You are the byrde that bred the bane,  
That swelleth thus in restlesse thought,  
You are the snare that thus have tane,  
And fences all to thraldome brought,  
You are the Iaylor that do keepe  
Your frend in bandes, and dungeon deepe*

*Renowned chaste Penelope,  
With all her wordes could not redryue  
Her sutors, till she set a day,  
In which she would them answere giue,  
When threedy spindle full was grow'n,  
Then would she chuse one for her ow'n.*

*They*

*his Auifa.*

38

*They dayly came to see the end,  
And euery man doth hope to bee  
The chofen man, to be her friend,  
But womens wyles here men may see,  
Her Spill was neuer fully sponne,  
For night vndid that day had done.*

*I hope the like you haue decreed,  
That found you spinning but of late,  
Would God your Spill were full of threed,  
That might relecue my wretched state,  
I will forget the wronges are past,  
So you will chuse me at the last.*

*Chuse one at length, I know you will,  
Let tryed faith for ten yeares space,  
How euer that your spindle fill,  
With ioy possesse that emptie place,  
And if you will, I do protest,  
My loue shall far surmount the rest.*

*These lines that hope for better speed,  
As louing spyes are sent to see,  
Where you haue sponne vp all your threed,  
And what good hap is left for mee :  
Let there returne, yet make him glad,  
Whome loues dispayre hath made so sad.*

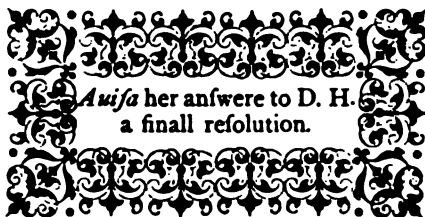
K 3

D. H.

CANT.

*Willobie*

CANT. XLI.



*F I be of Diana's trayne,  
As trewe it is I must confesse,  
I meruaile that you striue in vayne,  
Where frutelesse hope yeelds no redresse:  
For they must needes continue sad  
That seeke for that, will not be had.*

*What seruile follie doth possesse  
Your base conceite, that can abyde  
Such piteous plaintes, and sutes addresse,  
To them that do your sutes deryde?  
For I can hardly thinke them wyse,  
That try againe, repulsd thryse.*

*No Hellens rape, nor Troian warre,  
My louing mate hath fors't away  
No Iunoes wrath, to wander farre,  
From louing bed can make him stray,  
Nor stay at all in forraine land,  
But here I haue him still at hand.*

*My*



*My sweet Vliffes neuer stayes  
From his defyred home so long,  
That I should need fuch rare delays  
To Shield me from intended wrong,  
    My chiefe delightes are alwayes nye,  
    And in my bofome sweetely lye.*

*The Spindle that you fee me driue,  
Hath fyld the fpill fo often trend,  
My hart is firt, fince I did giue  
My wedlocke faith to chofen frend,  
    Then leaue to fewe, fince that you fee  
    Your hap debarres your hope from mee.*

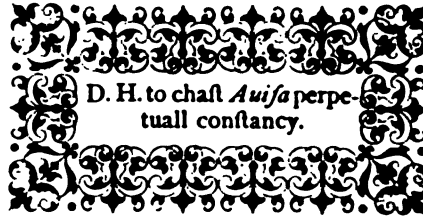
*I vfe not oft to make reply  
To lines that yeelde fuch wanton ftore,  
Let this fuffice, that I deny,  
And after this, looke for no more,  
    My choife is bound, by lawfull band,  
    My oath is pafte, and that fhall ftand.*

Alway the fame  
    *Auifa*

*This*

*Willobie.*

CANT. XLII.



D. H. to chaste Avisa perpe-  
tuall constancy.



*His is inough: now I haue done  
I thinke indced you do not faine,  
As others haue, that haue beene wonne  
In shorter space, with lesser paine,  
And sith you will not yeeld in deed  
To these my wordes, yet take good heed.*

*My former loue was onely lust,  
As you in deed did truly say,  
And they, such loue that rashly trust,  
Do plant the plot of swift decay:  
But they whom Grace doth make so wise,  
To high renowne, will surely ryse.*

*O violata, va-  
le, vale & vio-  
lata, placebas,  
Inviolata no-  
ces nunc vio-  
lata mihi,  
Vulteiis.*

*Sic virgo dum  
intacta manet,  
tū chara suis,  
sed cum ami-  
sit polluto cor-  
pore florem.  
Nec pueris in-  
cunda manet,  
nec chara pu-  
ellis.  
Catullus.*

*If you had had a waxye hart  
That would haue melt at hot desyre,  
Or chaffye thoughtes that could haue start,  
And yeeld to burne at euery fyre,  
What ere I did, or sayd before,  
I should haue thought you but a whore.*

*Though saylers loue the Common Port,  
As safest harbour where to rest,  
Yet wise men seeke the strongest fort,  
And paper castells most detest:  
Men cannot loue such as they know,  
Will yeeld at sight of euery blow.*

*But*

*But now my loue by vertue bound,  
No stormie blastes can make it quaille,  
Your constant mind a frend hath found  
Whose honest loue shall neuer faile,  
A faithfull frend in honest loue,  
Whom lewd affections shall not moue.*

*If you this wanton fault forgiue,  
No time in me shall euer find  
Such lewd attemptes, while I do liue,  
Now that I know your constant mynd,  
My pen doth write, my hart hath swore  
My tongue such speech shall vse no more.*

*A thousand tymes I loue you more,  
Then if I had my purpose wonne,  
Of common loue I make no store,  
But leaue it there where I begunne,  
What oddes there is, now you may proue,  
Twixt wicked lust and honest loue.*

*Now grant I pray this last request,  
That fraudlesse hart doth frendly send,  
That if my fayth deserue it best,  
Accept me for your honest frend:  
And if I seeke your spoile, or shame,  
Then raze me out, and blot my name.*

*And if I shall this fauour find,  
Then weare this ring, though you be loth,  
As token of my simple mynd,  
And perfect band of faithful oath:  
The posye is, No frend, to faith  
That will remaine, till both our death.*

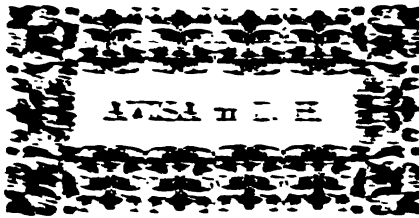
L

*Efleeme*

WILLOBE

I know not how I should say  
 I should say I should say  
 I should say I should say  
 I should say I should say  
 I should say I should say  
 I should say I should say  
 I should say I should say

D. H.



ACT. XLIII.

Y<sup>e</sup> know that I have said you yet  
 From which way mine heart never  
 If all be true that you perceive,  
 Then shall you find as you deserve:  
 All hidden truth time will bewitch,  
 This is as much as I can say.

Away the same  
 Away

ACT. XLIII.

*Henrico Willobego. Italo-Hispanica.*

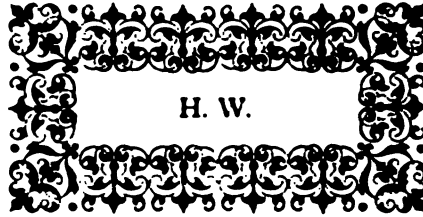
H. W. being suddenly affected with the contagion  
 of a fantastick fit, at the first sight of A. pyneth a  
 while in secret griefe, at length not able any longer to  
 endure the burning heate of so feruent a humour, be-  
 trayeth the secrefye of his disease vnto his familiar  
 friend W. S. who not long before had tryed the cur-  
 tesy

teſy of the like paſſion, and was now newly recouered of the like infection ; yet finding his friend let blood in the ſame vaine, he took pleaſure for a tyme to ſee him bleed, & in ſteed of ſtopping the iſſue, he enlargeth the wound, with the ſharpe raſor of a willing conceit, perſwading him that he thought it a matter very eaſy to be compaſſed, & no doubt with payne, diligence & ſome coſt in tyme to be obtayned. Thus this miſerable comforter comforting his friend with an impoſſibilitie, eyther for that he now would ſecretly laugh at his friends folly, that had giuen occaſion not long before vnto others to laugh at his owne, or becauſe he would ſee whether an other could play his part better then himſelfe, & in vewing a far off the courſe of this louing Comedy, he determined to ſee whether it would ſort to a happier end for this new actor, then it did for the old player. But at length this Comedy was like to haue growen to a Tragedy, by the weake & feeble eſtate that H. W. was brought vnto, by a deſperate vewe of an impoſſibility of obtaining his purpoſe, til Time & Neceſſity, being his beſt Phyiſitions brought him a plaſter, if not to heale, yet in part to eaſe his maladye. In all which diſcourſe is liuely repreſented the vnrewly rage of vnbreded fancy, hauing the raines to roue at liberty, with the dyuers & fundry changes of affections & temptations, which Will, ſet looſe from Reaſon, can deuife. &c.

L 2

H. W.

*Willobie*



**W**hat sodaine chance or change is this,  
That doth bercaue my quyet rest ?  
What furly cloud eclipsft my blisse,  
What sprite doth rage within my brest ?  
Such fainty qualmes I neuer found,  
Till first I saw this westerne ground.

Can change of ayre complexions change,  
And strike the fences out of frame ?  
Though this be true, yet this is strange.  
Sith I so lately hither came :  
And yet in body cannot find  
So great a change as in my mynd.

My lustlesse limmes do pyne away,  
Because my hart is dead within,  
All liuely heat I feele decay,  
And deadly cold his roome doth win,  
My humors all are out of frame,  
I frize amid't the burning flame.

I haue the seauer Ethicke right,  
I burne within, consume without,  
And hauing melted all my might,  
Then followes death, without all doubt :  
O fearefull soole, that know my greefe,  
Yet few and seeke for no releefe.

I know

I know the tyme, I know the place,  
Both when and where my eye did vew  
That nouell shape, that frendly face,  
That so doth make my hart to rew,  
    O happy tyme if she inclyne,  
    If not, O wourth theefe lucklesse eyne.

I loue the feat where she did sit,  
I kisse the grasse, where she did tread,  
Me thinkes I see that face as yet,  
And eye, that all these turmoyles bred,  
    I enuie that this feat, this ground,  
    Such frendly grace and fauour found.

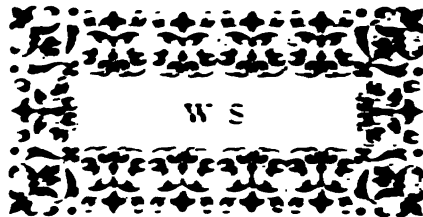
I dream't of late, God grant that dreame  
Protend my good, that she did meete  
Me in this greene by yonder streame,  
And smyling did me frendly greete :  
    Where wandring dreames be iust or  
    I mind to try it ere it be long. (wrong,

But yonder comes my faythfull frend,  
That like assaultes hath often tryde,  
On his aduise I will depend,  
Where I shall winne, or be denyde,  
    And looke what counsell he shall giue,  
    That will I do, where dye or liue.

CANT.

*A Maske*

CAST. XLV.



**W**ill met, friend Harry, what's the cause  
You looke so pale with Lented  
Your wanny face & sharpened nose (cheeks?)  
Show plainly, your mind some thing mislikes,  
If you will tell me what it is,  
He helpe to mend what is amisse.

What is she, man, that works thy woe,  
And thus thy tickling fancy moue?  
Thy droulie eyes, & sighes do shew  
This new disease proceedes of loue,  
Tell what she is that witch't thee so,  
I sweare it shall no farder go.

A heauy burden wearieth one,  
Which being parted then in twaine,  
Seemes very light, or rather none,  
And boren well with little paine:  
The smothered flame, too closely pent,  
Burnes more extreame for want of vent.

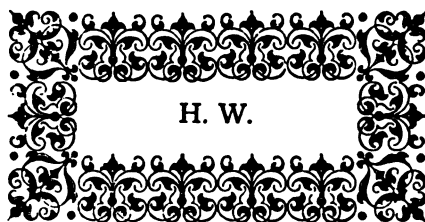
So sorrowes shrynde in secret brest,  
Attainte the hart with hotter rage,  
Then griefes that are to frendes exprest,  
Whose comfort may some part asswage:  
If I a frend whose faith is tryde,  
Let this request be not denyde.

Excessiue



Exceffiue griefes good counfells want,  
 And cloud the fence from sharp conceits ;  
 No reafon rules, where forrowes plant,  
 And folly feedes, where fury fretes,  
     Tell what ſhe is, and you ſhall ſee,  
     What hope and help ſhall come from mee.

## CANT. XLVI.



**S**eeſt yonder howſe, where hanges the badge  
 Of Englands Saint, when captaines cry  
     Victorious land, to conquering rage,  
 Loe, there my hopeleſſe helpe doth ly :  
     And there that frendly foe doth dwell,  
     That makes my hart thus rage and ſwell.

## CANT. XLVII.



**W**hat ſay no more : I know thy griefe,  
     And face from whence theſe flames  
 It is not hard to ſynd reliefe,                      (aryſe,  
 If thou wilt follow good aduylſe :  
     She is no Saynt, She is no Nonne,  
     I thinke in tyme ſhe may be wonne.

At firſt

*Willobie*

*Ars ueterato-  
ria.*

At first repulse you must not faint,  
Nor flye the field though she deny  
You twise or thrise, yet manly bent,  
Againe, you must and still, reply :  
    When tyme permits you not to talke,  
    Then let your pen and fingers walke.

*Munera (cre-  
de mihi) pla-  
cant homi-  
nesq; Deusq;*

Apply her still with dyuers thinges  
(For giftes the wysest will deceaue)  
Sometymes with gold, sometymes with  
No tyme nor fit occasion leaue, (ringes,  
    Though coy at first she seeme and wielde,  
    These toyes in tyme will make her yielde.

Looke what she likes ; that you must loue,  
And what she hates, you must detest,  
Where good or bad, you must approue,  
The wordes and workes that please her best :  
    If she be godly, you must sweare,  
    That to offend you stand in feare.

*Wicked wiles  
to deceaue  
wittes wo-  
men.*

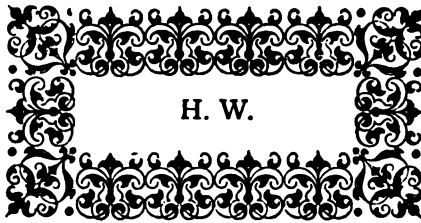
You must commend her louing face,  
For women ioy in beauties praise,  
You must admire her sober grace,  
Her wisdome and her vertuous wayes,  
    Say, t'was her wit & modest shoe,  
    That made you like and loue her so.

You must be secret, constant, free,  
Your silent sighes & trickling teares,  
Let her in secret often see,  
Then wring her hand, as one that feares  
    To speake, then wish she were your wife,  
    And last desire her faue your life.

When

When she doth laugh, you must be glad,  
 And watch occasions, tyme and place,  
 When she doth frowne, you must be sad,  
 Let sighes & fobbes request her grace :  
     Sweare that your loue is trulymment,  
     So she in tyme must needes relent.

## CANT. XLVIII.



**T**He whole to sicke good counfel giue,  
 Which they themselues cannot performe,  
 Your wordes do promise sweet reliefe,  
 To faue my ship from drowning storme :  
     But hope is past, and health is spent,  
     For why my mynd is *Mal-content*.

The flowring hearbes, the pleasant spring,  
 That deckes the fieldes with vernant hew,  
 The harmeleffe birdes, that sweetly sing,  
 My hidden griefes, do still renew :  
     The ioyes that others long to see,  
     Is it that most tormenteth mee.

I greatly doubt, though March be past,  
 Where I shall see that wished May,  
 That can recure that balefull blast,  
 Whose cold dispaire wrought my decay :  
     My hopelesse cloudes, that neuer cleere,  
     Prefage great forrowes very neere.

M

To dispaire  
 of good  
 successe in  
 the begin-  
 ning of a-  
 ny action,  
 is alwayes  
 a secret &  
 most cer-  
 taine fore-  
 warning of  
 ill successe,  
 that indeed  
 doth often  
 follow.

I

*VVillobie*

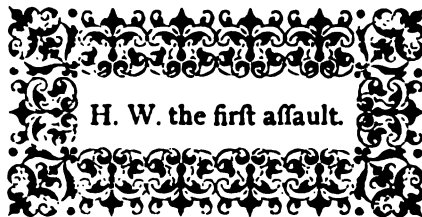
I mirth did once, and musicke loue,  
Which both as now, I greatly hate :  
What vncouth sprite my hart doth moue,  
To loath the thing, I lou'd so late ?  
My greatest ease in deepest mone,  
Is when I walke my selfe alone.

Where thinking on my hopelesse hap,  
My trickling teares, like riuers flow,  
Yet fancy lulles me in her lap,  
And tells me, lyfe from death shall grow :  
Thus flattering hope makes me belieue ;  
My grieffe in tyme shall feelee relieue.

*Audaces for-  
tuna inuat,  
timidosq; re-  
pellit.*

Good fortune helps the venturing wight,  
That hard attempts dare vndertake :  
But they that shun the doubtfull fight,  
As coward drudges, doth forsake :  
Come what there will, I meane to try,  
Wher winne, or lose, I can but dye.

CANT. XLIX.



Pardon (sweete wench) my fancies fault,  
If I offend to shew my smart,  
Your face hath made such fierce assault,  
And battred so my fencelesse hart :  
That of my foe, my lyfe to saue,  
For grace I am constrained to craue.

The

The raging Lyon neuer rendes  
 The yeelding pray, that prostrate lyes,  
 No valiant captayne euer bendes  
 His force against surrendering cryes :  
     Here I surrender roome and right,  
     And yeeld the fort at captaines sight.

You are the chieftaine, that haue layd  
 This heauie siege to strengthlesse fort,  
 And fancy, that my will betrayd,  
 Hath lent dispaire his strongest port :  
     Your glauncing eyes as Cannon shot,  
     Haue pearst my hart, and freedome got.

When first I saw that frendly face,  
 Though neuer seen before that day,  
 That wit, that talke, that fober grace,  
 In secreet hart thus did I say :  
     God prosper this, for this is she,  
     That ioy or woe must bring to me.

A thousand fewtures I haue seene,  
 For Trauelers change, & choyse shall see  
 In Fraunce, in Flaunders, & in Spaine,  
 Yet none, or none could conquere mee :  
     Till now I saw this face of thyne,  
     That makes my wittes are none of myne.

I often said, yet there is one,  
 But where, or what I could not tell,  
 Whose sight my fence would ouer come,  
 I feard it still, I knew it well,  
     And now I know you are the She,  
     That was ordaind to vanquish me.

M 2

CANT.

*Willobie*

CANT. L.



**W**Hat song is this that you do sing,  
What tale is this that you do tell,  
What newes is this that you do bring,  
Or what you meane, I know not well?  
If you will speake, pray speake it playne,  
Left els perhaps you lose your payne.

My mynd surpris'd with household cares  
Tendes not darke riddles to vntwyne.  
My state surcharg'd with great affaires,  
To Idle talke can lend no tyme ;  
For if your speeches tend to loue,  
Your tonge in vaine such futes will moue.

In greenest grasse the winding snake,  
With poysoned sting is soonest found,  
A cowardes tongue makes greatest cracke,  
The emptiest caske yeeldes greatest sound,  
To hidden hurt, the bird to bring,  
The fouler doth most sweetly sing.

If wandering rages haue possesst  
Your rouing mynd at randame bent ;  
If idle qualmes from too much rest,  
Fond fancies to your lust haue sent :  
Cut off the cause that breedes your smart,  
Then will your sicknesse soone depart.

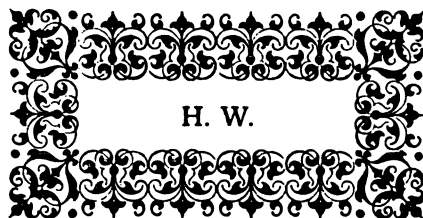
Idleneffe  
the mother  
of all foo-  
lish wan-  
nesse.  
Dauid be-  
ing idle fell  
to strange  
lust.  
*Queritur  
Egistrus,  
quare sit  
factus A-  
duller.*

The

The reftles mynd that reafon wantes,  
Is like the fhip that lackes a fterne,  
The hart befet with follyes plantes,  
At wifdomes lore repynes to learne :  
Some feeke and fynd what fancy lift,  
But after wifh that they had mift.

Who loues to tread vnknown pathes,  
Doth often wander from his way,  
Who longes to laue in braueft bathes,  
Doth wafh by night, and waft by day :  
Take heed betyme, beware the pryfe  
Of wicked luft, if you be wyfe.

CANT. LI.



VNwonted lyking breedes my loue,  
And loue the welſpring of my grieve,  
This fancy fixt none can remoue,  
None fend redrefſe, none giue reliefe,  
But onely you, whoſe onely fight  
Hath forſ't me to this pyning plight.

Loue oft doth ſpring from due defart,  
As louing cauſe of true effect,  
But myne proceeds from wounded hart,  
As ſcholler to a nouell ſect :  
I bare that lyking, few haue bore,  
I loue, that neuer lou'd before.

M 3

I loue

*In promptu  
cauſa eſt :  
Deſidioſus  
erat.*

Noblemen  
gentlemen,  
and Cap-  
taynes by  
idleneſſe  
fall to all  
kynd of vi-  
ces.

*Willobie*

I loue, though doubtfull of successe,  
As blindmen grope to try the way ;  
Yet still I loue because I gesse,  
You loue, for loue cannot deny,  
    Except you spring of sauadge kynd,  
    Whome no defartes, nor loue can bynd.

Of all the graces that excell,  
And vertues that are cheefly best,  
A constant loue doth beare the bell,  
And makes his owner cuer blest :  
    How blame you then the faithfull loue  
    That hath his praise from God aboue.

Can you withstand what fates ordayne ?  
Can you reprove dame Natures frame ?  
Where natures ioyne, shall will disclaime ?  
Acquite my loue, beare they the blame,  
    That snuffe at faith, & looke so coy,  
    And count true loue but for a toy.

If fortune say it shal be so,  
Then though you fighte, yet shall you yeeld,  
Say what you list, you cannot go  
Vnconquerd thus from Cupids field,  
    That loue that none could ever haue,  
    I giue to you, and yours I craue.

CANT.



CANT. LII.



WELL, you are bent I see, to try  
The vtmost list of follies race,  
Your fancy hath no power to fly  
The luring baite of flattering grace,  
The fish that leapes & neuer lookes,  
Fyndes death vnwares in secreet hookes.

You say you loue, yet shew no cause,  
Of this your loue, or rather lust,  
Or whence this new affection groes  
Which though vntryde, yet we must trust,  
Dry reeds that quickly yeeld to burne,  
Soone out to flamelesse cinders turne.

Such raging loue in rangling mates,  
Is quickly found, and sooner lost ;  
Such deepe deceate in all estates,  
That spares no care, no payne nor cost :  
VVith flattering tongues, & golden giftes,  
To dryue poore women to their shifts.

Examine well, & you shall see  
Your truthlesse treason, tearmed loue,  
VVhat cause haue you to fancy mee,  
That neuer yet had tyme to proue,  
What I haue beene, nor what I am,  
Where worthie loue, or rather shame ?

This

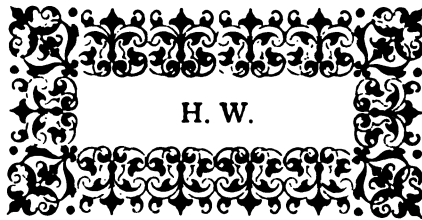
*Willobie*

This loue that you to straungers bare,  
Is like to headstrong horſe and mule,  
That ful-fed, nyes on euery mare,  
Whoe luſt outleapes the lawfull rule,  
For here is ſeene your conſtant loue,  
VVhome ſtrange aſpects ſo quickly moue.

Befides you know I am a wiſe,  
Not free, but bound by plighted oath,  
Can loue remaine, where filthy life  
Hath ſtaind the ſoile, where vertue gro'th ?  
Can loue indure, where faith is fled ?  
Can Roſes ſpring, whoſe roote is dead ?

True loue is conſtant in her choiſe,  
But if I yeeld to chuſe againe,  
Then may you ſay with open voice,  
This is her uſe, this is her vaine,  
She yeelds to all: how can you than  
Loue her that yeeldes to euery man ?

CANT. LIII.



I F ſcare and ſorrow ſharpe the wit,  
And tip the tongue with ſweeter grace,  
Then will & ſtyle, muſt finely fit,  
To paint my grieſe, and waile my caſe :  
Sith my true loue is counted luſt,  
And hope is rackt in ſpitefull duſt.

The

The cause that made me loue so soone,  
And feedes my mind with inward smart,  
Springs not from Starres, nor yet the Moone,  
But closly lies in secret hart :

And if you aske, I cannot tell,  
Nor why, nor how, this hap befell.

If birth or beautie could have wrought,  
In lustlesse hart this loues effect,  
Some fairer farre my loue have fought,  
Whose louing lookes I did reiect.

If now I yeeld without assault,  
Count this my fortune or my fault.

You are a wife, and you haue swore,  
You will be true. Yet what of this ?  
Did neuer wife play false before,  
Nor for her pleasure strike amis ?

Will you alone be constant still,  
When none are chaste, nor euer will ?

A man or women first may chuse  
The loue that they may after loth ;  
W[h]o can denie but such may vse  
A second choice, to pleasure both ?

No fault to change the old for new ;  
So to the second they be trew.

Your husband is a worthlesse thing,  
That no way can content your mind,  
That no way can that pleasure bring,  
Your flowring yeares desire to find :

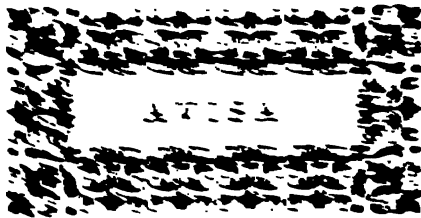
This I will count my chieftest blisse,  
If I obtaine, that others misse.

N

Thers

There nothing better to be said,  
 The power hangs on that neck  
 Now is your time of greatest joy,  
 Take out the heart that was your best,  
 And I will wear my latest wife  
 It's because that never wife

— 173 —



That never wife you would return,  
 And what if this neck were you had  
 I know that you had not gone  
 To seek for that will not be said  
 Your heart still the power must want  
 What this part will not be said

Though here there be that have done it,  
 And by their hands make their last  
 Yet do not think that never will  
 That love is more than a heart  
 A perfect name is more to me  
 Their wealth, their friends, their life can be

As all important as mine,  
 Will name perfume their power now  
 Yet shall you say that you have found  
 A chief and common will I now  
 And you shall see what it is worth  
 Where all will prove, and all be worth

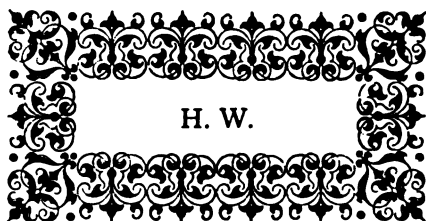
Thought

Though you haue bin at common ſchoole,  
 And enterd plaints in common place ;  
 Yet you wil proue yourſelfe a foole,  
 To iudge all women void of grace :  
     I doubt not but you will be brought,  
     Soone to repent this wicked thought.

Your ſecond change let them alow,  
 That liſt miſlike their primer choice,  
 I lou'd him firſt, I loue him now,  
 To whom I gaue my yeelding voice,  
     My faith and loue, I will not giue  
     To mortall man, while he doth liue.

What loue is this, that bids me hate,  
 The man whom nature bids me loue ?  
 What loue is this, that ſets debate,  
 Twixt man and wife ? but here I proue :  
     Though ſm[o]othed words ſeeme very kind,  
     Yet all proceed from deuiliſh mind.

## CANT. LV.



**F**rom deuiliſh mind ? well, wanton, well,  
 You thinke your ſtrength is very ſure,  
 You thinke all women to excell,  
 And all temptations to indure.  
     Theſe glorious braggs ſhew but your pride :  
     For all will yeeld, if they be tride.

N 2

You

*V'Villobie*

Ther's nothing gotten to be coy,  
The purer stampe you must detest,  
Now is your time of greatest ioye,  
Then loue the friend that loues you best,  
    This I will count my chiefeft blisse  
    If I obtaine that others misse.

CANT. LIIII.



**T**hat others misse, you would obtaine,  
    And want of this doth make you sad,  
    I forrow that you take such paine,  
To seeke for that, will not be had,  
    Your filed skill the power doth want,  
    VVithin this plot such trees to plant.

Though some there be, that haue done ill,  
And for their fancie broke their faith :  
Yet do not thinke that others will,  
That feare of shame more then of death :  
    A spotlesse name is more to me,  
    Then wealth, then friends, then life can be.

Are all unconstant, all vnfound ?  
VVill none performe their sworn vow ?  
Yet shall you say, that you haue found,  
A chaste, and constant wife I trow :  
    And you shall see, when all is doone,  
    VVhere all will yeeld, and all be woone.

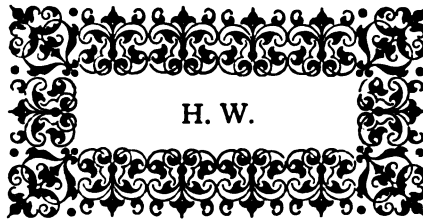
Though

Though you haue bin at common schoole,  
And enterd plaints in common place ;  
Yet you wil proue yourfelfe a foole,  
To iudge all women void of grace :  
    I doubt not but you will be brought,  
    Soone to repent this wicked thought.

Your second change let them alow,  
That list mislike their primer choice,  
I lou'd him first, I loue him now,  
To whom I gaue my yeelding voice,  
    My faith and loue, I will not giue  
    To mortall man, while he doth liue.

What loue is this, that bids me hate,  
The man whom nature bids me loue ?  
What loue is this, that sets debate,  
Twixt man and wife ? but here I proue :  
    Though fm[o]othed words seeme very kind,  
    Yet all proceed from deuillish mind.

CANT. LV.



**F**rom deuillish mind ? well, wanton, well,  
You thinke your strength is very sure,  
You thinke all women to excell,  
And all temptations to indure.  
    These glorious braggs shew but your pride :  
    For all will yeeld, if they be tride.

N 2

You

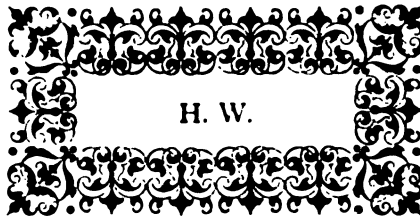
*Willobie*

And if you find, you haue no gift,  
To liue a chaste and matelesse life,  
Yet feare to vse vnlawfull shift,  
But marry with some honest wife,  
    With whom you may contented liue,  
And wandring mind from folly driue.

*Fuggi quel pi-  
acer presente,  
che ti da dolor  
futuro.*

Fly present pleasure that doth bring  
Insuing sorrow, paine and grieſe ;  
Of death beware the poy'sned sting,  
That hatcheth horror ſance relieſe,  
    Take this of me, and in the end  
I ſhall be thought your chiefeſt friend.

CANT. LVII.



**I**F then the welſpring of my ioy,  
    A ſlood of woe, in fine become,  
If loue engender loues annoy,  
Then farewell life, my glaſſe is runne ;  
    If you thus conſtant ſtill remaine ;  
Then muſt I die, or liue in paine.

Thrice happie they, whoſe ioyned harts,  
Vnited wils haue linckt in one,  
Whoſe eies diſcerne the due defarts,  
The griping grieſe, and grieuous grone,  
    That faith doth breed in ſetled mind,  
As fancies are by fates inclin'd

And



And shall I role the restlesse stone ?  
And must I proue the endlesse paine ?  
In curelesse care shall I alone,  
Consume with griefe, that yeelds me gaine ?  
    If so I curse these eies of mine,  
    That first beheld that face of thine.

Your will must with my woe dispence,  
Your face the founder of my smart,  
That pleasant looke fram'd this offence,  
These thrilling gripes that gall my hart,  
    Sith you this wound, and hurt did giue,  
    You must consent to yeeld relieue.

How can I cease, while fancie guides  
The restlesse raines of my desire ?  
Can reason rule, where folly bides ?  
Can wit inthralld to will retire ?  
    I little thought I should haue mist,  
    I neuer feard of, Had I wist.

Let old men pray, let fetled heads  
Inthrall their neckes to wedlocke band,  
Shrend golden gyues, who euer weds  
With pleasant paine, shall take in hand :  
    But I will be your faithfull frend,  
    If health by hope you yeeld to send.

CANT.

*Willobie*

CANT. LVIII.



W<sup>H</sup>at filthy folly, raging lust,  
What beastly blindnes fancy breeds?  
As though the Lord had not accurst,  
With vengeance due, the sinfull deeds?  
Though vaine-led youth with pleasure swell,  
Yet marke these words that I shall tell.

Gen. 38. 24.  
Whore moun-  
gers burnt.

Who so with filthy pleasure burnes ;  
His sinfull flesh with fierie flakes  
Must be consum'd ; whose soule returns  
To endlesse paine in burning lakes.  
You seeme by this, to wish me well,  
To teach me tread the path to hell.

Call you this (Loue) that bringeth sin,  
And sowes the seeds of heauie cheere ?  
If this be loue, I pray begin,  
To hate the thing I loue so deere ;  
I loue no loue of such a rate,  
Nor fancie that, which God doth hate.

Prouer. 5. 3.

But what faith he that long hath tryde  
Of harlots all the wanton flights ;  
Beware leaft that your hart be tyde,  
To fond affects by wanton sights :  
Their wandring eies, and wanton lookes,  
Catch fooles as fish, with painted hookes.

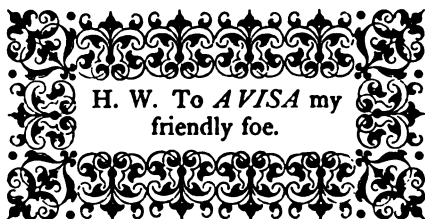
Their

Their lippes with oyle and honie flow,  
 Their tongs are fraught with flattering guile ;  
 Amidst these ioyes great sorrowes grow ;  
 For pleasures flourish but a while,  
     Their feete to death, their steps to hell,  
     Do swiftly slide, that thus do mell.

Then flie this dead and dreadfull loue,  
This signe of Gods reuenging ire ;  
Let loue of God such lust remoue,  
And quench the flames of foule desire :  
If you will count me for your frend,  
You must both workes and words amend.

CANT. LIX.

With this bitter reply of *Auisa*, H.W. being somewhat daunted, yet not altogether without hope, went home to his house, and there secretly in a melancholike passion wrote these verses following.



**T***He busie Gnat about the candle, hovering still doth flie,      Sixaine,  
The slimie Fish about the bayt, still wauering doth lie,  
The fearefull Mouse about the trap doth often try his strength,  
Vntill both Gnat, and Fish and Mouse, be taken at the length,  
Euen so vnhappy I, do like my greatest baine,  
Vnlesse you do, with speede, release my mortall paine.*

O The

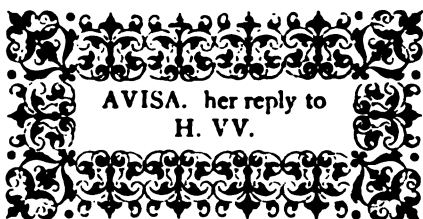
*Willobie*

*Quatraine.*    *The light foote hart defires the waters brooke,  
The dog most sicke the greenest grasse doth craue,  
The wounded wight for surgeon still doth looke,  
Vntill both hart, and dogge, and wight their medicine haue:  
But I with grieve th'vnhappiest of them all,  
Do still delight to be my enemies thrall.*

*Drouaine.*    *Mine encmie I say, though yet my sweetest friend,  
If of my sorrowes I may see some speedie holosome end.*

FINIS. Chi la dura, la Vince.

CANTO LX.



**T***He busie Gnat for want of wit,  
Doth sinde his wings in burning flame,  
The Fish with baite will headlong flit,  
Till she be choked with the same ;  
So you with Gnat and Fish will play,  
Till flame and foode worke your decay.*

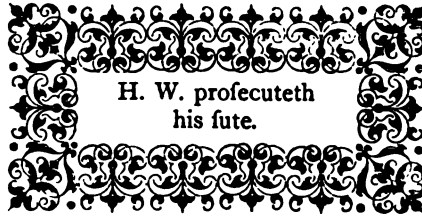
*The heedlesse Mouse, that tries the trap,  
In hast to reach her harts desire,  
Doth quickly find such quainte mishap,  
That barres her strength from free retire,  
So you will neuer cease to craue,  
Till you haue lost that now you haue.*

*The*

*The hart, the dogge, the wounded wight,  
For water, grasse, and Surgeon call,  
Their griefes and cures, are all but light,  
But your conceite surpast them all ;  
Except you change your wanton mind,  
You shall no ease, nor comfort find.*

Alway the same  
*Auisa.*

CANT. LXI.



**W**ill not your haughty stomacke stoupe ?  
Will not this felse conceite come downe ?  
As haggard louing mirthlesse coupe,  
At frendly lure doth checke and frowne ?  
Blame not in this the Faulkners skill,  
But blame the Hawkes vnbridled will.

Your sharp replies, your frowning cheare,  
To absent lines, and present vew,  
Doth aie redouble trembling feare,  
And griping griefes do still renew,  
Your face to me my sole reliefe,  
My sight to you your onely grieve.

O 2

O

*Willobie*

O lucklesse wretch, what hap had I,  
To plant my loue in such a foile?  
What furie makes me thus relie  
On her that seekes my vtter spoile?  
O Gods of loue, what signe is this,  
That in the first, I first should mis?

And can you thus increase my woe,  
And will you thus prolong my paine?  
Canst kill the hart that loues thee so,  
Canst quit my loue with foule disdaine?  
And if thou canst, woe worth the place,  
Where first I saw that flattering face.

And shall my folly proue it trew,  
That hastie pleasure doubleth paine,  
Shall grieve rebound, where ioye[s] grew?  
Of faithfull hart is this the gaine?  
Me thinks for all your graue aduise,  
(Forgiue my thought) you are not wise.

Would God I could restrain my loue,  
Sith you to loue me cannot yeeld,  
But I alas cannot remoue  
My fancie, though I die in feeld:  
My life doth on your loue depend,  
My loue aud life at once must end.

CANT. LXII.



What

What witleffe errors do possesse  
The wretched minds of louing fooles,  
That breathlesse runne to such distresse,  
That liuely heate fond forrowe cooles?  
They reke not where they stand or fall,  
Deny them loue, take life and all.

It seemes a death to change their mind,  
Or alter once their foolish will,  
Such od conceites they seeke to find,  
As may their childish fancies fill,  
It makes me smile thus, now and then,  
To see the guise of foolish men.

I cannot stoupe to wandering lure;  
My mind is one, and still the same;  
While breath, while life, while daies indure,  
I will not yeeld to worke my shame,  
Then if you striue and stirre in vaine,  
Blame but the fruites of idle braine.

If I do sometimes looke awrie,  
As loth to see your blobered face,  
And loth to heare a yong man crie,  
Correct for shame this childish race,  
And though you weepe and waile to mee,  
Yet let not all these follies see.

Good *Harry* leaue these raging toyes,  
That thus from restlesse fancie flow,  
Vnfit for men, not meete for boyes,  
And let's a while talke wisely now;  
If that you loue me as you say,  
Then cease such madnes to bewray.

O 3

If

# THEY

Has white skin and blue eyes?

The women that are young and fair,  
 beautiful, white, and blue-eyed,  
 lovely, sweet, and pure,  
 They make a great many of them,  
 Dey them, dey them, dey them.

Some a fleet, some a slow, some a fast,  
 other some that  
 is of another sort, some a fast,  
 some their own, some a fast,  
 It makes no matter, some a fast,  
 To see they are, some a fast,

I cannot finger a woman, some a fast,  
 My mind is one, some a fast,  
 While breath, some a fast,  
 I will not yield, some a fast,  
 Then if you, some a fast,  
 Have that, some a fast,

THEY are the women that are young and fair,  
 beautiful, white, and blue-eyed,  
 lovely, sweet, and pure,  
 They make a great many of them,  
 Dey them, dey them, dey them,  
 Some a fleet, some a slow, some a fast,  
 other some that

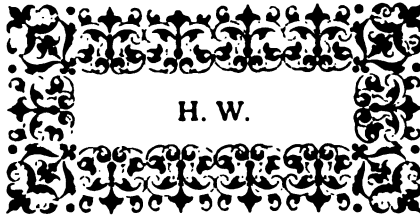
is of another sort, some a fast,  
 some their own, some a fast,  
 It makes no matter, some a fast,  
 To see they are, some a fast,  
 I cannot finger a woman, some a fast,  
 My mind is one, some a fast,  
 While breath, some a fast,  
 I will not yield, some a fast,  
 Then if you, some a fast,  
 Have that, some a fast,



*Willobie*

If honest loue could breed content,  
And frame a liking to your will,  
I would not sticke to giue consent,  
To like you so, and loue you still,  
But while lust leades your loue awrie,  
Assure your selfe, I will denie.

CANT. LXIII.



And is it lust that welds my loue ?  
Or is it but your fond surmise ?  
Will you condemne, before you proue ?  
How can I thinke you to be wise ?  
O faithfull hart, yet thrice accurst,  
That art misdeemd thus at the first.

If lust did rule my restless hart,  
If onely lust did beare the sway,  
I quickly could assuage my smart,  
With choise, and change, for euery day,  
You should not laugh to see me weepe,  
If lust were it that strake so deepe.

And yet at first, before I knew,  
What vaine it was that bled so sore,  
Wher lust or loue, to proue it trew,  
I tooke a salue that still before  
Was wont to helpe, I chose me one,  
With whom I quencht my lust alone.

Yet

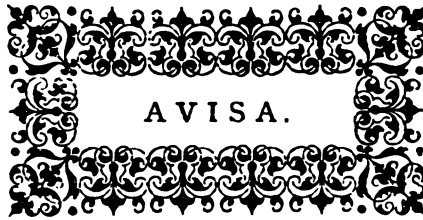
Yet this (sweete hart) could not suffice,  
Nor any way content my mind,  
I felt new qualmes, and new arise,  
And stronger still, and strong I find,  
By this, I thus doe plainly proue,  
It is not lust, but faithfull loue.

A bad argu-  
ment to proue  
good loue.

And yet to proue my loue more sure,  
And since you will not false your faith,  
This pining plight I will indure,  
Till death do stop your husbands breath ;  
To haue me then if you will say,  
I will not marrie, till that day.

If you will giue your full consent,  
When God shall take your husbands life,  
That then you will be well content,  
To be my spouse and louing wife,  
I will be ioyfull as before,  
And till that time, will craue no more.

CANT. LXIV.



N O more ; no more, too much of this,  
And is mine yench become an ell ?  
If thus you writh my words amis,  
I must of force, bid you farwell,  
You shew in this your louing bent,  
To catch at that, I neuer ment.

I

*Willobie*

I thought at first, (but this my thought  
I must correct ;) that simple loue,  
In guilles hart these fits had wrought.  
But I ; too simple I, now proue,  
    That vnder shew of great good will,  
    My harts delight you seeke to spill.

He loues me well, that tils a trap,  
Of deepe deceite, and deadly baine,  
In dreadfull daungers thus to wrap  
His friend by baites of flering traine :  
    Though flattering tongues can paint it braue  
    Your words do shew, what loue you haue.

I must consent, and you will stay  
My husbands death. Obtaining this,  
You thinke I could not say you Nay :  
Nor of your other purpose mis,  
    You are deceiu'd, and you shall trie,  
    That I such faith, and friends defie.

Such fained, formal, faithlesse plot  
I most detest, and tell you plaine,  
If now I were to cast my lot,  
With free consent to chuse againe,  
    Of all the men I euer knew,  
    I would not make my choice of you.

Let this suffice, and do not stay  
On hope of that which will not be,  
Then cease your sute, go where you may,  
Vaine is your trust, to hope on me.  
    My choice is past, my hart is bent,  
    While that remaines, to be content.

Now

Now hauing tract the winding trace,  
 Of false resemblance, giue me leaue,  
 From this to shew a stranger grace,  
 Then heretofore, you did perceauē,  
     Gainst frendlesse loue if I repyne,  
     The fault is yours, & none of myne.

## CANT. LXV.



**I** Will not wish, I cannot vow,  
 Thy hurt, thy grieve, though thou disdain,  
 Though thou refuse, I know not how,  
 To quite my loue with loue againe :  
     Since I haue sworn to be thy friend,  
     As I began, so will I end.

Sweare thou my death, worke thou my woe,  
 Conspire with greefe to stop my breath,  
 Yet still thy friend, & not thy foe  
 I will remayne vntill my death :  
     Chooſe whome thou wilt, I will resigne,  
     If loue, or faith, be like to mine.

But while I wretch too long have lent  
 My wandering eyes to gaze on thee.  
 I haue both tyme, & trauell spent  
 In vaine, in vaine : and now I see,  
     They do but frutelesse paine procure,  
     To haggard kytes that cast the lure.

P

VVhen

*Willobie*

When I am dead, yet thou mayst boast,  
Thou hadst a friend, a faithfull friend,  
That liuing liu'd to loue thee most,  
And lou'd thee still vnto his end :  
    Though thou vnworthy, with disdaine  
    Did'st force him liue and dye in paine.

Now may I sing, now sigh, and say,  
Farewell my lyfe, farewell my ioy,  
Now mourne by night, now weepe by day,  
Loue, too much loue breedes mine annoy :  
    What can I wish, what should I craue,  
    Sith that is gon, that I should haue.

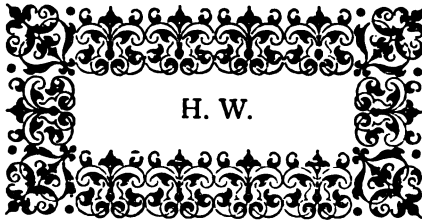
Though hope be turned to dispaire,  
Yet giue my tongue leaue to lament,  
Beleeue me now, my hart doth sweare,  
My lucklesse loue was truly ment :  
    Thou art too proud, I say no more,  
    Too stout, and wo is me therefore

*Felice chi pro.*

CANT. LXVI.

*Anifa* hauing heard this patheticall fancy of H. W. and seeing the teares trill downe his cheekes, as halfe angry to see such passionate follie, in a man that should haue gouernment, with a frowning countenance turned from him, without farder answer, making silence her best reply, and following the counsell of the wise, not to answer a foole in his folly lest he grow too foolish, returned quite from him, and left him alone. But [he departing home, and not being able by reason to rule the raginge fume of this phantafticall fury, cast himselfe vpon his bed

bed, & refusing both foode & comfort for many daies together, fell at length into such extremity of passionate affections, that as many as saw him, had great doubt of his health, but more of his wittes, yet, after a long space absence, hauing procured some respite from his sorrowes, he takes his pen & wrate, as followeth.



**L** Yke wounded Deare, whose tender sydes are bath'd in blood,  
 From deadly wound, by fatall hand & forked shaft :  
 So bleedes my pearced hart, for so you thinke it good,  
 With cruelty to kill, that which you got by craft :  
 You still did loth my lyfe, my death shall be your gaine,  
 To dye to do you good, I shall not thinke it paine.

My person could not please, my talke was out of frame,  
 Though hart and eye could neuer brooke my loathed fight,  
 Yet loue doth make me say, to keepe you out of blame,  
 The fault was only mine, and that you did but right,  
 When I am gon, I hope my ghost shall shew you plaine,  
 That I did truly loue, and that I did not faine.

Now must I fynd the way to waile while lyfe doth last,  
 Yet hope I soone to see, the end of dolefull dayes ;  
 When floudes of flowing feares, and creeping cares are past,  
 Then shall I leaue to sing, and write these pleasant layes :  
 For now I loth the foode, and bloud that lendes me breath,  
 I count all pleasures paine that keepe me from my death.

P 2

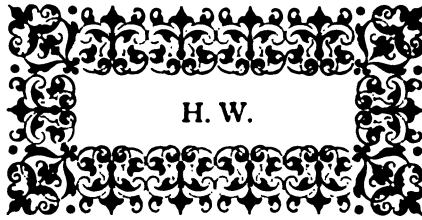
To

*Willobie*

*To darke and heany shades, I now will take my flight,  
Where nether tongue nor eye shall tell or see my fall,  
That there I may distill these dregges of thy dispiht,  
And purge the clotted blood, that now my hart doth gall:  
In secret silence so, Perforce shall be my song,  
Till truth makes you confesse that you have done me wrong.  
Gia speme spenta.  
H. W.*

*Auisa refusing both to come or send him any answer, after a long & melancholike deliberation, he wrate againe so as followeth.*

CANT. LXVII.



**T***hough you refuse to come or send,  
Yet this I send, though I do stay,  
Vnto these lynes some credit lend,  
And marke it well what they shall say,  
They cannot hurt, then reads them all,  
They do bnt shew their maisters fall.*

*Though you disdaine to shew remorse,  
You were the first and onely wight,  
Whose fawning features did inforce  
My will to runne beyond my might:  
In femall face such force we see,  
To captiue them, that erst were free.*

*Your*

*Your onely word was then a law  
Vnto my mynd, if I did finne,  
Forgiue this finne, but then I saw  
My bane or blisse did first beginne,  
See what my fancy could haue donne,  
Your loue at first, if I had wonne.*

*All fortune flat I had defyde,  
To choice and change defiance sent,  
No frowning fates could haue denyde,  
My loues pursute, & willing bent,  
This was my mynd, if I had found  
Your loue as myne, but halfe so found.*

*Then had I bad the hellish rout,  
To frounce aloft their wrinckled front,  
And cursed haggs that are so stout,  
I boldly would haue bid awaunt,  
Let earth and ayre haue fround their fill,  
So I had wrought my wished will.*

*No raging storme, nor whirling blast,  
My seiled heart could haue annoyd,  
No sky with thundering cloudes orecaft  
Had hurt, if you I had enioyd,  
Now hope is past, loe you may see,  
How euery toy tormenteth me.*

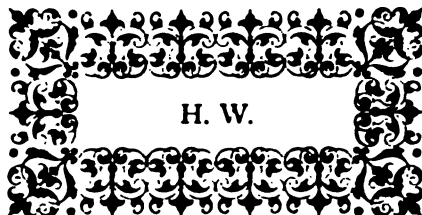
Chi circa troua.

CANT.



*V Villobie*

CANT. LXVIII.



H. W.



*Ith oken planckes to plane the waues,  
What Neptunes rage could I haue fear'd  
To quell the gulfe that rudely raues,  
What perill could haue once appear'd?  
But now that I am left alone;  
Bare thoughts enforce my hart to grone.*

*With thee to passe the chamfered groundes,  
What force or feare could me restraine?  
With thee to chase the Scillan houndes,  
Me thinkes it were a pleasant paine,  
This was my thought, this is my lone,  
Which none but death, can yet remoue.*

*It then behoues my fainting sprite.  
To lofty skyes retorne againe,  
Sith onely death bringes me delite,  
Which louing liue in curelesse paine,  
VVhat hap to strangers is afsind,  
If knowne frendes doo such fauour find.*

*How often haue my frendly mates  
My louing errours laught to scorne,  
How oft for thee found I debates  
VVhich now I wish had beene forborne:  
But this & more would I haue donne,  
If I thy fauour could haue wonne.*

*I saw*

*I saw your gardens passing fyne,  
 With pleasant flowers lately dect,  
 With Couflops and with Egline,  
 When wofull Woodbyne lyes reiect:  
 Yet these in weedes and briars meet,  
 Although they seeme to smell so sweet.*

*The dainty Dayfy brauely springes,  
 And cheefest honour seemes to get,  
 I enuy not such frendly thinges,  
 But blesse the hand that these haue set:  
 Yet let the Hysope haue his place,  
 That doth deserue a speciall grace.*  
*Viui, Chi vince.*

## CANT. LXIX.



**B***Vt now farewell, your selfe shall see,  
 An odd exchange of frends in tyme,  
 you may perhappes then wish for mee,  
 And waile too late this cruell cryme:  
 Yea wish your selfe perhaps beshrewd,  
 That you to me such rigor shewd.*

*I cannot force you for to like,  
 Where cruell fancy doth rebell,  
 I must some other fortune seeke,  
 But where or how I can not tell:  
 And yet I doubt where you shall find  
 In all your life so sure a frend.*

*Willobie*

*Of pleasant dayes the date is donne,  
My carcase pyneth in conceat,  
The lyne of lyfe his race hath runne,  
Expeſting ſound of deathes retreat :  
Yet would I liue to loue thee ſtill,  
And do thee good againſt thy will.*

*How can I loue, how can I liue,  
Whil'ſt that my hart hath loſt his hope,  
Dispaire abandons ſweet reliefe,  
My loue, and life haue loſt their ſcope :  
Yet would I liue thy feature to behold,  
Yet would I loue, if I might be ſo bold.*

These verses  
exceed mea-  
ſure, to ſhew  
that his affec-  
tions keepe no  
compaſſe, and  
his exceeding  
loue.

*My griefe is greene, and neuer ſpringes,  
My ſorrowe full of deadly ſap,  
Sweet death remoue theſe bitter thinges,  
Giue end to hard and cruell hap :  
Yet would I liue, if I might ſee,  
My life, or limmes might pleaſure thee.*

*Farewell that ſweet and pleaſant walke,  
The witneſſe of my faith and wo,  
That oft hath heard our frendly talke,  
And giu'n me leaue my griefe to ſhow,  
O pleaſant path, where I could ſee  
No croſſe at all but onely ſhee.*

*Il fine, fa il tutto.*

CANT. LXX.



H. W.



*Ike filly Bat, that loues the darke,  
And seldom brookes the wished light,  
Obscurely so I seeke the marke,  
That aye doth vanish from my sight.  
Yet shall she say, I died her frend,  
Though by disdaine she sought mine end.*

*Faine would I cease, and hold my tong,  
But loue and sorrow set me on,  
Neeedes must I plaine of spiteful wrong,  
Sith hope and health will both be gon,  
When branch from inward rind is fled,  
The barke doth wish the body dead.*

*If euer man were borne to woe,  
I am the man, you know it well,  
My chiefeest friend, my greatest foe,  
And heauen become my heauie hell,  
This do I feele, this do I find:  
But who can loose, that God will bind?*

*For since the day, the dismall day  
I first beheld that smiling face,  
My fancie made her choice straightway,  
And bad all other loues giue place,  
Yea, since I saw thy louely sight,  
I frise and frie, twixt ioye and spight.*

Q

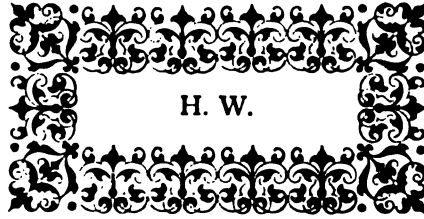
*Where*

*Willobie*

*Where fond suspect doth keepe the gate,  
There trust is chased from the dore,  
Then faith and truth will come too late,  
Where falshod will admit no more ;  
Then naked faith and loue must yeeld,  
For lacke offence, and flie the field.*

*Then easier were it for to chuse,  
To crale against the craggie hill,  
Then futes, then sighs, then words to vse,  
To change a froward womans will,  
Then othes and vowes are all in vaine,  
And truth a toye, where fancies raigne.*  
Ama, Chi ti ama.

CANT. LXXI.



*M*Y tongue, my hand, my ready hart,  
That spake, that felt, that freely thought,  
My loue, my limbes, my inward smart,  
Haue all performed what they ought,  
These all do loue you yet, and shall,  
And when I change, let vengeance fall.

*Shall I repent, I euer saw  
That face, that so can frowne on mee ?  
How can I wish, when fancies draw  
Mine eies to wish, and looke for thee ?  
Then though you do denie my right,  
Yet bar me not from wished fight.*

*And*

*And yet I craue, I know not what,  
Perchance my presence breeds your paine,  
And if I were perswaded that,  
I would in absence still remaine,  
    You shall not feele the smallest griefe,  
    Although it were to saue my life.*

*Ah woe is me, the case so stands,  
That sencelesse papers plead my wo,  
They cannot weepe, nor wring their hands,  
But say perhaps, that I did so,  
    And though these lines for mercie craue,  
    Who can on papers pittie haue ?*

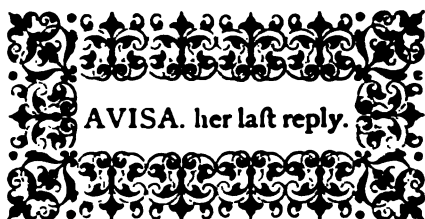
*O that my griefes, my fighes, my teares,  
Might plainely muster in your vew,  
Then paine, not pen, then faith, not feares,  
Should vouch my vows, and writings trew,  
    This wishing shewes a wofull want,  
    Of that which you by right should grant.*

*Now fare thou well, whose wel-fare brings  
Such lothsome feare, and ill to me.  
Yet heere thy friend this farwell sings,  
Though heauie word a farwell be.  
    Against all hope, if I hope still,  
    Blame but abundance of good will.*

Grand Amore, grand Dolore,  
Inopem me copia fecit.  
H. W.

*Willobie*

CANT. LXXII.



*Our long Epistle I haue read,  
Great flore of words, and little wit,  
(For want of wit, these fancies bred)  
To aunswere all I thinke not fit,  
But in a word, you shall perceauē,  
How kindly I will take my leaue.*

*When you shall see sweete Lillies grow,  
And flourish in the frozen yse,  
When ebbing tides shall leaue to flow,  
And mountaines to the skies shall ryse,  
When roring Seas do cease to raue,  
Then you shall gaine the thing you craue.*

*When Fish as haggard Hawkes shall flie,  
When Seas shall flame, and Sunne shall freeze,  
When mortall men shall never die,  
And earth shall yeeld, nor herbe nor trees,  
Then shall your words my mind remoue,  
And I accept your proffered loue.*

*When Thames shall leaue his channell drie,  
When Sheepe shall feede amidſt the Sca.  
When stones aloft, as Birds shall flie,  
And night be changed into Day,  
Then shall you see that I will yeeld,  
And to your force resigne the feeld.*

*Till*

*Till all these things doe come to passe,  
Assure your selfe, you know my mind,  
My heart is now, as first it was,  
It came not of dame Chryfiedes kind,  
Then leaue to hope, learne to refraine,  
Your mind from that, you seeke in vaine.*

*I wish you well, and well to fare,  
And there with all a godly mind,  
Deuoid of lust, and foolish care,  
This if you seeke, this shall you find.  
But I must say, as erst before,  
Then cease to waile, and write no more.*

Alway the same  
*Auifa*

H. W. Was now againe stricken so dead, that hee  
hath not yet any farder assaied, nor I thinke euer will,  
and where he be aliue or dead I know not, and therefore  
I leaue him.



*Willobie*

*The Authors conclusion.*

SO thus she stands vnconquered yet,  
As Lambe amidst the Lions pause,  
Whom gifts, nor wils, nor force of wit,  
Could vanquish once with all their shewes,  
To speake the truth, and say no more,  
I neuer knew her like before.

Then blame me not if I protest,  
My sillie Muse shall still commend  
This constant A. aboue the rest,  
While others learne their life to mend ;  
My tongue on high and high shall raise,  
And alway sing her worthie praise.

While hand can write, while wit deuise,  
While tongue is free to make report,  
Her vertue shall be had in prise  
Among the best and honest sort,  
And they that wil mislike of this,  
I shall suspect, they strike amis.

Eternall then let be the fame  
Of such as hold a constant mind,  
Eternall be the lasting shame  
Of such as waue with euery wind :  
Though some there be that will repine ;  
Yet some will praise this wif of mine.

But here I cease for feare of blame  
Although there be a great deal more,  
That might be spoken of this dame,  
That yet lies hid in secret store,  
If this be lik't, then can I say  
Ye may see more another day.

*Agitante calefcimus illo*  
Farewell.

*FINIS.*

The resolution of a chaste and a con-  
*stant wife, that minds to continue*  
 faithfull unto her husband. To the  
 time of Fortune.

**T**Hough winged Birds, do often shew the love,  
 And flying farre, do thinke themselves most free,  
 Yet fence in his winging engines frame,  
 That wildest hart, in time become most tame.

Where lesser nature frames a sweet content,  
 Where prime loves their hidden love none vent,  
 It is in time that the loves that are true,  
 Find where you list, you shall receive againe.

From fancies time I feared till in the  
 Long time I did my fortune for time  
 Till at the length my waiting lost my we,  
 Knowing that none their fortune can hope.

For while I in it in prime of wanton youth,  
 Falshood that drew in the face of honest truth,  
 Folly got where I was of wile and  
 So in many my name and image trust.

Great were the times great were the brachy ages  
 Sweet were the words in passion rather than  
 Large were the gifts great were the profuse rage  
 In time my mind in the a trifling rage.

Great were the words that drew the tongue  
 In time the time their hearts the tongue  
 Large was the rage a rage in passionate rage  
 For time was all in time the nothing left.

*Willobie*

No fancie could then force me to replie,  
Nor moue my mind such doubtfull deeds to trie :  
For well I knew, although I knew not all,  
Such trickle trades procure a suddaine fall.

Thus did I mount, thus did I flie at will,  
Thus did I scape the foulers painted skill,  
Thus did I faue my feathers from their lime,  
Thus did I liue a long and happie time.

Cupid that great, and mightie kings could moue,  
Could neuer frame, my heart to like of loue,  
His limber shafts, and eke his golden dart,  
Were still too blunt, to pearce my steellie hart.

Till at the length, as nature had afsind,  
Vnto the earth, I bent a willing mind :  
He was the first, to whom I gaue my hand,  
With free consent, to liue in holy band.

Eua that gaue her faithfull promise so,  
With Adam to liue in wealth and in wo,  
Of faithfull hart, could neuer haue more store,  
Then I haue felt, thrice three yeares space & more.

When I had gieu'n my hart and free consent,  
No earthly thing could make me once repent,  
No Seas of grieve, ne cares that I could find,  
Could so preuaile, to make me change my mind.

Did fortune fawne, or did our fortune frowne,  
Did he exalt, or did he cast him downe,  
My faithfull hart did euer make me sing,  
Welcome to me, what euer fortune bring.

Now when I thought, all dangers had bene past  
Of lawlesse futes, and futors at the last,  
The trade, the time, the place wherein I liue,  
Vnto this Lampe, new oyle doe dayly giue.

But

But like of this all you that loue to range,  
My fixed hart likes not the skittish change,  
Now haue I made the choice that shall remaine,  
Vengeance befall, when I doe change againe.

Now haue I found a friend of high defart,  
I haue his loue, and he hath stolne my hart,  
Now fortune packe, with all thy pelting store,  
This is my choice, I like to chuse no more

Cease then your futes, yee lustie gallants all,  
Thinke not I stoupe at euery Faulkners call,  
Trusse vp your lures, your luring is in vaine,  
Chosen is the Pearch, whereon I will remaine.

Spend not your breath in needlesse fained talkes,  
Seeke other mates, that loue such rouing walkes,  
None shall euer vaunt, that they haue my consent,  
Then let me rest, for now I am content.

Great be your birth, and greater be your wealth,  
I reckon more my credit and my health,  
Though I be weake, my power very scant,  
God so prouides that I shal neuer want.

Be mine owne at home, or be he absent long,  
Absent or present, this still shall be my song,  
Fortune my friend, A friend to me hath lent,  
This is my choise, and there with am content.

Range they that list, and change who euer will,  
One hath mine oth, and his I will be still,  
Now let vs fall, or let vs rise on hie,  
Still will I sing, now well content am I.

R

The

*Willobie*

*The praise of a contented mind.*

**T**He God that framde the fixed pole, and Lamps of gleaming light,  
The azure skies, and twinkling Starres, to yeeld this pleasant sight,  
In wisdome pight this perelesse plot, a rare surpassing frame,  
And so with braue and sweete delights, haue fraught and dect the same,  
That euery creature keeps his course, his compasse and his place,  
And with delightfull ioye outrunnes, his pointed time and race,  
In one consent they friendly ioyne, from which they cannot fall,  
As if the Lord had first ordainde, one soule to guide them all,  
In euery part there doth remaine, such loue and free consent,  
That euery frame doth kisse his lot, and cries I am content,  
The Articke pole that neuer moues, by which the shipmen saile,  
Craues not to change his frozen Axe, nor from his place to steale,  
The fixed Starres, that silleome range, delight their circles so,  
That from their choise by wanton change, they neuer yeeld to go.  
The Sunne and Moone that neuer hide, their braue resplendent raies,  
Did neuer wish in wauering will, to change their wonted waies.  
The roaring Sea, with ebbs and tides, that leapes against the land,  
Is yet content for all his rage, to stay within his band.  
The flooting Fish, the singing Bird, all beafts with one consent,  
To liue according to their kind, do shew them selues content.  
So that by practise and by prooue, this sentence true I find,  
That nothing in this earth is like, a sweete contented mind.  
The beafts, the Birds, and ayrie powers, do keepe their compasse well,  
And onely man aboue the rest, doth loue for to rebell.  
This onely man, the Lord aboue, with reason did indue  
Yet onely man, vngratefull man, doth shew himselfe vntrue.  
No sooner was braue Adam made, but Sathan wrought his thrall,  
For not content, aspiring pride, procurde his suddaine fall.  
The princely Primerose of the East, proud Eua gaue consent,  
To change her blisse to bale, for that, her mind was not content.  
Thus may the darkeste eie perceiue, how follie strikes vs blind,  
Thus may we see the often change, of mans vnconstant mind,  
The Moone, the Sea, by natures course, do not so often change.  
As do the wits and wanton wils, of such as loue to range.  
The rangling rage that held from home Vlisses all too long,  
Made chaste Penelope complaine of him that did her wrong.  
The lothsome daies, and lingering nights, her time in spinning spent :  
She would not yeeld to change her choice, because she was content.  
Such calme content doth plainly shew, that loue did much abound,  
Where free consent breeds not content, such faith is seldome found.  
For carelesse Crysed that had gin, her hand, her faith and hart,  
To Troilus her trustie friend, yet falsely did depart :  
And giglot like from Troye towne, to Grecians campe would goe,

To

To Diomed, whom in the end, she found a faithleſſ foe,  
 For hauing ſliu'd the gentle ſlip, his loue was turnd to hate.  
 And ſhe a leaper did lament, but then it was too late.  
 Now fooliſh fancie was the cauſe, this Cryed did lament,  
 For when ſhe had a faithfull friend, ſhe could not be content.  
 Ten thouſand fell at Troyes ſiege, whoſe bloud had not bene ſpent,  
 If fickle headed Hellen could, at firſt haue bene content.  
 You cannot in the Serpents head, ſuch deadly poyſon find,  
 As is the ſained loue that liues, with diſcontented mind.  
 Of all the wiſdome of the wiſe, that I could euer tell,  
 This wiſdome beares the chiefeſt ſway, to ſtay when we be well,  
 As ſweeteſt Muſicke rudely iarres, except there be conſent :  
 So hotteſt loue doth quickly coole, except it be content.  
 Of all the braue reſounding words, which God to man hath lent,  
 This ſoundeth ſweeteſt in mine eare, to ſay. *I am content.*

*Euer or Neuer.**FINIS.*

L O N D O N

Imprinted by *Iohn Windet*, dwelling  
*at Pauls wharfe at the ſigne of the croſſe*  
 Keyes and are there to be ſolde.

1594.



## APPENDIX.

### A.

*From 1596 edition of 'Avisa' as reprinted in  
1635 edition (pp. 123-131).*

## THE APOLOGIE, shewing the true meaning of WILLOBIE his AVISA.



O a new Edition give me leave to adde a new Instruction, for such as I vnderstand, haue made of the other, a false and captious construction. If *Sapienter* come a *Sapienter*, (as some will haue it, and that as the Taste iudgeth of meates, so wise men iudge of natures and intents) I marvelle that some men so greatly affecting the name of wisdom, haue by rash iudgement, the badge of folly shewed themselves so much worse, and without say. But I see that as it happeneth in the distemperature of the body, so it often serueth in the disorders of the minde: for the body being oppressed with the venomous nature of some predominate humor the sense of iudgement which is the taste is corrupted: and meates, which of their owne nature are wholesome and sweete become unto the mouth ill affected.

WILL.



### *The Apologie*

both bitter, vnfaurie, and vnwholesome: So the heart being possessed with a veine of vanitie, or a spirit of preiudicate opinion, directeth iudgement by the line of fancie, not of reason: and the bitterness of his owne infected folly, marres the sweete taste of other mens simple and honest meaning. Therefore because some haue applyed this Poeme, as they ought not; I am inforced to speake that which I thought not.

Many branches of errors, haue sprouted forth from the roote of one fond and misconstrued conceit. The growing of such grafts, I hoped that I had sufficiently preuented in the Preface first printed with this booke. But this is the generall fault of all rash Readers, when they see a booke, they turne either to the midst, or the latter end or at all aduentures reading that which at first opening they happen on: if that presently doe not fit their fancie, they will sodainly pronounce a definitiue sentence of condemnation, both against the matter and the maker: as if by the inspiration of some Pythian Oracle, they were presently brought in possession of the whole sence, meaning and intent of the Author, hauing reade neither the preface, nor perchance six lines of the whole booke.

But most I maruaile that one P. C. (who seemeth to bee a Scholler) hath bene carried away with this streame of misconceiued folly: For I dare pawne my life, that there is no particular woman in the world, that was either partie or priuie to any one sentence or word in that booke. This poetickall fiction was penned by the Author at least  
for

*The Apologie.*

for thirtie and fve yeeres since, (as it will be proved) and lay in waft papers in his study, as many other prettie things did, of his deuifing; and fo might haue continued ftill (as his *Sufanna* yet doth) had not I, contrarie to his knowledge, with paine collected it; and (in confideration of the good end, to which it was directed) published it. Seeing therefore that I gaue the offence, I muft fatisfie for it, in defending innocents from slanderous tongues. This plaine Morall deuice was plotted only for the repreffion and opening of *Vice*; and to the exaltation and triumph of *Vertue*, as hee himfelfe faith.

*My fleepy Muſe that wakes but now,  
To vertues prayſe hath paſt her vow.*

*Vertue* therefore being *Genus*, and Chafitie *Species*, if hee ſhould haue deſcribed it, either in *Genere* or *Specie*, as ſome haue done, he might haue beene as obſcure as ſome others haue beene. Hee fained therefore an *Indiuiduum*, as it were a particular of this ſpeciall; the more familiarly to expreſſe it, as it were in common talke, as if one did anſwere another, to delight the reader the more, with variety of folly quenched preſently, with the like varietie of *Vertue*. To this fained *Indiuiduum*, he gaue this fained name *Aniſa*. Which poetically fiction P. C. calleth a pamphlet. It is folly for a man to deſpiſe that which he cannot mend. The Author was vnknowne, not becauſe hee could not; but becauſe hee would not know him: his true name being open in euery Page. He faith: the Author hath regiſtred the mea-

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neſt.

*The Apologie.*

ceite tels mee that in the perfon of this woman all the mortall vertues, with one voyce are heard pleading, and discourſing at large againſt vice, in a liuely action: In whoſe words, (if they bee conſidered from the beginning to the end) we may ſee, how the ſpirit of God ſtriueth againſt the Spirit of Sathan, by reaſons, by Scriptures, and by prophane Hiſtories, to lay open the greatneſſe, the fouleneſſe, the danger, and deceit of this deadly ſin, that rageth ſo hotly, in the vnmortified members of mortall men.

On the other ſide me thinks I ſee how the Deuill calling together all his companie, in hope of a conqueſt tries all wayes and aſſayes all meanes to effect his deſire. But his labor is imagined heere to be loſt, and that there is ſome modeſty, wiſedome, honeſtie and feare of God remaining yet in ſome women, ſufficient at all times to ouercome him. Therefore whoſoeuer accounteth this Poeme, but a vaine fiction, cutteth the throate of all feminine faith, and robbeth all chaſt Ladies of their chiefeſt honour.

Some others, being much addicted to that ſweete bitter ſinne of Leacherie, thinke their ſecret practiſes of bauderie, to be too plainly deſcribed, and therefore labour to haue it regiſtred for a meere toy. I will not, as a Phyſition aſſay with *Helleborus*, to purge their heads of thoſe humors, leaſt perhaps they bee of the men of *Abydus*, who (as *Ariſtotle* reporteth) being mad, tooke ſuch delight in their madneſſe that they were angry with them, that brought them to their wits.

Some

*The Apologie.*

Some others there be, who when they haue read this booke, haue blushed to themfelues, finding, as they thought, their very words and writings which they had vsed in the like attempts. In which is to be noted, the force of a guilty conscience, which feares where no feare is, and flyeth when no man followeth. These fancies (forfooth) haue framed names to letters, of their owne deuices; and they haue imagined places of their owne placing, so fitly for euerie description, that they will needs inforce the Author to speake of them, whom he neuer knew; to ayme at their fancies, whose faces he neuer saw; and to Cypher their names, whose natures to him were ignorant and strange.

Lastly; concerning the fained name of AVISA I haue shewed the Authors deuice, and his reason for the fiction, in the first Preface, which I thought would haue quailed all other fictions whatsoever.

But yet if farder yee will haue my conceit, the order, words, and frame of the whole discourse, force me to think that which I am vnwilling to say. That this name insinuateth, that there was neuer such a woman seene, as heere is described. For the word A'VISA is compounded, (after the Greeke manner) of the priuatiue particle A, which signifieth *Non*: and of the participle *Visus, Visa, Visum*, which signifieth, Seene: So that *A'uifa* should signifie (by this) as much as *Non visa*, that is: Such a woman as was neuer seene. Which if it bee true, then *Anifa* is yet vnborne, that must reioyce in this prayse. The Author in this booke compareth this vertue of Chastity unto a Bird, as is seene in

K. 3

his

*The Apologic.*

his introduction, saying: *Of Vertues Bird*, my muse must sing.

For as the Birde by his wings mounteth in the aire vpwards to heauen: So Chastitie, where euer it is, makes the minde to mount from the base and filthy society of earthly conceits, and fits it to flie vp to God, in heauenly meditations; whereas lust and wicked pleasures, chaine the minde in thraldome of fleshly concupiscence (as *Prometheus* was tyed to the hill *Caucasus*) which will not suffer the thoughts to ascend by any meanes. The same Hieroglyphicall allusion they meant, that pictured *S. Iohn* with a Birde sitting by him, to signifie, that of all the foure Euangelistes, hee in his Gospell flew highest, and spake most of the Dietie of Christ. Now therefore the latine word of a Birde being *Auis*, and the Author (perchance) alluding vnto that, did the rather call his victorious mounting victory of Vertue, by the name of *Auisa*, as alluding to his owne allusion. If any man therefore by this, should take occasion to surmise, that the Author meant to note any woman, whose name sounds something like that name, it is too childish and too absurd, and not becomming any deepe iudgement, considering there are many things, which cannot be applyed to any woman.

But to conclude, thus much, I dare precisely avouch, that the Author intended in this discourse, neither the description or prayse of any particular woman; nor the naming or cyphering of any particular man. But in generall vnder a fained name insinuateth what godly and constant women should

*The Apologie.*

should doe, and say in such lewde temptations. And also, vnder fained letters, generally expresseth, what course most of these lawlesse futors take, in pursuit of their fancied fooleries, and therefore this P. C. hath offred manifest iniurie to some, what euer they bee, whom his priuate fancie hath secretly framed in conceit.

This is the least that I could say, and the last that euer I wil say touching this matter in defence of my friend. If any notwithstanding will continue the error of their vnsatisfied minds they must for euer rest in the rightlesse erring, till the Authour (now of late gone to God) returne from Heauen to satisfie them farder touching his meaning. And so farwel. Oxford this 30. of *Iune*. 1596.

\* \*

*Thine to vse,*

*Hadrian Dorrell*

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## THEORY

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*The Victory of*

Then came the pale *Athenian Muse*,  
Whose learned wifdome past them all,  
She with *Diana* did refuse  
The *Grecians* prayfe : though *Iuno* call,  
Chafte *Wit* to *Wealth* here will not yeeld :  
Nor yet to ftrangers leaue the field :

Contention

A noble man  
of Greece,  
not farre  
from He-  
licon.

Whil'ft *Eris* flasht thefe fretting flames,  
A Noble prince in *Rofie* borne,  
*Rogero* hight, to *Angry* dames,  
His flying fteed, and pace did turne,  
Which done they all did ftraight agree,  
That this *Rogero*, Iudge fould be.

On flowrie bancks, this Councell pla'ft,  
From iealous *Iuno's* enuious eyes,  
Long fmothered hate flames forth at laft,  
In furious fmoakes of angry cries :  
As though fhe had the Garland wan,  
With fcoffing termes, fhe thus began.

the Oration  
of *Iuno* a-  
gainft Englifh  
Chafity vn-  
der the name,  
of *Auifa*.

" Stoop *Grecian* trumpes, ceafe *Romans* prayfe,  
" Shut vp with fhame, your famous dames ;  
" Sith we our felues *Base Britans* rayfe  
" To ouer-Top their chiefeft fames :  
" With *Noble* faith what madneffe dare.  
" Such *Nonell* gueftes and faith compare ?

" *Penelope* muft now contend  
" For chafte renowne : whose constant heart,  
" Both Greeks and Latines all commend,  
" With poore *Auifa* new vpftart ;  
" I fcorne to fpeake much in this cafe,  
" Her prayfes *Riuall* is fo bafe.

*Pe-*

*English Chastity.*

*Penelope* sprang from Noble house,                   "  
By Noble match, twice Noble made ;                   "  
*Auisa*, both by Syre and spouse,                   "  
Was linckt to men of meaneft trade :                   "  
    What furie forc't *Diana's* wit,                   "  
    To match these two fo farre vnfit ?                   "

The *Grecian* dame of princely peeres                   "  
Twice fifty flatly did denie :                   "  
Twice ten yeeres long in doubtfull feares,                   "  
Could new *Auisa* so reply ?                   "  
    And she that is so stout and strong,                   "  
    Could she haue staid but halfe so long ?                   "

Fie, leaue for shame, thus to commend,                   "  
So bafe a *Britaine*, shall I speake ?                   "  
I think these Muses did intend,                   "  
To blow a glasse that should not breake :                   "  
    Here *Venus* smilde, and *Iuno* staid,                   "  
    Iudge now (quoth she) for I haue said.                   "

When *Pallas* heard this ruffling rage,  
These toying iestes, this false surmise :  
Shee paw'd which way she might aswage,  
The flame that thus began to rise ;  
    With setled grace and modest eye,  
    Thus did shee frame her milde reply.

The reply of  
*Pallas* a-  
gainst *Iuno*  
in defence  
of *Auisa*.

Thou princely *Iudge* here maist thou see,                   "  
What force in *Error* doth remaine,                   "  
In enuious Pride what fruites there be,                   "  
To writhe the paths, that lie so plaine :                   "  
    A double darknes drownes the mind,                   "  
    Whom selfe will make so wilfull blind,                   "

Can

*The Victory of*

" Can *Britaine* breede no *Phœnix* bird,  
" No constant feme in English field ?  
" To Greece to Rome, is there no third,  
" Hath *Albion* none that will not yeeld ?  
" If this affirme you will not dare,  
" Then let me *Faith* with *Faith* compare.

*Willoby* described no particular woman, but only Chastity and faith her selfe vnder the name of *Auifa*.

" Let choyce respect of *Persons* slide,  
" Let *Faith* and *Faith* a while contend,  
" Vrge not the *Names* till cause be tride,  
" 'Tis onely *Faith*, that we commend,  
" We striue not for *Auifa's* fame,  
" We recke not of *Auifa's* name.  
" To proue him vaine, that vainely striues,  
" That Chastity is no where found,  
" In English earth, in British wiues,  
" That all are fickle, all vnfound,  
" We framde a wench, we fain'd a name,  
" That should confound them all with shame.

Chastity is named *Auifa quasi* in *Vifa*, *ab Aue . . . ti volanti*.

" To this at first you did consent,  
" And lent with ioy a helping hand,  
" You both at first were well content,  
" This fained frame should firmly stand,  
" We to *Diana* gaue the maide,  
" That she might no way be betraid.  
" The mounting *Phœnix*, chaste desire,  
" This *Vertue* fram'd, to conquer *Vice*,  
" This *Not-seene Nymph*, this heatlesse fire,  
" This *Chast-found Bird*, of noble price,  
" Was nam'de *Auifa* by decree,  
" That *Name* and *nature* might agree.

If

English Chastity.

If this <i>Auifa</i> represent,	"	
<i>Chast Vertue</i> in a fained name,	"	
If <i>Chastity</i> it selfe be ment,	"	
To be extold with lasting fame :	"	
Her Greekish gemme can <i>Iuno</i> dare,	"	
With this <i>Auifa</i> to compare ?	"	
Let wise <i>Vlyffes</i> constant mate,	"	
Vaunt noble birth her richest boast,	"	Chastity is
Yet will her challenge come too late,	"	the gift of
When <i>Pride and wealth</i> haue done their most,	"	God.
For this <i>Auifa</i> from aboue	"	
Came downe, whose Syre, is mighty <i>Ioue</i> .	"	
How can you terme her then <i>Obscure</i> ,	"	
That shines so bright in euery eye ?	"	
How is she base that can endure,	"	
So long, so much, and mounts so hie ?	"	
If she you meane, haue no such power,	"	
Tis your <i>Auifa</i> , none of our.	"	
This not seene bird, though rarely found	"	True Chasti-
In proud attire, in gorgeous gownes,	"	ty is soone
Though shee loue most the countrie ground,	"	and oftener
And shunnes the great and wealthy townes ;	"	found in the
Yet if you know a bird so base,	"	poorest then
In this <i>Denice</i> she hath no place.	"	in the richest.
Was Greekish dame twice ten yeares chaste,	"	
Did she twice fiftie flat deny ?	"	Chastity
<i>Auifa</i> hath <i>Ten Thousand</i> past,	"	daily assaul-
To thousands daily doth reply,	"	ted a thou-
If your <i>Auifa</i> haue a blot	"	sand wayes
Your owne it is, we know her not.	"	yet it still
	"	getteth the
	"	victorie.
	Some	

*The Victory of*

" Some greatly doubt your *Grecian* dame  
" Where all be true that Poets faine :  
" But *Chastity* who can for shame,  
" Denie she hath, and will remaine.  
    " Though women daily doe relent,  
    " Yet this *Auisa* cannot faint.

The effects  
of true Cha-  
stite.

" She quels by *Reason* filthy *lust*,  
" Shee chokes by *Wisdome* leude Desires,  
" Shee shunnes the baite that Fondlings trust,  
" From Sathans sleights she quite retires ;  
    " Then let *Auisa's* prayse bee spread,  
    " When rich and poore, when all are dead.

" Let idle, vaine, and *Flewent Rigges*,  
" Be *Canton'de* with eternall shame,  
" Let blowing buddes of blessed twiggess,  
" Let *Chaste-Auisa* liue with fame :  
    " This said, *Sweet Pallas* takes her rest,  
    " Iudge *Prince* (quoth she) what you thinke best.

The sen-  
tence of *Ro-  
gero* against  
*Iuno*.

But wife *Rogero* pawling staid,  
Whose silence seem'd to shew some doubt,  
Yet this at last he grauely said :  
Ye *Nymphes* that are so faire, so stout,  
    Sith I your *Iudge* to Iudge must be,  
    Accept in worth, this short decree.

" The question is, where *Grecian Ghost*,  
" Can staine the stemme of *Troyan* rase :  
" Where *Ithac Nymphes* may onely boast,  
" And *Brittish Faith* account as base,  
    " Where old *Penelops* doubtfull fame,  
    " *Selfe Chastity* may put to shame ?

I

*English Chastity.*

I count *Vlysses* happy *Then*,  
I deeme our felues as happy *Now* ;  
His wife denide all other men,  
I know them yet that will not bow ;  
For Chastity I durst compare,  
With Greece, with Rome, with who that dare."

Our English earth such <i>Angels</i> breeds,	"	England for
As can difdaine all <i>Forraine</i> prayfe,	"	Chastitie
For <i>Learning</i> , Wit, for <i>sober Deeds</i> ,	"	may yet
All <i>Europe Dames</i> may learne their wayes :	"	compare
Sith I of both may take my choyce,	"	with any
Our <i>Not-seene Bird</i> shall haue my voyce.	"	country in
		the world.

*Sweete Chastity* shall haue my hand,  
In England found, though rarely seene,  
*Rare Chastitie*, To this I stand,  
Is still as firme, as erst hath beene :  
While this *Auisa* is the shee,  
This *Chaste desire* shall Victor be.

" "  
" "  
" "  
" "  
" "  
" **Conclusion.**

The *Rose* appears in *Venus* face,  
Vermillion dies pale *Iuno's* cheekes,  
They both doe blush at this disgrace,  
But *Iuno* chiefe, something mislikes,  
As though she felt some inward touch,  
That for her *Greece* had spoke so much.

**FINIS.**

*Thomas Willoby* Frater  
*Henrici Willoby* nu-  
per defuncti.



*Penelopes Complaint:*

*Or,*

*A Mirrour for wanton  
Minions.*

Taken out of Homers Odifsea,  
and written in English

Verse,

*By Peter Colse.*

*Armat spina rofas, mella tegunt apes.*



LONDON

¶ Printed by *H. Jackson* dwelling in  
Fleetstreet, and are to be sold at his  
shop vnder Temple-barre  
gate. 1596.







To the vertuous and chaste Ladie,  
the Ladie Edith, wife of the right worship-  
full Sir Rafe Horsey knight, increase of all  
honourable vertues.



*Erusing (vertuous Ladie) a Greeke Author, entituled Odysea (written by Homer prince of Greeke poets) noting therein, the chaste life of the Ladie Penelope (in the twentie yeers absence of hir louing lord Vlysses) I counterfeited a discourse, in English verses, terming it her Complaint: which treatise, comming to the view, of certaine of my special friends, I was by them oftentimes encited to publish it. At length weying with my selfe, the shipwracke that noble vertue chastitie is subiect vnto: and seeing an vknowne Author, hath of late published a pamphlet called Auisa (ouerstepping so many praiseworthy matrons) hath registered the meanest: I haue presumed vnder your Ladiships patronage to commit this my Penelopes complaint (though vnperfectly portraied) to the presse: not doubting but the Etimologie of so rare a subiect, enchased with the Physiognomie of your excellent chastitie: so worthie a conclusion cannot but be a sufficient argument both to abolish Venus Idolaters, & also to counteruaile the checkes of Artizans ill willers, which carpe at al, but correct nothing at al: measuring other mens labours, by their owne idle humors. Thus offering vnto your Ladiship the firstlings of my scholers crop, for a satisfaction of my presumption, and hoping you wil pardon my boldnes, and accept of this my proffered seruice, I commit you to the grace and tuition of the Almightye.*

Your Ladiships to commaund

PETER COLSE

A 2

*In commendation of the right Worshipfull sir  
Raufe Horsey knight.*

<p>S <b>S</b>weete Muse strike vp thy siluer string,  I In shrill confort thy shakebut straine,  R Reflecting peales let <i>Cosmos</i> ring,  R Refound <i>Apolloes</i> piercing valne :  A Arise and rowse thy selfe with speede  V Vfe no delay but do the deede.</p> <p>F Feare not, for <i>Momus</i> nor his mates  E Encounter dare with rare renowne,  H Honour with <i>Armes</i> defends the states,  O Of those whom due desert doth crowne :  R Recount at large what trump of fame,  S Sounds in the praise of <i>Horseis</i> name.</p> <p>E Engraued in golden letters write,  Y Your censure sage with due aduice :  K Knowne trueth ne snaky enuies spite,  N Nor wrath can touch in any wise,  I Into thy Poem though there prie,  G Grosse <i>Zoilus</i> with squinted eie.</p> <p>H Harsh and too rude I must confesse  T The Poem is to moue delight :  Yet force of duty would no lesse,  But it present in open sight :  For what my wit cannot discharge,  My will surely supplies at large.</p>	<p>His valour daunts the valiant heart,  His wisedome worthy worship winnes,  His perfect zeale by due defart  To highest point of honour climes :  His hand the sword most iustly guides,  And therewith causes due decides.</p> <p>His wit doth Orphanes wrong redresse,  His hand relieues the needy heart,  His word the widowes wo doth ease,  He double doth reward defart :  He naught attempts in any case  Whereby he may incurre disgrace.</p> <p>His chieftest care his countries loue,  His chieftest loue his countries care,  Whose care considered, well doth proue  His loue, the countrey cannot spare :  Whom countriemen do so adore,  That worship neuer man had more.</p> <p>To Prince he true lieutenant is,  To common weale a faithfull knight,  Her Grace his seruice cannot misse,  Nor common weale so worthy a wight.  Whom <i>Ioue</i> to Prince and subiects ioy,  Preferue and keepe from all annoy.</p>
--	---

*Finis. P. C.*

*An Encomion vpon the right worshipful sir Rafe  
Horsey knight, and the Lady Edith  
in Saphic verse.*

3

<p><b>I</b>F merites may true honour attaine vnto,  Or fame aduance worthy renowned of spring,  Let <i>Muses</i> sound forth triple tuned harpe strings,  vnto their honour.</p> <p>Whose lovely blond with fauourable aspect  Nurture and good fortune enhanceth highly  Vnto bright heauens generously springing,  theirs be the glory.</p>	<p>From farre apart those louely dounes did ascend,  Th' one fro th' east with <i>Phoebus</i> arose for our good,  Th' other of west where <i>Coroneus</i> hardy  camped in old time.</p> <p>Gentle their gentilitie knightly adorned,  Worthy their worships stately well adopted,  Humble their humanitie highly graced  with lovely nature.</p>
---	--

*Whose diuine deedes and tried hearts true meaning  
Duelly commented manifest sequences,  
Happy doubleesse, worthy no doubt the tilles  
of their aliance.*

*Whose honours vnburied I will entombe,  
For everlasting ages to looke vpon,  
Cleare of obscurenesse, free of enuies outrage  
will I defend them.*

*Happy my Muses, but vnhappy master,  
That can aduance encomions renowned  
Of others, obscurely lying in hopes graue  
buried himselfe.*

*Yet dying, and dead wil I sing due trophers,  
Then triumphs shall stately records eternize,  
My Muse shall euer erect monuments to their praise  
vnto the worldes end.*

FINIS. P. C.

*In comendation of the vertuous, prudent, and chaste  
virgin, mistress Grace Horley, daughter to the  
right worshipfull, sir Raph Horley  
knight, and the Ladie  
Edith.*

G *Glorious Nymph, Dianæs darling deere,*  
R *Rose-garland dresse of damaske red and  
white,*  
A *Adorne thou Vestaes shrine, her poesies weare,*  
C *Conferude with sweete of honors high delight.*  
E *Enter the Lyons caue, he is thy friend,*  
*Though Dragon swell, saint George shal thee  
defend.*  
H *Hunt as Diana did, with Dophne flie,*  
O *Outrunne Apollo, trust not to his rage,*  
R *Repose no trust in Cupids deitie,*  
S *Say Frustra to his force, make him thy page.*  
E *Enchase thou vertue with pearls of grace,*  
Y *Yongsters may wonder at the enterlace.*

*What faire? wife? rich? with grace combin'd?*  
*A ioy to al that such a grace behold:*  
*So rare a sympathie is hard to find,*  
*A gift with fame worthie to be enrold.*  
*Beautie and chastitie two deadly foes,*  
*Liue reconciled in her lovely browes.*

*Faire: looke on her there dwelleth beauties  
grace:*  
*Wife: her wit the wisest doth abash:*  
*Sweete: where is sweete but in her sweetest face:*  
*Rich: to her store al treasure is but trash.*  
*A Grace she is with such rare graces dight,*  
*Tongue, pen, nor art her grace can shew aright.*  
Finis. P. C.

Candido Lectori hexasticon.

7

*E* N tibi Penelope prudens, & δία γυναικῶν,  
cuius tot vates nomen ubique canunt.  
*Si cupis illius niueos cognoscere mores,*  
*hunc paruum placido perlege fronte librum.*

*Nam de Penelope quæ doctus dixit Homerus:*  
*hic plano & pleno carmine (Lector) habes.*  
Ioannes Mayo.

Amico suo charissimo P. C. S. D.

*Q*uid quaris titulos, quid dotes iactas Auisa.  
*Anne ea Penelope est æquiparanda tua?*  
*Penelope clara est, veneranda, fidelis: Auisa*  
*obscura, obscuro semina nata loco.*

*Penelope satrapæ est coniux illustris: Auisa*  
*coniux cauponis, filia pandockei.*  
*Penelope casta est cum sponsus abesset: Auisa*  
*casta suo sponso nocte dique domi.*

*Penelopeia annos bis decem mansit: Auisa  
tot (vix credo) dies intermerata foras.  
Penelopeia procos centum neglexit: Auisa  
Vix septem pretium sustinuitque precem,  
Penelope neuit, pensum confecit: Auisa*

*lassauit nunquam pendula tela manus.  
Penelope Graijs, Latijs celebratur: Auisa  
vnus homo laudes, nomen, & acta canit.  
Ergo Penelope vigeat, canatur: Auisa  
nullo Penelope est equiualenda modo.*

### To the Reader.



Auing taken vpon me (Gentlemen) to pipe with *Hiparchion*, though my musicke be not melodious inough to content the proud *Theſſalians*, yet I doubt not but poore shepheards will stirre their stumps after my minstrellie. If the stranes be too harsh, to delight your stately eares (pardon me and accept my mind, and not my musicke) I stretch my strings as I can, desiring rather to teach the simple their vni-forme cinque pace, then effect Courtiers in their lofty galliards, which alter euery day with new deuises. The cause I haue contriued so pithie a matter in so plaine a stile, and short verse, is: for that a vaine-glorious *Auisa* (seeking by flaunder of her superiors, to eternize her folly) is in the like verse, (by an vnknown Authour) described: I follow (I say) the same stile, & verse, as neither misliking the methode, nor the matter, had it beene applyed to some worthier subiect. Thus hoping you wil courteously accept my *Penelopes Complaint*, I wil shortly make you amends with her Will, and Testament, in Pentameters, wherein I wil stretch my wits to Ela, to shew my duction, and satisfie your desires: and so farewell.

*Peter Colſe.*

## Penelopes Complaint.

### *Penelope complaineth of Vlyffes departure.*

**Y**OU Nymphs that *Alcidalions brookes*,  
 And *Paphos* sportes are dispossess :  
 Which want the Sun of louely lookes,  
 And are displac'd of *Cupids* crest :  
 If you haue tried, loues sweete aspect,  
 And do lament, your ioyes defect :

Surcease, your cares to complaine,  
 Your losses leaue so much to mone,  
 Alas my loues long-lacking paine,  
 Is more then yours, tenne to one :  
 But if you needes will puling sit,  
 A pew-mate for you am I fit.

Let foolish *Phyllis* cease to faint,  
 And for *Demophoon* leaue to mourne :  
 Let *Dido* finish her complaint,  
 And faithlesse false *Aeneas* scorne :  
 For carelesse wights why do you care,  
 And causelesse eke to wofull are ?

Leaue off (I say) those causelesse cares,  
 Help me bewaile my wretched woe :  
 What neede you shed those ruthlesse teares ?  
 Your passions but of pleasure grow :  
 Oh help me feely foule, relate  
 My toilefome lamentable state.

My loue (alas) and I loue sicke,  
 Ten thousand leagues to warres is gone,  
 And me hath left here widdow-like,  
 In shiuering bed to lie alone :  
 Oh now, vnto my paine I proue,  
 A dririe lothsome thing is loue.

Alacke, how am I gallde with grief  
 Sith that no where I can behold,  
 Those louely lookes that of reliefe,  
 The locks and keyes and al do hold :  
 Whose smiling cheekes and merrie cheere,  
 To pleasure sweete, the Porters were.

### *She sheweth how Vlyffes fained himselfe mad at his departure, and how he was bewraied by Palemedes.*

**V***lyffes*, my *Vlyffes* deare,  
 Alacke, alacke, and wel away,  
 My bedfellow, my friend and pheere,  
*Vlyffes* mine is wend away  
 To liege of *Troy*, with heauie cheare,  
 Against his wil, I dare to sweare.

Halfe frantick he (vnwilling wretch)  
 And mad almost, himselfe did faine,  
 He warily his wit did stretch,

New nuptiall sport so vext his braine.  
 Loue tickled so his louely brest,  
 That he (poore foule) could take no rest.

But oft would stare as one amaze,  
 Or as the foule amidst the fire :  
 Yea, grimly oft on me he gazde,  
 His flesh so fumde with loues desire :  
 Alacke how oft did he complaine,  
 Loues parting was a pinching paine !

*Penelopes Complaint.*

Woe worth the wretch, that did bewray,  
My good *Vlyffes* warie wit :  
Foule fare *Palamedes* I say,  
That fo his poysoned venome spit.  
But my *Vlyffes* wil ere long,  
Reuenge the villaines spightful wrong.

Meane while (alas) poore worthles wight,  
I want my hearts most chieft treasure :  
I leade my life in fanfies spight,

And tarry euer Fortunes leasure.  
I harping sit on Hopes sweete string,  
Till Time *Vlyffes* home doth bring.

Aduie my ioy, adue my blisse,  
My comfort, and my deare delight,  
By day I shal his prefence misse :  
Much more, his absence in the night.  
Of ioy, of blisse, and sweete delight,  
One man at once, depriude me quight.

*She discommendeth her married estate, and she-  
weth the toile she indures.*

AH, what a doting foole was I ?  
To marry such a manly mate,  
Well taught (alas) now do I trie,  
Too mery was my maiden-state,  
And Angel-like my virgins life,  
But hellish-like to be a wife.

With mangled mind, loues worthles ware,  
(Poore wretch) I haue too deerely bought :  
Like feely bird, I saw the snare,  
Yet foolishly my woe I wrought :  
Woe to my selfe t'was my desire.  
To *Innoes* bests thus to aspire.

But sith I would the wanton play,  
And enter into wedded state,  
I wish (but all too late) I say,  
That I had chose some meacocke mate,  
As could haue kept but dogges from dore,  
And not a knight that Armes had bore.

Well mought I thinke, as now I find,  
That long *Vlyffes* could not stay  
In *Venus* court, his martiall mind  
And courage slowt, would it gaine say :  
Had I at first had this forecast,  
I neede not thus repent at last.

Had nature me deformed fac'de,  
Or had I not *Vlyffes* seene,  
Or had he neuer me embrac'de,  
Or in his bed had I not beene :  
Then maiden-like had bin my care,  
Not widdowlike, thus neede I fare.

With distaffe thus I neede not drudge,  
Nor yet with wheele haue worne my hand :  
Nor want of sleepe neede I thus grudge,  
Nor tired thus a-twisting stand,  
Nor yet haue busied thus my braine,  
From hastie futors to refraine.

*She accuseth Hellen of light consent.*

OII for those routs of roisters ranke,  
Which do my filly foule assault,  
And for this toile I wel may thanke,  
Dame *Hellen* and her foolish fault :  
Her light consent makes al men say,  
The Grecian dames can not say nay.

Had *Hellen* felt my loues long lacke,  
So many wearie winters woe,  
Or funnie summers lustful wracke,

As I poore wretched woman do :  
Then had there beene some reason why,  
Her louing pheere she should desie.

Or she such troopes of wooers had,  
Or halfe the courting I endure,  
Of faucie futors staring mad,  
Her honours breach for to procure :  
Some would haue thought, loue had her won,  
Not lust, to go with *Priams* sonne.

*Penelopes Complaint.*

To one mans fute she did consent,  
And scarce entreated did she yeeld,  
Vnaskd almost, to bed she went,  
Without repulse, she fled the field.  
O vile, vnconstant, fickle dame,  
Vnworthe worthe womens name.

How wil Sir *Paris* vaunt at *Troy*?  
Of his successe, how wil he boast?  
(Wel let him heed amidst his ioy,

Left *Menelaus* marre his roaft)  
Both *Troy*, and *Grace* may wel repent,  
Thy peremptorie light consent.

Fie, what were al your frumps forgot?  
Where were your chaste and chary lookes?  
Were you so farre with fanfie shot,  
To trust to beauties hidden hookes?  
Where were your sharpe conceited shifts,  
Your wittie, subtle, shrewish drifts?

15

*She controlleth Hellen for her ill example.*

How dar'st thou looke the *Greekes* in face,  
When they at *Troy* shal with thee meete?  
Alas, with what disguised grace,  
Wilt thou thy wedded husband greete?  
Alacke, it would have burst my heart,  
If I had played such a part.

Fie, Hellen fie: thou womans foe,  
Foule fare thy frensie foolish fal.  
Thy wantonnes hath wrought our woe,  
Oh, this thy fault hath shamed vs al.  
Thy follie doth vs crucifie:  
This foule defame can neuer die.

A thousand prettie damfels peart,  
Haue cause to curse this fact of thine:  
A thousand thousand in their heart,  
Wil wish that *Hellen* had not beene:  
Thy giggish trickes, thy queanish trade,  
A thousand Bridewel birds hath made.

Thy foule example works such force,  
The brau't thereby to lust are bent:  
The rich as bad as poore, or worse  
To brothell houfes do frequent.  
Falso play (say they) is no offence,  
For *Hellen* exercisde it once.  
  
This made faire *Ioane* of *Naples* queene,  
So wantonly to tread awry,  
And *Messaline* for to be seene,  
Those tricks in common stewes to trie.  
This damned deed that thou hast done,  
May infants curse that are vnborne.

Thy toy is growne to such a trade,  
That few or none wil wiue and wed,  
So common now the vse is made,  
That lust, not loue, brings brides to bed.  
For few wil household charge endure:  
That Palliardice do put in vre.

*Against Paris and his trecherie.*

A Lacke how could Sir *Paris* flie,  
His countrey and his owne true loue?  
What heart had he, how durst he trie,  
From native soile thus to remoue?  
What had his loue *Oenone* done?  
That he so retchles from her runne.

What furie forc'd his franticke head?  
To *Troy* had *Hellens* beutie rung?  
What, was he sure at first to speede?

That thither in such haste he flung?  
Was he so resolute and rash,  
No princely port could him abash?

What (Deuil) fet his ships on faile,  
And hither sent the leachers band?  
Could he vnto no harbour haile,  
But thus at *Lacedemon* land?  
Was there no place for to arriue?  
Must needs the wind him hither driue?

17



*Penelopes Complaint.*

I would his mother had not knowne,  
His father *Priam*, or that she,  
So foule a firebrand had not borne,  
As he to *Troy* is like to be :  
Would she had dreamed of his death,  
Or wisely she had stopt his breath.

I would that he had not bene borne,  
Or seas had funke him down to hel.  
Would tempests had his tackling torne,  
Or he on craggie rocks had fell :  
Would sea haggies had transformed his hue  
Ere euer *Hellen* did him vew.

I would (I wish with al my heart)  
That *Leacher* he my ghest had bene,  
I would haue better plaide my part,  
Then did the brainicke doting queene :  
Had he but sought *Vlysses* place,  
These fingers should haue fied his face.

Then should fir *Paris* soone haue felt,  
The furie of my chaste desires,  
*Vlysses* seene how I had delt,  
The dole that lawles loue requires.  
My good *Vlysses* had bene sure,  
How faithful alwaies I endure.

My heart had not thus sacrificed,  
Nor yet such woful incense sent :  
Sorrow had me not thus surprizd,  
Then had I liu'd at hearts content :  
In corners darke I neede not creepe,  
Lie downe to waile, and rise to weepe.

The world had not felt my outcries,  
The aire my sighes, the earth my teares,  
My prayers had not pearst the skies,  
Nor troubled so celest'ial eares :  
But sighes and prayers are in vaine,  
My Lord fith they bring not againe.

*Antinous interrupting her sighing, offereth his suit.*

**F**ie Ladie fie : why sigh you so?  
Be of good cheare, what need you fray?  
Those heart-bloud suckers wrecke your woe,  
Those far fetcht sighes louses want bewray :  
Heigh ho againe : alas for woe,  
To whom shall this sweete message go.

Extirpe the monster out of mind,  
Those passions al tread vnder foote,  
Sith that *Vlysses* proues vnkind,

From of your heart the traitor roote :  
Who would take care for such a knight,  
That leaues his loue in field to fight ?

Let not louses want disturbe your head,  
For by the Stygian lake I sweare :  
I am a Lord, I will thee wed,  
My faith and troth shal soone appeare :  
Else wil I rest your secret friend,  
Those loue-sicke motions to amend.

19

*Her answere to her wooers.*

**M**Y Lord : for me take you no care :  
My louses losse I my selfe will mourne :  
I wonder you so wittleffe are,  
To trie by force, the streame to tourne :  
What though my loue doth time prolong,  
With shame shal I requite the wrong ?

Shame followes sinne, as beames the funne,  
Amisse wil out though closely done :  
Folly diffame can neuer shunne,

Reproach breaks out vnthought vpon,  
My countenance would me bewray,  
If I amisse should do or say.

Shall I my soules shipwracke procure ?  
Shal hateful slander spot my name ?  
Shall faire speech me to lust allure ?  
With pleasure shal I purchase shame ?  
Ile rather pine in my complaint,  
Then shame shal crowne me *Cupid's* saint.

### *Penelopes Complaint.*

I can but thanks afford for loue,  
Your good-will for to gratifie :  
Your practise meane I not to proue,  
Your secreet friendship I defie :  
Sith (Lordings) you haue mistt your aime,  
Leaue off in time, those toyes reclaime.

For why ? it neuer shal be said,  
*Penelope* did tread awry :  
Nor truely told, she false hath playde,

Or spotted her pure chastitie.  
My lords, I loath your wanton lure,  
Your faith shal not my fall procure.

Therefore my Lords and louers al,  
Let me this at your hands obtaine :  
(For feare of that which may befall)  
That you my house a while refraine :  
Vntil my towe be at an end,  
Then I with speede wil for you send.

21

### *She complaineth of her wooers misrule, and feareth to write to Vlysses, for putting him in a ielousie.*

W<sup>H</sup>at shall I say ? what shall I doo ?  
How diuerfly am I perplex ?  
With lustie gallants that mee woo ?  
How am I filly woman vex ?  
What shall I to those roisters say,  
That shameles tempt me night and day ?

From *Samos*, futors to me post,  
And *Zacinth* cutters do me court :  
Besides those of our *Ithac* coast,  
Lads of *Dulichium* do resort.  
What shall I do ? what shal I say ?  
Those stately gamsters brooke no nay.

My good *Vlysses* goods they waste,  
And me poore wretch, do they torment :  
Lord-like forfooth is their repast,  
When he poore man is wel content,  
At siege of *Troy*, with fouldiers fare,  
Vnwitty of my wofull care.

If I should to *Vlysses* write,  
And shew him of their careles coyle,  
How earnestly they me incite,  
My constant faith, and troth to foyle :  
I might breede Bees nests in his braine,  
And put him in a ielous vaine.

For he is wise, he wil suspect,  
My lightnesse breeds their fond desire,  
Some cause he'll thinke, doth adde effect,  
No smoake appeares without some fire :  
So seldome is there seruent loue,  
But where some kindnes doth it moue.

Then may he presently for spight  
Acquaint him with some forrein fro :  
My slut (saith he) I wil requite,  
Sith she at home doth serue me so,  
Since so vnrule she doth range,  
Brow-antlers with her Ile exchange.

### *She wisheth Vlysses to beware of the cruel Troians.*

N<sup>O</sup>, no, my gem and sweetest ioy,  
Thou shalt not neede for me to care,  
Thou busines hast enough at *Troy*,  
Looke wisely to thy owne welfare,  
For *Troy* yeeldes many a dogged lad,  
Which makes me sighing sit thus sad.

Ah how doth feare affright my heart ?  
I dreade and yet I neede not doubt,  
Though froward fortune doth him thwart,

He's warie, valiant, yea and stout,  
And beares the minde he will not stoupe  
For proudest he in *Troian* troupe.

Yet (Heart a gold) refraine thy heat,  
Be not too forward on thy foes,  
Ah (trueloue) let me thee intreate,  
Be not the first at bloudie blowes :  
Though of thy selfe no care thou make :  
Yet (sweete) of me, some pittie take.

23

### *Penelopes Complaint.*

Beware of hugy *Hectors* hand,  
To swift *Dolon* take good heede :  
What needst thou fight, which maist command,  
Thy souldiers for to do the deede?  
Let them God *Mars* his mercie trie,  
Stand backe and come not thou too nie.

Gine *Menelaus* leane to fight,  
The cause is his, he had the wrong,  
And *Agamemnon* worthie knight,

The quarrel doth to them belong :  
Let fiery *Ajax* fight his fill,  
But (if thou loue me) stand thou still.

Ah let thy comfort *Diomedes*  
And stout *Achilles*, battel wage :  
Let hardy *Hercules* at neede,  
His swelling furie there affwage :  
From battel (sweete) do thou defist,  
Loue thou, and let them fight that list.

### *Her supplication to the Gods.*

**T**HOU *Ioue*, Lord of *Olympus* hic,  
If thou wilt heare poore widows grieve,  
Looke down with thy transplendant eie,  
And yeeld vs wretches due reliefe.  
Our loves, our lives, and definie,  
Do on thy Princely powre relie.

And thou *Apollo*, which in fight,  
With Thunderclaps, didst *Cyclops* quell :  
In *Greekes* iust quarrel shew thy might,

Raze and confound those *Troians* fell :  
Which wrong us with their villanie,  
And triumph in their tyranny.

And *Iuno* : we do thee implore,  
To tender our vnworthy wrong :  
To vs, our wedded mates restore,  
For we (alas) haue lackt them long :  
With speede let them returne againe,  
Left we our bridall beds do stain.

### *Shee accuseth Menelaus of folly, for making warres for Hellen.*

**W**As not Prince *Menelaus* mad,  
For strumpet thus to leuie armes?  
This makes the wanton woman glad,  
Yea : shee will laugh at those alarmes :  
For war's a play-game, they suppose,  
That neuer tasted bloudie blowes.

Who would in warres his person trust,  
Which safe in peace at pleasure swimmes?  
For paltrie giglet so vniust,  
What Prince would hazard life and lims?  
At push of pike, assoone doth light,  
A wound on Prince, as worthles wight.

What if the *Grecians* haue the folle?  
(As warres euent vncertaine is)  
How wil she glorie at thy spoile?  
Thy bane wil be to her a blisse :  
Then shal we widdowes wearie worne,  
Afresh begin to waile and mourne.

Put case the *Troians* haue the worst,  
(As we al wish for *Hellens* sake)  
The silly people then accurst,  
With outcries wil the aire shake :  
Then shall they wretches dearely buy,  
Their prinkox *Paris* trecherie.

What ghastly groanes, wil dead men gine?  
How wil the maimed howling lie?  
How wil the aged fathers grieve?  
How wil the silly infants crie?  
And widdowes (in worst case of al)  
How wil they for their husbands call?

From fire and sword shal few be free,  
With famine some shal hunger starue :  
The virgins they deflowr'd shalbe,  
(The Lord vs from such state preferue)  
It grieues my heart to shew the paine,  
They for a strumpet shall sustaine.

*Penelopes Complaint.*

*She sheweth Vlyffes worthines.*

**V**lyffes deare, the Gods thee shield,  
And fend thee home wel to retourne,  
For loue to thee they all may yeeld,  
Thy like in loue was neuer borne :  
So angel-like did shine thy face,  
It was a blisse thee to embrace.

Alacke he was the worthiest  
The gentlest, and the meek'ft of mind :  
The truest and the faithfulest,

That of a thousand I could finde :  
The wisest and the wariest  
And one I lou'd and liked best.

Ah, good *Vlyffes* was my trust,  
With him contented still I stood,  
He hath my loue in clay and dust :  
He die for him to do him good.  
To him I gaue my heart and hand :  
Therefore both vow and gift shal stand.

27

*She bewailes the want of Vlyffes in the night.*

**A** Lacke how loathsome is my bed ?  
How sore for sleepe my eielids chime ?  
What phantasies possesse my head ?  
How palfy-sicke is euery lim ?  
Such shiuering ague-fits me shake,  
As make my very heart to quake.

Such vgly shapes doth *Morpheus* shew,  
Such hips and hawes, and sudden care,  
Doth of those vaine illusions grow,

Which dreaming represented are :  
Sometimes I sigh, sometimes I start,  
Such terror doth torment my heart.

I want (poore wretch) in darkefome night,  
The comfort of my dearest friend :  
My sorrowes leach, my hearts delight,  
Whose verie sight my griefe would end :  
Whom if I mought but once embrace,  
I sure should be in happie case.

*Shee sheweth her defect of beautie.*

Alas how tawnie am I turnd ?  
How am I wretch, transformd in hue ?  
How am I scorched, and sunburnd ?  
A gasty creature for to vew :  
A mirror I, for beautie was,  
But now a monster, for disgrace.

My skinne that cleare as cristall was,  
My cheekes that crimson filke did staine,  
My eies like bright transplendant glasse,

My browes, fraught with each prettie vaine :  
My skinne, my cheeks, my eies and browes,  
Are like to soot, in smoaky house.

Ah when to *Troy* my true loue wend,  
He left me shining maiden like,  
But when that he doth backward bend,  
He sure shal find me beldam-like :  
But *Ioue* I thanke thy glorious grace,  
For this my wrinkling sorrowed face.

*Penelope warneth her maides to beware  
of hot affection.*

**A**H damfels deare, which see the care,  
Of mistres yours *Penelope* :  
And see how sowly I do fare

Be ruld, and take this reede of me :  
Hast not too soone for wedded charge,  
Left that you with you liu'd at large.

### *Penelopes Complaint.*

Of hot affection eke take heede,  
For often I haue heard it told,  
That hastie liking hath slow speede,  
And loue soone hot, is quickly cold :  
And those that woo, ere wise they are,  
Are won some time, ere they be ware.

The virgins state, I must confesse,  
Is too too tedious for to beare :  
But widdowes state exceeds excesse,  
So fickle and so fraught with feare :  
Wherefore see that you maides remaine,  
Of euils take the least of twaine.

For if you (wantons) wedded were,  
(As yet you farre vnworthie are,)  
To one that with my wedded pheere,

29 Might euerie way for worth compare :  
What pleasure of him can you take,  
If he your companie forsake.

Put case that you (my prettie ones)  
Should match with such a brainficke boy :  
As would not sticke to baste your bones,  
What then ? where were your bridall ioy ?  
Then might you wish, but all in vaine,  
That you vnwedded were againe.

Then if you wed a worthie knight,  
Then of his death you still wil doubt :  
And if you haue a wretched wight,  
Then wil you wish, his braines were out :  
But either ill for to preuent,  
I wish you vnto none consent.

### *The speech of her wooers.*

A H Princely nymph *Penelope*,  
A goddesse, were thou not to[o] coy,  
*Pallas* may not compare with thee,  
Nor *Venus* with her blinded boy.  
*Mycene* could not thy craft fulfill,  
Nor had *Alcmena* halfe thy skill.

Say (sweete *Icarus* daughter deare)  
Do thou no longer vs delay,  
Whom wilt thou take to wedded Pheere,

That al the rest may pozt away.  
Either say yea, or else denie :  
Thou must take one, or al defie.

No worthles wight shal with thee wed,  
Though thou the worst amongst vs chuse,  
Feare not : *Vlysses* he is dead :  
Shew reason if thou vs refuse :  
Say, if thou loathe our Parentage.  
Or dost dislike our personage.

### *Her answere to her sutors.*

M Y louely youthes, and Lordings all,  
As I haue said, so say I still :  
I can but thanke you great and small,  
For this your kindnes and good will :  
It grieues me (*Gallants*) to the heart,  
I cannot grant you your defart.

I loue you all, I do protest,  
As did *Diana Phabus* faire,  
Who of al woodmen, likde him best,

But when he lou'd, to loathe him sware :  
So you as friends, I entertaine,  
But louers, I you al disdaine.

Yea though my loue his bane hath bought,  
(As Gods forebode) yet must you stay,  
Vntil my web be fully wrought,  
For why the world shal neuer say,  
That such a worthie knight as he,  
without a throwde should buried be.

*Penelopes Complaint.*

*The wooers aduised Telemachus, Vlyffes son, to put  
his mother out of doore, and inherit the land.*

**T***elemachus*, thou foolish lad,  
A Lord thou were, if thou hadst wit :  
Thou hear'st thy father he is dead,  
And we thy friends al can proue it :  
Wherefore it now doth thee behoue,  
That thou thy mother dost remoue.

Why dost thou not thy birthright claime,  
And turne the beldame out of doore?  
Thou seest al we at her do aime,

To do vs right, we thee implore :  
If from thy house, thou her expell,  
We would her wed, and al were well.

With scoffing cardes she doth vs load,  
And with faire speeches vs delay :  
And woodcocke-like leades vs to roade,  
Yea like tame fooles, she makes vs stay :  
Thou art the onely cause of this,  
Therefore amend that is amisse.

*Telemachus answere to the wooers.*

**A**nd is this al that you can say?  
Is this the counfel that you vse?  
Do you your parents so obey?  
Can you your mothers so abuse?  
No force : my father shal not find,  
His *Telemac*, so much vnkind.

For let my father liue or die,  
If I my mother ill intreate :  
Why then my Graund fire *Icary*,

With vengeance (surely) wil me threat.  
I feare if I should her offend,  
The Lord, short life would to me lend.

Your companies I well could spare :  
Pardon me if I fret and fume,  
I see right little do you care,  
How you my fathers goods consume :  
Except you better you behaue,  
Your absence shortly let me craue.

33

*She debateth with her selfe of marriage.*

**N**ow may I leaue, now may I take,  
Now may I loue, now may I hate,  
I now may chuse, I may forsake,  
Twixt yea, and nay, stands my estate :  
Now may I marrie, for my ease,  
Or else may tarrie if I please.

My husband (hardly) is aliue :  
And though aliue, yet ten to one,  
If euer here he do arriue :  
What foole so long would lie alone?  
Who would a widdow stay so long,  
And nature of her right thus wrong?

*Autinous* my loue doth seeke,  
(A gallant Lordly-minded lad)  
And *Eurymac* (fac'd Angel-like)  
To win my loue would be right glad :  
Sith with such sutors I am sped,  
Why should I not, poore widdow, wed.

My father wils me for to wed,  
And that shal stand for my excuse :  
What though I soyle my bridall bed?  
*Vlyffes* will me not refuse.  
And when againe he doth retourne,  
What care I though he do me scorne.

But deuillish wretch, how do I dote?  
What hellish hag doth me possesse?  
What? shal I sing *Medeas* note?  
Know good, and follow nothing lesse :  
Shall I that yong a faint haue seemd,  
In age a deuill right be deemd.

No, no, my constant chastitie,  
The world throughout about shal ring :  
In prayse of chaste *Penelope*,  
From time to time, shal al men sing :  
My fame shall mount vnto the skie,  
When *Hellens* vile defamd shall die.

*Penelopes Complaint.*

*Her commendation of chastitie.*

O Chastitie, the cheefest kay,  
Of womens worthie treasury:  
A vertue that's of virgines gay,  
The pure and redoubted dowry.  
A poesy springing fresh for aye,  
A flowre that neuer can decay.

*Diana* it did beautifie,  
And her among the gods enroll:  
And *Ganimede* her chastitie,

Did to the heauens hie extoll.  
*Zenobia* with her maiden might,  
Did ramping Lyons put to flight.

When lawles loue, to luckles end,  
A thousand, thousand, daily brings,  
*Diana* to the woodes doth wend,  
And sweetely with hir damfels sings.  
*Diana-like*, I wil disdaine,  
Both louers ioy, and louers paine.

35

*The complaint of her waiting women against  
the wooers.*

A h Madame, if you loue your life,  
Or do regard your chastitie:  
If you wil be *Vlysses* wife,  
Or tender your poore familie:  
Those helhounds al with speede expell,  
Which of your house do make a hel.

*Antinous* he sweares and flares,  
By all the othes he can deuise,  
If you come not, he vnawares,  
Wil you salute in shamefull wife.  
Foule shame shal take them al and some,  
Ere I againe amongst them come.

For madame they haue me defilde,  
with cruel shameles villanie:  
Alas I feare I am with childe,  
With trusting to their tyranny.  
Oh would to God I buried were,  
I am so toft with doubtful feare.

They are so dronken al with wine,  
They care not what they say or do:  
(Sauing your pefence) where they dine,  
They do discharge their stomackes too.  
And al that euer they inuent,  
Is but to haue vs wretches shent.

One sings, *Vlysses* sure is dead,  
Another saies, he feedes the fish,  
Another at him shakes his head,  
Another doth him euil wish.  
Yea some your strangers ill intreate,  
And others do your seruants beate.

Yet al this wil not them suffice,  
Not al your cates, and costly cheare.  
But they amidst their Gourmandice,  
Your silver plate in peeeces teare:  
But when *Vlysses* comes, no doubt,  
He wil affwage this reuel rout.

37

*Her speech vnto her sonne Telemachus.*

T *Telemachus* (my louely sonne)  
What shall we filly wretches do?  
I see we shall be al vndone,  
Vnlesse thou to thy father go.  
Those Lordings that a wooing come,  
Will eate vs out of house and home.

Alas I cannot be so rude,  
By cruell meanes their bloud to spill:  
Nor yet by force them to extrude,

That proffer me so much good will:  
Alas their loue I must respect,  
Though their conditions I reiect.

Thou seest, how wastful eke they are,  
And in our house keepe careles coyle:  
Ther's neither of them all do care,  
Nor what they spend, nor what they spoile.  
Yea now with me they may not match,  
Well's he my filly maids can catch.

*Penelopes Complaint,  
The reply of her sonne Telemachus, then but  
a childe.*

**P**Eace (mother) sic : what neede you mourne? Oh you may see (sweete mother deare)  
My father will not you forsake : How friendly-minded they are bent :  
Be of good cheare : he wil returne, And eke what louing hearts they beare,  
No thought for him (good mother) take : By this their trecherous intent.  
He will with vs arrive ere long, But I commanded them be gone,  
And wil reuenge our wofull wrong. How say you? was't not stoutly done?

(Ah mother) would I were a man,  
I would so plague these leachers vile,  
Not one of them should scape me than,  
They should not thus our house defile :  
O how I would their carcass carue?  
They should not you thus shrewdly serue.

Wel, though my father he be slaine,  
(As Gods forbid it should be so)  
And that he neuer come againe,  
Yet one day will I worke their woe.  
My dearest blood I sure wil spend,  
My fathers house for to defend.

These trencher-flies me tempt each day,  
To turne you (mother) out of doore :  
The land is mine (these lyars say)  
My father he is dead of yore.  
Yet mother, here you still shall rest,  
Of women al I loue you best.

Meane while (al heart) to *Troy* Ile trudge,  
If you thereto wil but consent,  
To runne or go I wil not grudge,  
Pray (mother) peace, lest they preuent  
My going forth ; when I come backe,  
I wil not feare the proudest iacke.

39

*Her Epistle to Vlysses.*

**V***lysses* (if thou be aliue)  
Peruse those lines I send to thee,  
(Sweete) let me see thee here arriue,  
Tis bootles for to write to me.  
Not thy epistle be thou sure  
Thy present fight, my grieue must cure.

Ah say (sweete heart) and truelove mine,  
How canst thou lingering stay so long?  
Why cam'st thou not home al this time?  
How canst thou offer me this wrong?  
Say (sluggard) what doth thee restraine,  
That thou dost not returne againe?

The *Troian* warre is at an end,  
To finders *Troy* is quite consumed,  
The *Argiues* al do homeward bend,  
With incense are the Altars fumde.  
Some foe I feare me, holdes thee backe,  
And that's the cause thou art so slacke.

To *Pylon* haue I often sent,  
To forrein countries farre and neare :  
My messenger to *Sparta* went,  
But there no certaine newes could heare :  
At *Troy* (they say) thou were not slaine,  
That makes me hope thou com'st againe.

Ah good *Vlysses*, hie thee home,  
For I had futors long agoe :  
If that thou say, thou wilt not come,  
Then know I what I haue to doe :  
I neede not long a widow liue,  
A hundred gladly would me wiue.

For of *Dulichium* fifty two,  
Most stately futors feeke my shame :  
Of *Zacynthe*, twentie do mee woo,  
From *Samos* four and twentie came :  
Besides twelue of our *Ithac* states,  
On whom, *Maden* the minstrell waites.



*Penelopes Complaint.*

I would to God my fluggardise,  
Which thou so highly dost accuse :  
The *Greekes* at *Troian* enterprife,  
Had holden for a iust excuse :  
Then had I not endured the toile,  
I now sustaine in forrein foyle.

Then had I staid still with thee,  
When I my selfe did franticke faine :  
It grieu'd me (trust me) to agree,  
The warres so soone should part vs twaine.  
I would, nor could, as thou maist see,  
So lightly leaue thy companie.

No *Troian* trull doth me retaine :  
For *Troy* to cinders quite is rasle,  
*Priam*, and *Paris*, both are slaine,  
And al the country quite defasde.  
*Sarpedon* slaine, and *Hector* stout,  
And *Mars* so hurt, his guts came out.

I scotfree scap't, and *Rhesus* slaine,  
His palfreys led I to my tent :  
I feared not the *Thracian* traine,  
But boldly I amidst them went :  
And those that *Diomedes* slue,  
Still by the heeles I from him threw.

Thou needst not doubt, my life or loue,  
The one the *Troians* could not spill,  
Nor th' other *Mermaids* could remoue :  
To thee it resteth constant still.  
No comfort haue I on the sea,  
But loue, to make me thinke on thee.

*Parthenope* did oft assay,  
Me to her loue for to allure,  
Yet could she not me so betray,  
My toyle I stoutly did endure :  
And when she saw I would not stay,  
She drownd her selfe in furing sea.

Nor yet *Calypso* with her skill,  
When in *Ogygran* Isle I staid  
Could with her drugges win my good will :

Though oft so shamefully she assaid.  
Though me immortall she would make,  
Yet could I not thee so forsake.

And where thou saist, thou sutors hast,  
It is a credit I confesse,  
If they our substance do not wast,  
Nor thee of honour dispossesse :  
Beware lest thou amidst thy wine,  
Dost grant them that is none of thine.

47 If to the hundred thou hast had,  
A thousand sutors more thou set,  
Yet haue I had a sturre as bad,  
With lasses, my true loue to get.  
Do Lords the[e] court? a common case,  
Vnaskt, braue Ladies me embrace.

But (wife) you scarcely did me please,  
When *Telemac* my onely sonne,  
You set on mercie of the seas :  
Confesse a truth it was ill done.  
That loue vngrateful is ywis,  
That to such danger, subiect is.

49 But now his course is finished,  
Our danger al is at an end,  
My dolour eke diminished :  
You after me no more shal send :  
For suddenly you shal me see,  
Before those Riuals looke for me.

Meane while, suppress thy merrie cheere,  
Let not thy sutors know my mind,  
Vnto their costs I wil appeare :  
The helhounds shal me feele and find.  
Thy countenance see that thou keepe,  
When thou shouldst laugh, see that thou weepe.

I wil not open warres proclaime,  
Nor yet by force of armes there come,  
Amidst their banquet wil I aime,  
To cut them off both al and some.  
And when you see those Riuals slaine,  
Then say that I am come againe.

*Penelopes Complaint.*

*The aduice of Euryclea, nurse to Penelope.*

**O**H daughter deare, my Iem and ioy :  
My comfort, and my onely care,  
Ah *Ioue* preferue thee from annoy,  
And from those spoiles that threatned are.  
Be charie of thy chastitie,  
Which futors seeke so shamefully.

Thy waiting women they abuse,  
Without remorse or conscience sting,  
And of thy house they make a stewes,

Thee to dishonour for to bring.  
Take heede in time I thee aduise,  
wit bought, is at too deare a prise.

These lustie Gallants, sweare and stare,  
If thou to wed wilt not consent,  
Thy house they'll topsie turuy teare,  
And eke thy heart in peeces rent.  
To hide thy selfe I thinke it best,  
And vnto *Ioue* commit the rest.

*Her reply to Euryclea.*

**W**Hat are they men, or are they not ?  
Or are they beasts, or are they worfe ?  
Are lawes of God, and men, forgot ?  
No care of God, nor yet his curfe ?  
Or dread they not the day of doome ?  
That they fo beastlike are become.

Shal men, that God himselfe hath made ?  
And do his Image represent,  
By their abhominable trade :  
To be the deuils lims, consent ?  
O most vnworthie wretches vile,  
That do their vessels so defile.

Fie : what can they not eate and drinke ?  
But they must surfeit shamefully ?  
Can they not mischiefe meane or thinke ?  
But they must blab it by and by.  
Can they not prettie damfels vse ?  
But they their bodies must abuse.

*Aurelianus* here we lacke,  
Or *Julia* with her sacred lawe :  
Then should those gallants go to wracke,  
Then better would they stand in awe :  
For then the sword or else the tree,  
From shameful force, should set vs free.

O cursed times, O cruel facts,  
O manners vile, for men vnfit,  
O dismal daies, O hainous acts,  
O helish haggas, of *Plutoes* pit.  
O spightfull, cruel tyranny,  
Enforcing endles misery.

51

My tongue doth tremble for to tell,  
The villanie that they inuent,  
My heart (alas) with griefe doth swell,  
To see braue men so beastly bent.  
From this their wicked trechery,  
The Lord aboute deliver me.

*She bewaileth Vlysses long tarrying.*

**H**ow doth *Vlysses* time detract ?  
How doth he play the cosoning knight,  
He writes *Troy* is already sack't,  
Yet wil he not appeare in sight.  
I feare me he hath caught some doue,  
And keepes her tame, with tills of loue.

I would I wist he false did play,  
Of spight I would reuenged be :  
But then what would the people say ?

As is the hee, so is the shee :  
No, no, the care I absent take  
His presence wil the sweeter make.

Nor wealth, nor woe, nor enuies crosse,  
Nor griefe, nor gaine, nor fortunes fall :  
Nor paine, nor pleasure, lucke or losse,  
Nor treasure, nor yet wretched thrall,  
Shall make me my *Vlysses* loath,  
Nor to him false my faith and troath.

*Penelopes Complaint.  
The speech of her wooers challenging her  
by promise.*

<p><b>C</b>ome on (sweet nimph) what answer now?          Your towre is twift, your web is wrought,          With speede performe your sacred vow:          Thy murmring mate his death hath fought:  <i>Harpyades</i> haue on him fed,          The citie-spoiler he is dead.</p>	<p>Which of our futes wilt thou accept?          If thou no ready answere make,          Thy house we neuer wil forsake.</p>
<p>Thee for to wed is al our fute,          And now thy answere we expect:          Therefore say quicke, be not so mute,</p>	<p>(Sweete Nimph) resolute vs now with speede,          Thinke ere thou speake, denie not flat:          For we are they can do the deeде:          Thou maist refuse thou knowest not what:          Make readie <i>Ilymanus</i> bed,          For why, we must and will thee wed.</p>

*Her answere to the wooers.*

<p><b>S</b>weete Lordings though my web be wrought,          And al my towre be readie spun,          Another doubt comes to my thought,          You know, what worth <i>Vlysses</i> won:          Yow know he was a worthie knight,          And got him honour for his might.</p>	<p>As may augment my wonted care.          Or you in fight for me contend,          And so the mightie Gods offend.</p>
<p>It me behoves to draw the latch,          And of my choyce in time beware,          Left I with such a milkeop match,</p>	<p>Lo Lordings, this is my decree,          He that <i>Vlysses</i> bowe can bend,          That worthie wight shall wed with me:          Away with him I soone wil wend.          Hold take in hand to bend the bowe,          Your strength that quickly I may know.</p>

*Vlysses being come home, disguiseth himselfe, and  
soiourning with Penelope amongst the woo-  
ers, maketh this answere.*

<p><b>W</b>hy then (faire queene) to win thy loue,          I filly wretch wil also trie,          My shruelled sinewes will I proue:          To win this worthie masterie.          Had I my youthfull strength and skill,          I would the act right soone fulfill.</p>	<p>Which gods haue almost tane away:          Necessitie hath pincht me too,          A cruel dart it is you know.</p>
<p><i>Eurymachus</i> I thee beseech,          And eke <i>Antinous</i> I thee pray,          To giue me leaue my strength to stretch,</p>	<p>The bowe resigne into my hand,          I trial of my strength wil make,          And if the same I cannot bend,          The prize you shal among you take.          But if the bowe be by me bent,          To wed the Nimph is my intent.</p>

*The wooers scoffingly checke Vlysses.*

<p><b>H</b>ow dar'st thou Palmer thus to prate?          And with vs yongsters thus compare?          Content thee with thine owne estate:</p>	<p>Of Palmery go take thou care:          Although <i>Vlysses</i> bowe thou bend,          With Baldpate shall she neuer wend.</p>
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*Penelopes Complaint.*

But too much wine makes thee thus mad,  
Which wifer men doth brainficke make,  
And bragge of that they neuer had,  
If out of measure they it take :  
Therefore leaue off to make such strife,  
For her thou shalt not take to wife.

Leaue off I say : thus to contend,  
If thou wilt banket here at rest,  
We wey not who the bowe doth bend,  
For that we hold but as a iest.  
But if with vs thou so contend  
Thou soone shalt feele thy fatall end.

*She checketh Antinous for abusing her ghests.*

**A** *Ntinous* leaue off I say,  
Our ghests thus euil to intreate,  
Discurteous parts why dost thou play?  
My stranger thus why dost thou threat?  
Their neighbours al they wil abuse,  
That strangers practise to misuse.

This stranger is of stature tall,  
And borne of worthie parentage :  
The likeliest amongst you all,

If force consists in personage :  
Pray giue him leaue his strength to trie,  
Why offer you this iniurie ?

If that *Apollo* giue him powre,  
For manly might the price to win,  
Then wil I waite on him each houre,  
And costly webs array him in :  
My onely ioy I will him make,  
And him to husband wil I take.

*Telemachus wisheth his mother to be silent.*

**F**ie : fie : what neede you thus to chaunt,  
Silence doth best become your sex,  
Tis giglet-like, thus for to taunt,  
What thogh those vilains do you vex :  
Yet (mother) you must patience vse,  
And smother vp this vile abuse.

Vnto your maids your mind disclose,  
And talke of that you haue to doe,  
What neede you counterchecke with those,

That nothing appertaines you to ?  
Thei'll say you are already won,  
Their companie you cannot shun.

Sweete (mother) let me answere make,  
That am a man, and knowe to speake :  
My speech shal make them for to quake,  
Against me dare they not to creak.  
My father absent, I am king,  
New dirges shall they shortly sing.

57

*The death of her wooers represented vnto hir, in a  
dreame of an Eagle and a flocke of geese.*

**W**hy dost thou *Morpheus* me annoy?  
What fantasies dost thou intrude?  
Why dost thou me of sleepes sweete ioy,  
With vaine illusions thus delude?  
Those dreames iwis that I endure,  
I doubt but little good procure.

Last night as I lay in my bed,  
Stretcht forth (alas) in slumbring wise,  
Me thought a flocke of geese I fed,  
That al my corne could not suffice.  
To giue them foode I did denie,  
And yet not one away would flie.

They were a number numberles,  
Whose gagling did me much offend :  
I made them answere answereles,  
And wisht them to the fields to wend :  
Yet would they not be answered so,  
In rest for them I could not go.

At last as they were safe in mure,  
A mightie Eagle with them met :  
And them, both great and smal he slue,  
Not one of them could from him get.  
No creature could the spoile preuent,  
The Eagle was so fiercely bent.

*Penelopes Complaint.*

At length when his bloud-thirstie bill,  
Had thus vpon these goselings praide,  
(Me thought) the people for to kill,  
This matchles Eagle al assaide.  
They were so wroth they fware by gis,  
They would despoile both him and his.

Ah *Cytha* sweete, I thee implore,  
My doubtful dreame for to dissolue,  
For that which *Morpheus* told of yore :  
I often in my mind reuolue.  
The resolution to me show,  
And endles thanks I wil thee owe.

*She hearing Vlysses fighting with her wooers  
unknowne to her, she feareth.*

**H**OW doth *Vlysses* me deride?  
How doth he foole faine me possesse?  
He promise to returne with speede,  
But fure he thinks of nothing leffe.  
My eies with looking for him ake,  
with trembling feare my heart doth quake.

What horror doth my heart oppresse?  
What hurly burly do I heare?  
What sturdy tumults? (God me blesse)

What's he that plaies the tyrant there?  
Who's he cries out, what's he is slaine?  
Go girle and see, but hie againe.

Harke, harke, at daggers point on life,  
Those dronkards with each other fight :  
59 Why doth my sonne not stint the strife?  
Ah how doth feare my heart affright?  
What is the cause of this their ruth?  
Come quick (sweete wench) and tel the truth.

*Her maide sheweth the slaughter of her wooers.*

**A**LAS, beblubred al with bloud,  
*Antinous* lieth vnder bord,  
Yea *Eurymac* that was so proud,  
Is slaine with dint of sharped sword :  
*Peisandrus* braines are beaten out,  
And *Polybe* slaine, that champion stout.

*Eurynomus*, he waltring lies,  
And eke *Polidor* worthie knight,  
*Amphimedon* for mercie cries :

And *Liodes* is put to flight.  
*Ctesippus* put to deadly paine,  
And eke *Eurydamantus* slaine.

*Liocritus* that Lordlie lad,  
And *Demoptolemus* is dead,  
*Euiriades* hath sped as bad,  
His braines are knockt out of his head :  
I thought amidst their stately pride,  
Some Tragedie there would be plaide.

*She hearing of the death of her wooers, feareth  
lest Vlysses will slay her also.*

**A**Lacke, and are those Lordings slaine?  
Why then my Lord *Vlysses* deare,  
*Vlysses* mine, is come againe,  
How am I toft twixt ioy and feare?  
Ah he, tis he hath done this deede :  
Yea, he this Stratageme hath plaied.

It is *Vlysses* deales such blowes,  
What shall I filly woman doo?  
Ah see, how furiously he glowes,

I feare he wil torment me too :  
I wil him trie, with weeping eies,  
Him to withdraw from tyrannies.

Fie : cannot twentie yeares suffice,  
Thy wrathful venome for to spit,  
But thou must thus in warlike wife,  
Thy tyranny continue yet ?  
Though no wight can thy wrath appease,  
Let me request thee to surcease.

*Penelopes Complaint.*

*Vlyffes making himselfe knowne, comforteth*

61

*Penelope with these speeches.*

**F**Eare not my iem and hearts delight,  
*Penelope* my spotles spouse,  
Thofe lads no more fhall worke our fpight,  
They fhall no more defile our houle.  
Ah I haue feene thy conftancie,  
Thy vertues haue reioyc'd mine eie.

But oh : what haue I tyrant done,  
(Oh mifer borne to endles toyle)  
Now haue I new my care begon,

By this my pittie-wanting spoyle.  
I merciles haue many flaine.  
For bloud fhall I pay bloud againe.

O furie with repentance fraught,  
(Ah enemie to perfect peace,)  
Thou to confufion haft me brought,  
(Ah furie, foe to humane eafe.)  
I that my foes haue put to flight,  
Againft my friends am forc'd to fight.

*Penelope fearing to entertaine Vlyffes, debateth  
as followeth.*

**B**Vt ah me wretch (borne but to wo)  
What entertainment fhall I giue?  
Him, for my Lord how fhall I know?  
T'tis hard to know whom to beleecue.  
Ah my *Vlyffes* was too kind,  
To beare fuch a bloud-thirflie mind.

But (doting dame) what can I tell,  
May not God *Mars* his furie moue?  
May not *Bellona* make him fell?

Ah *Mars* makes Turtles Tygers proue :  
And thofe are ordinary euent,  
To them that do frequent the tents.

But yet, *Vlyffes* welcome home,  
(If thou my Lord *Vlyffes* be)  
A thoufand times to me welcome,  
Thee fafe I do reioyce to fee.  
Yet fhew (ah good *Vlyffes* fhew)  
Some token that I may thee know.

*Vlyffes fheweth by euident tokens, he is no cofening knight.*

**W**Hy then I am *Laertes* fonne,  
And he that Gods and men do hate,  
Scommie of the world, by fates foredone,  
Whofe death my deedes do calculate.  
Ah I am he, that for thy loue,  
A thoufand perills daily proue.

Yea I am he, that fainde me mad,  
Thee in my armes for to embrace,  
And I am that vnhappy fwad,

'That *Palemedes* did difgrace.  
Yea I am he that for thy fake,  
All dangers dare to vndertake.

Yea I am he, whofe damned hand,  
Haue flaine a knot of noble bloud :  
And I am he, thou maift command,  
Aliue or dead, to do thee good.  
Yea I am he that maugre fpight,  
Wil alwaies reft thy conftant knight.

*L'enuoy.*

Lo Ladies, *Ioue* referues a friend,  
For thofe that tender chaftitie,  
But Leachers brought to dolefull end,  
Amidft their chiefe fecuritie :  
*Penelope* for bale had bliffe,  
When villanes vengeance could not miffe.

Let Riuals lot learne Lordly youthes,  
To fhun the fnare of lewd defires,  
Left lawles loue procure their ruthes,  
With liueles l[o]ue that luft requires :  
Left while they recke not what they do,  
Some good *Vlyffes* wrecke their woe.

FINIS.



## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

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Title-page, l. 8, '*Hexamiter verse*' = six-lined stanzas, not (as usual) six syllables in a line. See our Introduction on this and after-title-pages.

Epistle-dedicatory, p. 3, l. 5, '*Apologie in defence*'—somewhat tautological, seeing that 'Apology' is = defence: but, like George III., this is often forgotten. It will be remembered that his majesty startled the Bishop of Llandaff on being shown his famous 'Apology,' by exclaiming that he wasn't aware before that Christianity needed an 'Apology'!—oblivious that the learned prelate used it as equivalent to 'Defence' or 'Vindication'; l. 8, '*sihence*' = since; l. 20—we should punctuate no more than with a comma after 'fame,' but the colon (:) is a favourite form throughout the Epistle and *Avisa* and in contemporaries. It indicates a longer pause ere passing to a new thought, and so the (to us) superfluous commas marked pauses; l. 26, '*disci-phered*'—see our Introduction for this and other words that occur in *Avisa*; p. 4, ll. 1-2—this promise was fulfilled, first in the 'preface' that follows this Epistle, and more fully in the 'Apologie' of the next edition of *Avisa* (1596), which will be found in our Appendix A; l. 5, '*chapmen*' = merchants, or those who make merchandise of the affections; l. 6, '*filly*' = innocent; ll. 10-11—on this see our Introduction as bearing on the question of *Avisa*'s being a real personality, not a mere representative of Chastity—as was later sought to be made out. '*Brytaine*' = British—the latter did not come till much later; l. 21, '*Hadrian Dorrell*'—see our Introduction on him.

Epistle to the . . . . . Reader, p. 5, l. 2, '*sihence*' = since, as in Ep. Ded., l. 8; l. 4, '*M. Henrie Willobie, a yong man,*' &c.—see our Introduction on this in itself and in relation to the 1596 'Apologie'; l. 13, '*pretty & witty conceites*'—a phrase utilized by Nicholas Breton and others in title-pages, &c., &c.; l. 24, '*the name of Avisa*'—see an ampler and different account of the name in the 'Apologie' of 1596 in our Appendix; p. 6, l. 1, '*a voidé paper*'—Purists would say how could it be void when it contained *Avisa* in great letters besides those beneath each letter? But the writers of Elizabeth's day knew better the use of language; ll. 19-22 = the Italian, without making known his own love in express terms, contents himself with making his mistress pleased with herself and with him by, &c., in this respect behaving quite differently to the Spaniard who 'bewailing,' &c.; l. 23, '*vnpatient*'—the transition form of our 'impatient'; ll. 23-27—we should have more strong punctuation, but the

*a a*



commas make no difficulty—so elsewhere; l. 28, '*plaisure*'—a common use of the noun as a verb = please; l. 30, '*nigher*' = of kin with Avis, supposed to be herself English; l. 32, '*requir*' = seek her again, or still, or farther—curious use; p. 7, l. 3, '*Cavalieros*'—the transition-form of 'cavalier,' as found in Nashe, Breton, &c.; *ibid*, '*Cutters*'—cant word for a swaggerer, bully or adventurer, or swashbuckler (Sherwood). So, much later in Cowley's Cutter of Coleman Street, where Captain Cutter is of this type of character. See Nares, s.v.; l. 11, '*D. B.*'—perhaps mere chance-chosen initials; l. 14, '*D. H.*'—query the reversed initials of Hadrian Dorrell himself? But at page 74 it is in full, 'Dydimus Harco'; l. 19, '*loue*'—I have displaced a comma after 'loue' in the original with a colon; l. 27, '*secretly to insinuate*'—as we would say 'to insinuate by stealth'; l. 29, '*that commender*'—a frequent instance of a verb singular following two nominatives because 'that' as pronoun intervenes; p. 8, l. 28, '*A. D.*'—I suppose his own wife was meant, if wife he had. Were married men allowed at Oxford as students? Dorrell dates this Epistle from his 'chamber at Oxford'; p. 9, l. 5, '*Ludunt*,' &c.—*Ovid Amor.*, bk. i, viii, 43 (but 'Ludite' for 'ludunt'); l. 9, '*Rara avis*,' &c.—*Juvenal*, sat. vi, 165; the 'black swan' is now no such rarity since its discovery in Australia; l. 14, '*Frier Mantuan*'—Baptist Mantuan, born 1448: died 20th March, 1516. His *Eglogs* were translated into English by Turberville so early as 1567; l. 21, '*course*' = coarse; l. 27, '*Angell*' = a piece of gold money, value 10s. See Shakespeare, *2 Henry IV.*, act i, sc. 2; p. 10, l. 6, '*perfwadeth with A*' = argues persuasively; l. 8, '*occupation*'—used much in same sense as noted by Shakespeare, but with a slight variance worth recording; p. 11, l. 22, '*fact*' = act, thing done or her doing, not as now used for 'truth'; p. 12, l. 13, '*may not fancy others*' = be to the fancy of others; l. 18, '*Astrophell . . . . . the Arcadian shepherd*' = Sir Philip Sidney—the meaning being that Avis was not equal to Sidney either in his love-sonnets as 'Astrophell' nor in his verse in the 'Arcadia'; l. 19, '*Fayry Queene*'—the first portion of Spenser's great poem was published in 1590, so that in 1594 it was a recent book; l. 23, '*harrish*' = hare-ish or hare-like. Query—is the hare's skittish or frisky nature intended? l. 32, '*detraeted*' = withdrawn; p. 13, l. 8, '*farder*' = farther, a North Country word. On both these Epistles see our Introduction.

Verses by Emet, p. 14, l. 8, '*on*' = one, as in next line; l. 15, probably 'and' has inadvertently dropped out before 'Peann,' else 'maides' must be read dissyllabically, and scan

You Coun | try mai | des Pe | , &c.:

the signature, 'Abell Emet,' is of one now unknown.

*In praise, &c.* Page 15, l. 1, 'Hexameton'—see on the title-page 'Hexameter verse,' here as containing six verses or stanzas; l. 3, 'Lauine Land' = Lavinium, *i.e.*, land of Lavinia, wife of Aeneas; l. 9, 'Collatine'—cognomen of L. Tarquinius, husband of Lucretia, because he lived at Collatia; l. 14, 'And Shake-speare,' &c.—see our Introduction on this very important notice of Shake-speare, among the earliest, if not actually the first; l. 15, 'Susan' = Susannah—it is to be noted that in the 'Apologie' of 1596, as before, 'Susannah' is named as the subject of another poem by Henry Willobie; l. 20, 'a messe' = a set. See Nares, *s.v.*, where the present passage is cited as illustrative of *Love's Labour Lost*, act iv, sc. 3, and 3 *Henry VI.*, act i, sc. 4; l. 24, 'Femes,' *i.e.*, fems, contraction for 'females,' as repeatedly in Thomas Howell's Poems (Occ. Issues); p. 16, l. 6, 'Brytan'—see on Epistle-dedicatory, ll. 10-11.

Faults escaped. These I have put right in our text in the several places.

The Poem. Cant. i, p. 17, st. 1. The pictorial initial letter here and elsewhere made the printer print the usual stanza of six lines as one of eleven; l. 8, 'Sheepe coates' = Sheep-cots; st. 2, l. 1, 'Sleepie Muse'—the second encomiast in his verses perhaps refers to this; l. 4—we should put stronger punctuation than a comma after 'kept,' and so elsewhere.

Page 18, l. 1, 'The birde'—here, and in the previous line, he plays on the name *Avisa* quasi *Avis*; ll. 3-4—the punctuation ought to have been 'loue'; plight; l. 5, 'This haue I tri'd'—one of many semi-unconscious revelations that *Avisa* was a real person; l. 19, 'where' = whether—and so throughout, as successively noted; l. 26, 'Not'—perhaps a misprint for 'Nor.'

19, l. 1, 'wester side of Albions Ile,' &c.—see our Introduction on this; l. 5, 'each one' = each one to frame; l. 7, 'First Venus,' &c.—It is true that Homer in the *Iliad* makes Charis the wife of Hepheestus, and in the *Odyssey* it is Aphrodite who is his wife; but it is somewhat odd to have Venus, Pallas, and Diana, transmuted into the 'Three Graces' (l. 4); l. 13, 'reaching' = far-reaching; l. 20, 'feature' = feature—curious spelling in this and elsewhere.

20, l. 1, 'luring' = alluring, tempting; l. 2, 'Olde Iuno'—Willobie should have remembered the 'perpetual youth' of the gods and goddesses; 'olde' is singularly mal-apropos and unskilful; l. 8, 'wanting beantie' = beantie wanting, *i.e.*, wanting wealth. So that the punctuation ought to have been—agreeably to the margin—'wanting, beantie wants,' &c.; l. 23, a comma ought to have been placed after 'intice.'

21, l. 1, 'sinke' = channel, drain-gutter, but see our Introduction; l. 5, 'thrift'—query equivalent to wealth, *i.e.*, obtained by savings or 'thrift'; last line, perhaps the comma after 'words' had

been as well deleted; *ibid.*, 'labour lost'—the phrase is found in *Alcilia* (Occ. Issues) and Breton, and in various contemporaries, as well as elsewhere in *Avisa*. Did Shakespeare choose a proverbial saying for title of his charming play just because, as such, it was in men's mouths? With reference to the comma after 'words,' and the suggestion as to its deletion, because both 'words' and 'labour' are the nominatives to 'lost,' it is nevertheless to be noted that a comma after each noun was contemporary usage, even with 'have' following. So onward as well.

- Page 22, l. 16, 'shout' = shoot; l. 23, 'Thou virgin pure,' to give the proper nominative to, 'shalt' should also have been in *italics*; l. 26, punctuate rather comma after 'price,' and l. 25, comma after 'annoy.'
- „ 23, l. 7, 'wild' = willed; l. 10, punctuate 'strife' (:) or (.); ll. 11-12 = whether [one] be rich in grace, or whether [another] be sound in health, [it matters not for] most men look only for wealth; l. 21, 'mirror' = wonder (Latin, *miror*), *i.e.*, *Avisa* is one the 'scornful age' may well wonder at or admire. As = looking-glass, it has no meaning—granted this is far-fetched, but it is characteristic of *Avisa*; l. 27, 'linke' = torch—context somewhat mixedly metaphorical—of course 'fodomes' (l. 25) is = Sodom's.
- „ 24, l. 1, 'Asnes' = Asa, both in Auth. Version and Breeches Bible; l. 4, 'Machas' = Maachah; l. 6, 'lese' = lose; l. 8, 'let' = strut proudly; l. 18, 'Where' = whether, as before; l. 23, punctuate (:) after 'small'; l. 25, 'saies' = assays; l. 26, 'without' = outside; l. 27, 'With Gorgeous shewes of Golden glofe' = with the 'Gorgeous shewes' of 'Golden glofe' or glosing, *i.e.*, hypocritical fair-seeming flatteries—not = gloss. Cf. heading of next canto.
- Cant. ii, p. 25, l. 10, 'her's' = here's; l. 18, 'meane estate'—see our Introduction on this with relation to Colse's attack on *Avisa*; l. 22, 'fondly' = foolishly.
- p. 26, l. 2, 'shame' = shamefastness; l. 3, 'way' = weigh.
- „ iii, p. 26, l. 3, 'this'—a probable misprint for 'the'; l. 11, 'Then' = than; l. 14, 'filly' = innocent, as before; l. 16, read 'falferesembling.'
- p. 27, l. 1, 'base' = lowly born; l. 18, 'Where' = whether, as before, probably, but in its present sense will do here; l. 29, 'tracing tracts' = following the tracks.
- p. 28, l. 1, 'This' = T'is; l. 9, 'wanton winged,' *i.e.*, 'fond desire' of l. 7; l. 15, 'qualmes' = desires or longings, the faintings of lustful passion; *ibid.*, 'quale' = quell.
- „ iii, p. 29, l. 1, 'Noble stocke,' &c. = irony; l. 18, 'lijf' = choose; l. 22, 'quite' = requite; l. 25, 'prince' = ruler.

- Cant. v, p. 30, l. 1, '*frake*' = go, or proceed A. S.; l. 6, '*naught*' = naughty, wicked; l. 13, '*wreakful*' = vengeful: cf. p. 40, c. xii, st. 1; l. 22, '*neede*' = how necessary then is it that we should be wise. '*Neede*' is used in a then-known sense, not in our present one.
- p. 31, l. 4, '*And [they have] felt.*' The writer has evidently given different nominatives to '*tried*' and '*felt*,' without sufficiently showing that they had such different nominatives.
- „ vi, p. 31, l. 7, punctuate '*Well, wanton,*'; l. 20 punctuate; after '*ayre.*'
- p. 32, l. 8, '*ioyes*' is dissyllabic = joyesse.
- „ vii, p. 32, l. 8, '*tifing*' = enticing, l. 15, '*feate*' — *sic*: but query = feet?
- p. 33, l. 12, '*quaille*' = as in p. 28, l. 15 = '*quell*' rather than our '*quail.*'
- „ viii, p. 33, l. 5, '*doubt*' = fear.
- p. 34, l. 4, '*be wrayd*' = be bewrayed; l. 6, '*fact*' = thing done, as before; l. 9, '*creake*' = croak, or qu. = divulge abroad, the allusion being to the creaking of an opened door, &c. ? l. 12, '*quite*' = quit; l. 13, '*facts*' = see on l. 6, and so *frequent*; l. 24, punctuate; after '*inough.*'
- „ ix, p. 35, l. 1, '*Let that word stand*' — she refers to st. 3, l. 6, on preceding page.
- p. 36, l. 6, '*Let*' — *i.e.*, [Will] let, &c.; l. 11, '*this*' = this's.
- „ x, p. 36, l. 3, '*Lillie*' — query, symbol of himself as a nobleman, who needs not — any more than the '*lily*' — to toil or spin? l. 9, '*haggard Hauke*' = an illtrained hawk, a disobedient hawk. Cf. *Othello*, act. iii, sc. 3, *Much Ado*, act. iii, sc. 1; l. 10, '*checkes the lure*' — a falconry phrase = to refuse to return to the lure held or set out by the falconer when he wishes his hawk to return. *Twelfth Night*, act. iii, sc. 1. Nares, *s.v.*
- p. 37, l. 4, '*farder.*' So in Ep. to Reader, p. 13, l. 8; l. 11, '*fond*' = foolish; l. 22, '*shall*' = shalt; l. 25, '*fortie Angels*' = money. See note on p. 9, l. 27; l. 29, '*quaild*' — he uses = quelled, but here and elsewhere seems to use it in sense of lessened or trodden down.
- p. 38, l. 4, '*ten double spread*' = a chain of ten double links? l. 8, '*prest*' = ready: perhaps punctuation should have been comma after '*geldings,*' to show that '*prest*' applies both to men and horses.
- „ xi, p. 39, l. 3, '*fuwue*' by rhyme should be '*fwerve*': probably the printer followed '*awrie*' in the previous line; l. 4, punctuate; or: after '*die*'; l. 8, '*glofing show*' — this confirms our note on p. 24, l. 27; l. 10, '*tice*' = entice or tempt; l. 17, '*Then*' = than; l. 21, '*posts*' = messengers as '*post-men,*' with a sub-reference perhaps to the '*Angels*' in the context.
- p. 40, l. 3, '*traines*' = stratagems, snares; ll. 5-6 — some error here

- in 'fardest.' Can it be that 'farsed' or farced is = thrown off, as we would say, was intended?
- Cant, xii, p. 40, l. 2, 'gill' = jill; l. 3, 'wreakefull' = vengeful, angry, as before; l. 6, 'the' = thee; l. 10, 'gafe' = gaze.
- p. 41, l. 2, punctuate comma after 'pride,' and l. 3 after 'hart'; l. 6, 'fond affect' = foolish affect[ion]; l. 8, punctuate; after 'face'; l. 13, 'Thou selfwill gig,' &c. = I believe 'Thou self-will'd gig' (or flighty person). See Halliwell, *s.v.*
- „ xiii, p. 42, l. 9, 'then' = than, and so *frequenter*; l. 10, 'iimes' = ceases; l. 14, punctuate; after 'pine.'
- p. 43, l. 3, 'open bords' = public tables; l. 23, 'waie' = weigh, as before.
- „ xiiii, p. 44, l. 3, 'Royflers' = roysterers, gay fellows; l. 4, punctuate; after 'loue,' and after 'moue' in l. 8.
- p. 45, l. 16, 'knackers' = trinkets, toys, or knick-knacks; l. 21, read 'vantage-play.'
- „ xv, p. 46, l. 8, 'but some misdeame' = but some [people] misunderstand my look; l. 11, 'frature' = feature, as before; l. 14, 'ingrade' — query, a variant of A. N. engreve, to hurt? l. 16, 'welds' = to carry or bear, in Halliwell, *s.v.*, as a third meaning. But it may be here simply our 'wields.'
- p. 47, l. 4, punctuate (;) after 'wyles.'
- „ xvi, p. 47, l. 3, 'labor's loß' — see on p. 21, l. 5; l. 4, 'queanes' = mistresses, in not a good sense; l. 7, 'Coleman hedge' — evidently some then well-known evil haunt; l. 9, 'Frenchman's badge' = lues veneræ.
- p. 48, l. 17, 'close' = shut or closed.
- „ xvii, p. 48, l. 1, 'Gods wo' = an oath, resembling 'Gods wot' = Christ's sufferings on the cross.
- p. 49, l. 4, 'on' = one; l. 15, 'schooles' — should either have been 'schoole,' or in l. 1 'fooles'; l. 17, 'place' — see our Introduction.
- „ xviii, p. 50, l. 3, 'waies' — another printer's error for 'wale'; l. 8, punctuate comma (,) after 'life'; l. 12, 'dings' = dashes — another north country word.
- p. 51, l. 1, 'Collets' = drabs; l. 3, 'carire' — "to turn shortly, now this way now that, as a nimble horse." Baret; l. 7, punctuate with comma deleted after 'condemne' and placed after 'mind' in l. 8; l. 8, 'fway' = is not prone to or persuaded to; l. 11, 'on' = one, as before.
- „ xix, p. 51, l. 2, 'gagling' = cackling — some mediæval legendary reference probably under this; l. 6, 'reack' = trick.
- p. 52, ll. 1-6 — The Editor has no knowledge of 'card' games, and so must leave discovery of the particular game intended to those better-informed; l. 13, 'her's' = here's, as before; l. 20, 'passing' = over-passing.

- Cant. xx, p. 53, l. 2, '*Golde vpon a bitter pill*'—it thus appears that gilding or silvering pills is no new device; l. 4, '*dill*'= soothe, or perhaps flatter—another north country word; l. 5, '*want no mate*'= surpass; l. 14, punctuate (;) after '*trust*.'
- „ xxi, p. 54, l. 2, read, [That] you, &c.; l. 3, '*take*'—misprint for '*taken*,' as '*give*' (l. 4), but the whole stanza is obscure; l. 8, punctuate (;) or (:) after '*it*.'
- „ xxi, p. 55, l. 8, punctuate (.) after '*vowes*.'
- „ xxiii, p. 57, l. 2, '*close*'= secret.
- „ p. 58, l. 5, '*the fone*'= the person—as in the common proverbial saying; ll. 7-10—another proverbial saying and bit of superstitious lore; l. 11, '*flooting*'= flowting, *i.e.*, disdainful or rejecting, as shown by '*yeeld*' next line. B. the Frenchman is recalling her reception of him, against which he is contending and pleading; l. 16, '*retire*'= concentrate, or= return, by stress of rhyme; l. 25, '*gameling*'—*not*= gambling, but a depreciatory form of gamester, as witting, &c.
- „ xxiii, p. 59, l. 17, '*be time*'= betime.
- „ p. 60, l. 2, '*fort*'= dispose or order, Latin *sortior*; ll. 7-8—construction is "Your . . . aide, that '*with sweete supply*' might amend my present state."
- „ xxv, p. 60, l. 5 = I have been long your secret friend in my secret mind, and, &c.—punctuate comma after '*still*' in l. 6; l. 6, '*frind*'—a noteworthy example of not only the spelling of the rhyming words being made to correspond, but their pronunciation. Cf. Canto xxvi, st. 3, p. 62, and Canto xxviii, st. 5, p. 65.
- „ p. 61, l. 2, '*Prince of this*'—he elsewhere (*bis*) uses '*Prince*' as a noun feminine, and here '*Princess*' would have obviated the unnecessary and obtrusive '*this*'; l. 6, '*Sterne*'= helm (placed in stern of a ship); ll. 9-10, reproduced by Byron.
- „ xxvi, p. 62, l. 4, '*spill*'= spoil; l. 6, '*quaille*'= submit, probably in hawking sense; l. 10, '*files*'—used in reference to the (account) books of the previous line; l. 14, '*leauē*'= forbear; l. 16, '*hurtleffe*'= innocent; ll. 17-18, note pronunciation of '*wold*' with '*gold*.'
- „ p. 63, l. 3, '*fuorue*'—this being in the same rhyme as before, shows that, as noted in the place, '*fwarue*' was a printer's error. See on page 39, c. xi, l. 3.
- „ xxvii, p. 63, l. 2, '*coye*'—disyllabic, or query misprint for '*coying*' or '*coyed*'?
- „ p. 64, l. 2, '*frame*'= agree or frame together.
- „ xxviii, p. 65, l. 2, '*tifing*'= enticing; l. 8, '*fell*'= cell; l. 10 = I think, [You] That knowes, *not* the dame that knows; l. 19, 21—here again we have the same pronunciation of '*frinds*.' See c. xxv, st. 1, p. 60; l. 23, '*labor's loſt*'—third example in this poem of this phrase; l. 30, '*miftake*'—this form seems not uncommon with the Author.

- Cant. xxix, p. 66, l. 24, 'Where' = whether, as so often.
- „ xxx, p. 67, l. 6 = their fancie [doth] craue.
- p. 68, l. 6, 'credit' = crediting or belief; l. 13, 'Troyes' — dissyllabic, like 'Moon | es sphere' in *Midsummer Night's Dream*.
- „ xxxi, p. 69, Heading — in original misprinted 'T. B.'; ll. 1-2 — a bit of folk lore; l. 10, 'The greater frost, the greater flame' — personally I can verify this, having ascended Vesuvius while it was fiercely active during a violent snow and hail-storm; l. 11, 'loß' = lust, *i.e.*, desire, to rhyme with 'frost.'
- p. 70, l. 7, 'fend' — misprinted 'fent' in the original — cf. p. 71, st. 3; l. 13, 'say'd' = assayed; l. 19, 'Dudum beatus' — framed on the initials 'D. B.'
- „ xxxii, p. 71, l. 20, 'dallings' = dallings; l. 26, 'frame' = harmony, or query — within compass?
- p. 72, ll. 1-2 — a repetition of what 'D. B.' wrote and the next two lines in her reply. We should have placed them within " ", and so elsewhere.
- „ xxxiii, p. 72, l. 6, in the original a comma mis-inserted after 'must'; l. 9, 'where' = whether, as before.
- p. 73, l. 1, in the original no comma after 'tongue' and after 'loue' — corrected; ll. 9-10, change of type marks emphasis;
- l. 21, 'where' = whether, as *frequenter*, and as in ll. 23-24.
- „ xxxiii, p. 74, Heading, 'Dydimus Harco,' &c. — previously 'D. H.' only — a fancy-name. See our Introduction.
- p. 75, l. 10, 'I loue a woman now and then' — this is not in contradiction of p. 74, l. 14, 'You are the first I euer tride,' seeing that to all others he had been silent, while to Avisia he had avowed his love; l. 12, 'aduise' = consideration, *not* 'advice' from others; l. 13, 'Western part' — the West is once more referred to as the home-country or present residence at least of Avisia. This should have been numbered xxxiii in the text.
- „ xxxv, p. 75, l. 6, 'aduise' = advice.
- p. 76, l. 15, 'threden point' = tag or bit of thread or string to tie or confine anything. "Captain" Pistol wore such points, though his were probably of silk; l. 23, 'rate' = thinking or judging, *ratus*; l. 29, 'agree' [with me].
- „ xxxvi, p. 77, l. 1, 'traine' = snare or stratagem.
- p. 78, l. 12, 'void' = avoid; *ibid.*, 'suspect' = suspicion.
- „ xxxvii, p. 79, l. 3, 'groweth' = groweth, *r.g.*; l. 15, 'Bable' = Babylon's; l. 23, 'lift' = consent, but qu. — error for 'lift' as the rhyming word is 'gift'?
- „ xxxviii, p. 80, l. 10, 'farther' — before spelled 'farder.'
- p. 81, l. 2, 'of' = about; l. 6, 'prone' = try or test or sift; l. 9, 'relent' = become less, *r.g.*
- „ xxxix, p. 81, l. 1, 'iugling mates' = jugglers or sleight-of-hand performers; ll. 5, 6, cf. c. xix, p. 51, l. 2; l. 10, 'posse' = pose, place or set; but query misprint for 'puffe.'

- p. 82, l. 6, '*labor's loſt*' — fourth use of the phrase ; l. 22, '*ſond*' = foolish, as *frequenter*.
- Cant. xl, p. 83, l. 13, '*ioyning*' = adjoining, neighbouring ; l. 17, '*ſced of wingers*' — again no contradiction of the '*ſoaring*' of l. 14, for he now explains that his '*byrde*,' *i.e.*, *Avisa*, was no bird with wings, but a fair lady — '*ſoaring*' very aptly describes her airy dainty-footed movements. So in p. 84, l. 17.
- p. 84, l. 9, '*clang*' — *i.e.*, of Cupid's bow at the loose of the shaft ; l. 19, '*byrde*' — *i.e.*, *Avisa* ; l. 26, '*redryue*' = drive back or drive away ; ll. 29-30 — not well up in his Classics.
- p. 85, l. 5, '*Spill*' = spool or bobbin. So l. 9 ; l. 21, '*Where*' = whether, as before ; l. 23, '*there*' = their — I suppose he means that on the gathering (or return) of all her suitors to receive her decision, D. H. seeks to be made glad by her election of him.
- „ xli, p. 86, l. 5, '*ſad*.' Cf. p. 85, l. 24. These shew that '*ſad*' sometimes had then its present meaning, and not always = solid.
- p. 87, l. 3, '*rare delays*' = such uncommon stratagems for delay as Penelope's ; l. 8, '*ſpill*' = spool or bobbin, as before ; *ibid.*, '*trend*' = turned.
- „ xlii, p. 88, l. 14, '*melt*' = melted — like '*take*' for '*taken*,' &c. See our Introduction.
- p. 89, l. 13, '*you*' — misprinted '*no*' in the original ; l. 14, '*Then*' = than ; l. 29, I have punctuated with a comma after '*frend*' = no [loving] friend equal to an [innocent] faith that will remain [an innocent faith] till death.
- „ xliii, p. 90, l. 1, '*reſt*' = a card game term — to stand on one's present hand.
- „ xliiii, p. 90. Heading. '*Henrico Willobogo*' = Henry Willobie. On this most important of all these poems, see our Introduction ; l. 6, '*W. S.*' = William Shakespeare ? See Introduction.
- p. 92, l. 6, '*weſterne ground*.' See on p. 19, l. 1 ; l. 13, '*luſtleſſe*' — not desiring to do anything or to exercise themselves, nearly = our '*listless*' ; l. 18, '*friſe*' = freeze ; l. 19, '*ſeauer Eticke*' — a variant spelling for *Eticke*, *i.e.*, according to Boorde (*Brev. of Health*, fo. 54) = hectic. Batman, c. 35, l. 7.
- p. 93, l. 6, '*O wourth*' — possibly a current contraction for '*woe worth*,' like those of so many minced oaths ; l. 10, '*bred*' — misprinted '*breed*' in the original ; l. 14, '*Prolend*' = stretch forward to, foretell ; l. 17, '*Where*' = whether, as before. So in ll. 22, 24.
- „ xlv, p. 94, l. 2, '*Lentad*' = fasting ; l. 8, [doth] mouse ; l. 12, '*ſarder*' = farther, as before ; l. 21, '*Then*' = than ; l. 23, '*a*' — qu., misprint for '*be*' ? — or = If I [am or be] a friend ?
- p. 95, l. 1, '*want*' = require '*good counſells*' ; l. 3, '*plant*' [themselves].



- Cant. xlv, p. 95, l. 2, 'Englands Saints'—see our Introduction on this inn-sign; l. 3, 'conquering rage' = the sea?
- „ xlvii, p. 96, l. 4, instead of original punctuation of comma after 'muft,' I have punctuated 'Againe, . . . still'; l. 11, 'wield' = wild, *r.g.*; l. 15, 'Where' = whether, as before; l. 23, 'shoe' = show.
- p. 97, l. 3, 'fad.' See on p. 86, l. 5.
- „ xlviii, p. 97, l. 8, 'vernant' = verdant. So on p. 135, l. 13—see our Introduction; l. 14, 'Where' = whether, as *frequenter*.
- p. 98, l. 2, 'as now' = our 'now'; l. 3, 'enough' = unknown; l. 12, 'relicue'—verbal for substantive form, *r.g.*; l. 18, 'Wher' = whether, as before.
- „ xlix, p. 99, l. 10, 'port' = gate; l. 19, 'features' = features, as before.
- „ l, p. 100, l. 7, 'surpris'd' = surpris'd, *i.e.*, overtaken or over-burdened. See 'surcharg'd,' l. 9; l. 20, 'randame' = random.
- p. 101, l. 1, 'wantes' = is without reason; l. 2, 'sterne' = helm or rudder, as before; l. 11, 'pryse' = price, *r.g.*
- „ li, p. 101, l. 2, 'sterne' = helm; l. 11, 'bare' = bear.
- p. 102, l. 9, 'beare the bell'—a proverbial saying; l. 16, 'Acquite' = acquit; 'fighte'—misprinted in the original 'lyke,' which yields no sense.
- „ lii, p. 103, l. 2, 'liß' = bound or boundary-line; l. 13, 'rangling' = rangeling, *i.e.*, ranging, *not* quarrelling; l. 24, 'Where' = whether, as *frequenter*.
- p. 104, ll. 5-6, irony.
- „ liii, p. 105, l. 12, 'fault' = slip or mishap; l. 30, 'that' = that that.
- p. 106, l. 2, 'purer flampe,' qu. = 'poorer'? See st. 5, l. 2, of next canto.
- „ liiii, p. 106, l. 10, 'feare of . . . , *i.e.*, feare for . . . for death'; p. 107, l. 2, 'plaints'—see our Introduction.
- „ iv, p. 108, l. 14, 'Where' = whether, as before.
- „ lvi, p. 109, l. 18, 'Had I wiß'—this proverbial saying seems to have been used very loosely so as to mean almost anything. It is frequent in Breton, Davies of Hereford, and contemporaries.
- p. 110, l. 4, 'But' = only: in margin the Italian is fitting for H. W. as = Italo-Hispania. See p. 90, heading.
- „ lvii, p. 111, l. 7, 'dispençe' = enable me to get rid of my woe; l. 19, 'faled' = settled or married, but qu. misprint for fet[t]led? l. 21, 'Shrend' = rend, with an imitative sybyllant—punctuate with (:) after 'gyues.'
- „ lviii, p. 112, l. 15 = I pray [I may] begin; l. 22, 'fond affects' = foolish affections.
- p. 113, l. 6, 'mell' = mate or match; or query meddle?
- „ lx, p. 114, ll. 5-6. It is the flame and bait, that in our 19th century English, play with the gnat and fish: but he means 'along with,' or 'in the same way as,' 'in accordance with.'

- Cant. lxi, p. 115, l. 1, '*haughty*' — misprinted '*laughty*' in the original; l. 6, '*the*' — similarly misprinted '*not*.'
- p. 116, l. 10, '*quit*' = quite, requite; l. 15, '*ioye*' — dissyllabic, as *ioyes*.
- „ lxi, p. 117, l. 5, '*where*' = whether, as before; l. 20, '*blobered*' = blubbered.
- „ lxiii, p. 118, l. 10, '*choise, and change*' — seems to have been a proverbial saying. So p. 125, l. 8; l. 15, '*where*' = whether, as before.
- p. 119, l. 8, '*false*' = play false to.
- „ lxiv, p. 119, l. 2, '*ynch become an ell*' — a proverbial saying, 'give some people an inch [of liberty or freedom] and they will take an ell'; l. 3, '*writth*' = twist, pervert.
- p. 120, l. 6, '*spill*' = spoil; l. 7, '*tils*' = props up: or query = tiles or covers? l. 10, '*flering traine*' = flattering, jeering stratagem; l. 19, '*formal*' — misprinted '*former*' in the original; l. 30, '*that*' — *i.e.*, her choice or husband.
- p. 121, l. 1, '*trace*' = track; l. 5, '*repyne*' = speak against or murmur: but uses '*repyne*' *r.g.*
- „ lxv, p. 121, l. 15, '*trauell*' = travail, labour; l. 18, '*haggard kytes*' = ill-nurtured and ill-mannered.
- „ lxvi, p. 122, l. 2, '*trill*' = trickle; l. 5, '*farder*' = further, as before.
- p. 123, l. 3, '*doubt*' = fear; l. 16, delete comma after '*fing*': but query, in this line read '*present*' for '*pleasant*'?
- p. 124, l. 3, '*disiect*' = cast out.
- „ lxvii, p. 124, l. 7, '*remorce*' = pity, but regret (at least) implied, *e.g.*, Quarles in *Sion's Elegies* (Threnodia 3, Eleg. 15), "Enforce thy tender heart to pitie and remorce" (*Chertsey Worthies Library*, Verse, p. 113); l. 9, '*fawning*' = flattering, in good sense.
- p. 125, l. 14, '*frounceth*' = frowneth or wrinkleth; l. 24, '*tormenth*' = tormenteth.
- „ lxviii, p. 126, l. 1, '*plane*' = smooth or pass along like a plane, but a singular use of the word — query, misprint for '*plow*'? l. 7, '*chamfered*' = furrowed, or channelled, but reference obscure; l. 9, '*Scillan*' — though Scylla was supposed to bark like a dog or dogs ('hounds'), the allusion is also obscure; l. 17, '*affind*' = assigned; l. 21, '*rebates*' = bluntings, lessenings, *i.e.*, excuses.
- p. 127, ll. 1-12 — probably he is here alluding to the then language of flowers, for '*Daisy*' = dissembling, seems to fit, and his other flowers are otherwise oddly chosen.
- „ lxix, p. 128, l. 4, '*retreat*', *i.e.*, of Death sounding his order to retreat; l. 11, '*feature*' = making, as before. Here is an un-noted use of it in prose, in this sense — [Heaven] "spring and harvest comming always together, blooming and bearing all at a time; nothing there but wish and haue it, from the chirping bird of

- rarest feature*, to the loude organ," &c. (Sir William Wiseman's *Christian Knight*, 1619, Second Oration, p. 4)
- Cant. lxx, p. 129, l. 2, '*brookes*' = bears; l. 11, '*inward rind*' = the new sap-giving bark, *i.e.*, the wood torn from the very substance of the bark; l. 24, '*frise*' = freeze, as before.
- p. 130, l. 1, '*fond suspect*' = foolish suspicion; l. 6, '*offence*' = query, misprint for defence? l. 8, '*crave*' = crawl; l. 9, '*then*' = than, though in l. 11 = then.
- „ lxxi, p. 130, l. 3, '*my limbes*' — misprinted '*thy*' in the original.
- p. 131, l. 2, '*brade*' = breeds; l. 3, '*that*' = that it was so.
- „ lxxii, p. 132, l. 13, *haggard Hawkes*. See on c. x, p. 36, l. 9.
- p. 133, l. 4, '*Chrysiades*' = Cressid's; l. 8, '*with all*' = withall.
- Prose — l. 2, '*farder*' = farther, as before; ll. 3-4 — see Introduction.
- Page 135, l. 3, '*ingines* [doth] frame'; l. 9, '*lure*' — misprinted '*lore*' in the original; l. 13, '*vernant*' — as in Canto xlviii, p. 97; l. 23, '*Traile*' = trill, trickle.
- „ 136, l. 4, '*trickle*' = trickly, tricksome; but qu. — tickle? l. 11, '*limber*' = pliant; l. 13, '*asind*' = assigned, as before; l. 20, '*Then*,' &c. = the ten years before named, *r.g.* = than; l. 26, '*he*' = fortune — the masculine is noticeable.
- „ 137, l. 6, '*stolne*' — I adopt this from 1635 edition for the original misprint '*stoole*'; l. 7, '*pelting*' = peddling.
- „ 138, l. 3, '*piht*' = pitched; l. 5, '*compasse*' = assigned limits; l. 6, '*ioy*' — again a syllable wanting = ioyess, but I have adopted from 1635 edition the reading '*outrunnes*' for '*runnes*', which supplies the lacking syllable if it be not so congruous with context; *ibid.*, '*pointed*' = appointed; l. 12, '*friren*' = frozen; *ibid.*, '*Axe*' = axel, or a new-formed English word from Axis probably; l. 13, '*dellight* [in]'; l. 19, '*floating*' = floating, but see note on p. 58, l. 11; l. 30, '*for that*' = since or because; l. 35, '*rangling*' = rangeling, *i.e.*, ranging, as before. See note on Canto lii, p. 103, l. 13; l. 41, '*gin*' = given; l. 43, '*giglot*' — Cotgrave. "Gadrouillette: F., A minx, gigue, flirt, callet, Gixie; (a feigned word, applicable to any such cattell"); and Sherwood, "Giggle or gigglet Gadrouillette." *Ibid.*, '*Troye*' — read Troye[s], as before, a dissyllable, as p. 139, l. 6.
- „ 139, l. 2, '*slu'd*' = slived.

## APPENDIX A.

Page 141. The Apologie, &c. — see on this our Introduction.

- „ 142, l. 3, '*preiudicate*' = prejudiced; l. 11, '*fond*' = foolish; l. 12, '*grafts*' — grafts; l. 26, '*P. C.*' = Peter Colse — whose poem, with the attacks on Avis, is added to Avis in the present volume.

- „ 143, l. 1, '*thirtie and five yeares since*' — a manifest untruth. See Intro-

- duction, also on 'Susanna,' l. 4; l. 5 (from bottom), 'The Author was unknowne,' &c.—see our Introduction on this.
- Cant. 144, l. 1, 'meanest'—see our Introduction; l. 10, 'some other'—notice used as a plural.
- „ 145, l. 3, 'A Phoenix.' See Introduction.
- „ 146, l. 15, 'labor . . . loſt'—a favorite phrase of the author of *Avisa*, as noted in the places.
- „ 147, l. 7, 'framed'=fashioned, adapted—another *Avisa* word; l. 18, 'quailed'=quelled—still another *Avisa* favorite word; l. 19, 'farder'=farther, as in *Avisa*; l. 20, 'frame'—see on l. 7.
- „ 149, l. 12, 'rightleſſe'=unlawful, without right. By a curious misprint, 1596 is printed 1569 in the original (*i.e.*, 1635 from 1596 edition).

## APPENDIX B.

- Page 151. The Victorie, &c.—see on this our Introduction; l. 6, 'Price'=prize, as in *Avisa*; l. 12, 'Two,' *i.e.*, Venus and Juno, Pallas and Diana: and so (1) Penelope, (2) *Avisa*—the form in relation to Colse's *Penelope's Complaint*, as before; l. 14, 'liſtes'=rolls (of fame)? *ibid.*, 'Lavin Land'—see note on *Avisa*, p. 15, l. 3.
- „ 152, l. 1, 'Athenian Muſe'=Pallas—see p. 152, l. 19; l. 8, 'borne'=bourn or bourne; l. 16, 'cries'—*i.e.*, the 'fire' of hate 'flames forth' from Juno's 'enuious eyes' accompanied with 'angry cries'—the former, not the latter, from the 'eyes'; l. 19, 'ſtop'—qu.=stop? So 'stole' is mis-spelled 'stoole'; *ibid.*, 'trumpes'=trumpets.
- „ 153, l. 4, 'meanest trade.' So in *Avisa*—see Introduction; l. 28, 'writhe'=twist, pervert.
- „ 154, l. 2, 'fame'—see on *Avisa*, p. 15, l. 24.
- „ 155, l. 24, 'no'—misprinted 'to' in the original; l. 30, *i.e.*, your owne [*Avisa*], it is not the *Avisa*—repetition of l. 18.
- „ 156, l. 2, 'Where'=whether, as in *Avisa*; l. 13, 'Flewent Rigges'=frolicsome doings or tales, or loose contemporary pamphlets; l. 25, 'where'=whether, as in l. 2, so in ll. 27, 29; l. 29, 'old Penelope'—as unfortunate as *Avisa's* 'olde Juno'—of course = ancient, but unskillfully chosen.
- „ 157, Signature—Thomas Willoby, &c.—see our Introduction; ll. 3-4, men, should be punctuated (.) or (:) or at least (;), and 'bow'; should be 'bow'.

## PETER COLSE'S PENELOPE'S COMPLAINT (1596).

Epistle-dedicatory. 'Ladie Edith wife . . . Sir Raſe Horſey knight'—Sir Ralph Horsey was of Melcombe Horsey, co. Dorset, where he died and was buried in 1612. His family was for many generations before him of this neighbourhood; but he was the

elder son of George Horsey of Digswell, Herts, Esq., by his first wife Ann, daughter of Sir Ralph Sadler of Standon, Herts. Sir Ralph Horsey's wife was Edith, daughter of William Mohun. She married secondly at Melcombe Horsey, in 1613, "Mr. Thomas Scetone" [? Seaton], and was buried there in 1628, having also survived her second husband. Their eldest daughter — celebrated on page 163 — became the wife of William Arnold. The family became extinct in the male line a generation or two later.

- Page 162, *In commendation*, &c., l. 2, '*shakebut*' = sackbut; l. 3, '*Cosmos*' = the world or universe?
- „ 163, *Amico*, &c. The S. D. has been claimed for Samuel Daniel. See our Introduction on this and for translation of the poem; l. 3, '*posies*' = posies, *i.e.*, here 'nosegay.'
- „ 164, *To the Reader*, l. 10, '*cinque pace*' = a kind of dance (called also *galliard*), the steps of which were regulated by the number five. So Sir John Davies (*On Dancing*, st. 67):  
 "Five was the number of the music's feet,  
 Which still the dance did with five paces meet."  
 See Nares, *s.v.*, and under '*galliard*'; l. 23, '*Ela*' = highest note in the scale of music.
- „ 165, *She sheweth*, &c., l. 3, '*pherre*' = husband; l. 14, '*soule*' = phoenix.
- „ 166, *She discommendeth*, &c., l. 9, '*scely*' = innocent; l. 16, '*meacocke*' = a poltroon, especially an over-indulgent husband. See Nares, *s.v.*, for a full note, with pat examples.
- „ *ibid*, *She accuseth*, &c., l. 12, '*pherre*' — see on p. 165, l. 3.
- „ 167, *She controlleth*, &c., l. 8, '*fal*' — query — fall, *r.g.*; l. 13, '*peart*' = lively or brisk. See Nares, *s.v.*; l. 17, '*giggish*' = wantonish; l. 18, '*Bridwel birds*' = jail-birds, inmates of prisons, or women of ill-fame? l. 36, '*Palliardice*' — from '*palliard*', a vagabond who lies on straw; *ibid*, '*vre*' = use.
- „ *ibid*, *Against Paris*, &c., l. 12, '*port*' = bearing, dignity? l. 14, '*leachers*' = '*lecher's*,' *i.e.*, Paris band.
- „ 168, *ibid*, l. 10, '*fell*' = fallen; l. 18, '*flead*' = flayed.
- „ *ibid*, *Antinous*, &c., l. 2, '*fray*' = be afraid or frightened.
- „ 169, *She complaineth*, &c., l. 32, '*fro*' = frow, *i.e.*, woman.
- „ *ibid*, *She wifeth*, &c., l. 13, '*Heart a gold*' = heart of gold — complimentary saying.
- „ 170, *Her supplication*, &c., l. 2, '*swifty*' — qu. misprint for '*shifty*'? l. 3, '*transplendant*.' So p. 171, l. 9 of *She sheweth*, &c. = splendid, or splendid beyond ordinary.
- „ *ibid*, *Shee accuseth*, &c., l. 9, '*giglet*' = a wanton, or softened from '*giggle*,' to laugh? l. 24, '*prinkox*' = pert, forward youth; l. 22, '*aire*' = a dissyllable as '*crier*.'
- „ 171, *She bewailes*, &c., l. 2, '*chim*' = chime? — a nursery-phrase still — as when a child yawns, the mother or nurse says 'that's the

first bell for bed,' &c., &c.; l. 15, '*leach*' = physician; l. 17, '*mought*' = might.

Page 171, *She sheweth*, &c., l. 13, '*wend*' = wended.

„ *ibid*, *Penelope*, &c., l. 4, '*reede*' = advice, judgment.

„ 172, l. 26, '*doubt*' = fear.

„ 173, *The wooers*, &c., l. 8, '*beldame*' = aged dame, not in its deteriorated sense; l. 15, '*woodcocke-like*' = foolish-like. See Nares, *s.v.*

„ *ibid*, *She debateth*, &c., l. 28, '*Know good*,' &c. — the well-known Greek and Latin lament, memorable modernly by Byron's pleading of it in his pathetic letter to John Sheppard.

„ 174, *The Complaint*, &c., l. 11, '*al and some*' = the whole and each; l. 24, '*shent*' = reproached, disgraced; l. 36, '*affuage*' = abate.

„ *ibid*, *Her speech*, &c., l. 2, '*filly*' = simple; l. 14, '*coyle*' = noise, tumult, difficulty; l. 18, '*filly*' = innocent.

„ 175, *The reply*, &c., l. 12, '*shrewdly*' = a vixenish mastering passion — applied to males; l. 31, '*al heart*' = heartily, or qu. error for '*alert*'?

„ *ibid*, *Her Epistle*, &c., l. 17, '*froe*' = frow, *i.e.*, 'woman,' as before.

„ 176, l. 3 (from top), '*too too*' — note this early occurrence.

„ *ibid*, *She bewaileth*, &c. — 34 = 43 (by misprint); l. 4, '*shent*' = scolded.

„ 177, *Telemachus sheweth*, &c., l. 9, '*great*' — misprinted '*geat*' but '*r*' filled in in *MS.*; l. 15, '*I hold a crowne*' = I hold you or bet you a crowne? l. 26, '*trencher-knights*.' See Nares, under '*trencher*'; also our Introduction.

„ 178, l. 13, '*trull*' = froe or frow, as before; l. 19, '*scot free*' — an odd place to find this familiar word; l. 51, '*sturre*' = stir; l. 3 (from bottom), '*al and some*' = whole and each, as before.

„ 179, *The aduice*, &c., l. 12, '*prife*' = price. Cf. p. 181, *She checketh*, &c., l. 14; l. 15, '*toppie turuy*' — early occurrence of this now common word.

„ *ibid*, *She bewaileth*, &c., l. 1, '*detract*' = delay, draw out; l. 6, '*tills*' = toils? but see our Introduction.

„ 181, *She checketh*, &c., l. 14, '*price*' = prize. Cf. p. 179, *The aduice*, &c., l. 12.

„ *ibid*, *Telemachus*, &c., l. 16, '*creake*' = croak or speak evil.

„ *ibid*, *The death*, &c., l. 13, '*number numberles*' — early occurrence of a Miltonic phrase; l. 19, '*mue*' = in mews.

„ 182, *ibid*, l. 5, '*by gis*' = by Jesus — a minced oath. So in *Hamlet*, "By Gis and by St. Charity," &c. (act iv, sc. 5.)

„ *ibid*, *She hearing*, &c., l. 2, '*foole faine*' = foolishly fond? l. 4, '*nothing leffe*' = he thinks of nothing less than, &c.; l. 8, '*hurly burly*' — early occurrence of this Shakespearean word; l. 13, '*at daggers point*' — a noticeable early phrase.

„ *ibid*, *Her maide*, &c., l. 7, '*waltring*' = weltering.

„ 183, *Vlyffes*, &c., l. 8, '*mifer*' = wretched (Latinate).

„ *ibid*, *Penelope*, &c., l. 9, '*fell*' = fierce.

Page 183, *Vlyffes*, &c., l. 3, '*fordone*' = *fordone*, *i.e.*, destroyed, ruined; l. 9, '*fwaad*' = a clown or clodhopper. Cf. Halliwell, *s.v.*

„ *ibid*, *L'enuoy* — l. 10 '*l[o]ue*' — I have filled in the 'o' as 'lue' has no sense — the 'loue' is caught up and repeated from the former line. It could hardly be another Latinate noun from *lues*, pestilence, destruction.

A. B. G.

## XXXII. HENRY WILLOBIE.

Page 22, l. 6, 'thus' read 'such,' for the rhyme.

„ 36, l. 3, 'Lillie' = the maid a lily who loves a weed without scent, and giving no glee, *i.e.*, her virtue or chastity.

„ 39, l. 15, 'will' read 'wile.'

„ 53, l. 4, 'dill' = deal (cards)—by stress of rhyme.

„ 69 (margin), 'Canol cole.' This is an early quotation for the word. Skeat in 'Errata and Addenda,' p. 783, col. 1, says, "occurs in 1673."

„ 97, l. 11, 'vernant' = belonging to Spring.

„ 115, l. 3 (from bottom), 'gripping griefes'—*Romeo and Juliet*, 4, v. 128, in quotation from ballad ridiculed.

„ 146, l. 2, for 'mortall' read 'morall.'

„ 156, 'Canton'd' = sung in cantos. Cf. *Twelfth Night*, 1, v. 289.

„ 163. Verses by S. D. These Verses show that 'Avisa' was a real, known, and recognised person; for "*conjux causonis filia pandochæi*" could not come from the poem 'Avisa.' The former might be inferred from p. 56, but there is no hint of the latter.

„ 166, col. 1, l. 16, 'with mangled mind'—conveyed from Sydney.

„ 181, 'The death of her wooers,' l. 2, 'gagging' = cackling.







